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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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NOBLE DEEDS

OF

WOMAN;

OR,

EXAMPLES

OF

FEMALE COURAGE AND VIRTUE.

BY ELIZABETH STARLING.

"Noble examples excite us to noble deeds."—SENECA.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY
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PREFACE.

The pleasure experienced by the Author in perusing the scattered records of female excellence gave rise to the idea that an interesting selection might be made from them, and prove not only instructive but useful. The acknowledged superiority of example over precept confirmed this opinion; and the ensuing narratives have been chosen as most suitable to the various conditions and trials of life.

Woman, — to whose fostering care the direction of infancy is intrusted, — to whom manhood is indebted for mental recreations and for consolation in difficulties, — upon whom also man, in declining years, depends for solace and support, — too often betrays her incapacity to fulfil the important duties she is called upon to undertake. When thus circumstanced, she frequently fails in the performance of a mother's tender obligations, and she not only loses the affections, but sinks in the estimation, of her husband; — or, immersed in the dissipations of society, she neglects to attend to those more sacred offices on which even her own happiness depends. To

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the just fulfilment of these, it is necessary she should think, feel, and act correctly; yet this cannot be expected, while the ornamental accomplishments, now cultivated with so much care, are allowed to supersede the more valuable acquirements. Painting, music, and dancing, may afford agreeable recreation, but they must ever yield to the more important pursuits of life: the strict observance of the duties imposed on mother, daughter, sister, wife, and friend, commands the esteem and respect of others, and confers lasting happiness on ourselves. In the discharge of these, how delightful to contemplate the examples of a Cornelia, a Lady Russel, and an Elizabeth Cazotte!

The performance of the domestic obligations, which are more calculated to court the esteem of the few than to excite the admiration of the many, is the natural province of the sex: but woman's sphere of action is not, at all times, to be so circumscribed: her integrity, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, may frequently be called forth by adventitious circumstances. In extraordinary times, as are those in which we live, she may be placed in situations of difficulty, if not danger: let her then prepare herself to encounter them, by studying the examples now presented for her contemplation. Then, should her integrity be questioned, she may imitate that of the Duchess de Longueville; — should afflictions overtake her, she may learn fortitude from Madame Roland; — should unexpected dangers await her, she

may acquire courage and presence of mind from the conduct of Margaret of Anjou; — and should the hour of trial occur, she will be found not deficient in patriotism: her trinkets and money will then, like those of the ladies of France and Rome, be laid on the altar of her country. Hers will then be the NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN! by uniting the sublime virtue of patriotism with the exercise of every domestic and social duty!

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MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA. — THE MOTHER OF A FRENCH SOLDIER. — THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER. — THE GOLDEN EAGLE. — A STORY OF THE PLAGUE. — MRS. FREEMANTLE. — MRS. GRAY. — THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY. — FRENCH WIDOW. — MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

"A mother's love!
If there be one thing pure,
Where all beside is sullied;
That can endure
When all else pass away:
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought, —
It is a mother's love!"

MATERNAL Affection has displayed itself in a thousand interesting forms, differing from each other according to the various circumstances which have occasioned them: all alike prove how deep and endearing is that sacred tie which binds a mother to her offspring, to purchase whose safety she has often been content to make the greatest sacrifices, esteeming life itself of trivial value when held in comparison with the welfare of such beloved objects.

DEATH OF THE MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA.

"Her pure and holy spirit now
Doth intercede at the eternal throne!" — L. E. L.

THE Marchioness de Spadara was at Messina during the dreadful earthquake which happened in Sicily, in

1782. Fainting from alarm, at its commencement, she was conveyed by her husband to the fort, while he prepared a boat for their departure. While he was absent his wife recovered her senses, when she found that her infant son was left behind: she ran in the utmost haste to her house, which was still standing, and proceeding to the room where the child lay, snatched it up from the cradle. Overwhelmed with joy, she was about to return, when she found that the staircase had fallen. She then ran from one part of the house to another, searching in vain for some means of escape, till the whole building was destroyed, except a balcony, to which she flew, and with her infant son in her arms, implored assistance from the multitude: no one, however, came to her relief, and the remainder of the building fell, burying the tender mother and her child in the ruins.

A MOTHER'S DEFENCE OF HER SON.

"My son! my son! I cannot speak the rest —
Ye who have sons can only know my fondness!
Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,
Can only know my pangs! none else can guess them;
A mother's sorrows cannot be conceived
But by a mother!" MRS. HANNAH MORE.

A FRENCHWOMAN, during the Vendean war, was accompanying her only son to Nantes, and was in much alarm lest their little escort should be attacked by the insurgents; in which case she could not hope for any assistance from her son, who had been lingering for some time in the military hospital, owing to his severe wounds received in several actions, and was still very feeble. Her chief reliance was on the courage of a faithful domestic, and the confidence she felt in her own firm-

ness, being resolved to defend his life in every extremity. She was congratulating herself on having nearly reached some posts of the republican army, beyond which she might proceed in safety, when, on coming out of a wood, she heard several musket-shots fired, and perceived that the balls were flying round her carriage; she prepared to use the pistols with which she had provided herself, but in another moment the carriage was surrounded by several men on horseback, one of whom, with some civility, requested her to alight.

"I cannot alight," she answered; "I have beside me a young man who is dying, and who is committed to my care; I beseech you to respect his situation, and to forbear to disturb his repose." "Most willingly," answered the chief of the party, "on condition that you tell us who the young man is." "My own son." Unhappily the mother pronounced these last words with a tone so tremulous, and an air of such embarrassment, that the suspicions of the rebels were excited, and their chief instantly ordered her to quit the carriage, on pain of being shot, together with the young man for whose safety she was so anxious.

This menace restored the generous woman to all her courage. Covering her son with her body, she calmly counted the number of the enemy. "They are but nine," she cried to her faithful domestic, who was in the carriage with her; "let us defend ourselves." While she said this, she began a combat too unequal to promise her any success. Her steady hand laid two men in the dust; but almost instantly her faithful domestic was killed by her side, the horses and the postilion were shot, and in another moment her son was dangerously wounded on the head.

The mother was now furious at the sight of her bleeding son: seizing his sabre, which lay beside him, she sprang from the carriage, and, uttering a cry of despair, threw herself among the assailants. The rebels easily surrounded and disarmed her, when they tied her to a tree; afterwards, tearing the son from the carriage, they dragged him to a spot near his mother, and prepared to shoot him before her eyes. Enraged with the resistance of the courageous mother, they resolved to increase her torture, by lengthening out the spectacle of her son's wretched situation, extended, as he was, in the dust, and weltering in his blood: fortunately, this resolution saved both the parent and child. The report of muskets had been heard at the nearest post of the republican army, from which a detachment of fifty horse immediately proceeded to the spot. Attracted by the cries of the unhappy mother, they burst in upon the rebels at full gallop, and so completely surprised them, that they put them to the sword with little resistance.

This sudden change of fortune quite overcame the mother, who was senseless when approached by her own party. By the orders of the commanding officer, she was taken from the tree and placed in her own carriage, to which two of the troopers harnessed their horses; in this manner she was conveyed to the republican post.

Being at length restored to her senses, her first inquiry was after her son. What was her horror on discovering that not one of the republican party had seen anything of the young man! She immediately perceived the mistake they had made; the republicans, having fired as they rode up, had taken her son to be one of the enemy's slain. She supplicated them to return immediately with her to save him: "My son," she cried, "breathes still,

he is worthy of your care, and allied to you in principles and courage; like you, he has shed his blood for the republic. Ah! who knows if another party of the rebels may not be even now on their way to ———?"

Her friends heard not another word; they interrupted her, to return with her to the place of action. As they drew near, some of the troopers who advanced before the rest perceived a man, having his head bound round with a handkerchief steeped in blood, endeavoring to shun them. It was the object of their search, who, having recovered his senses, was trying to effect an escape from a scene of so many horrors. The advanced guard, judging from his wounded appearance that he was one of the rebels who had survived, ran towards him, and disregarding his prayers and cries, slew him, as they thought, with their sabres, and threw him into a ditch. The main body of the party arriving just after this had happened, the carriage of the mother passed close to the body of her son, for whom she had risked so much; and instantly recognizing him whom she so tenderly loved, she uttered a shriek, and threw herself upon the wounded and disfigured body.

Exhausted by so many vicissitudes, both the mother and son were carried to the republican post, their new friends uncertain whether they were dead or alive. The young man, however, had the singular good fortune to survive that eventful day, and the courageous, devoted mother finally succeeded in conveying him safely to Nantes, where, by her tenderness and care, he was at length restored to perfect health.

THE ROCK OF THE GUAHIBA WOMAN.

"I am their mother, — *who* shall bar me from them?"
SHAKSPEARE.

HUMBOLDT, in his Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, relates a touching example of maternal affection.

Near the confluence of the Atabapo and the Rio Jerni, there is a granite hummock that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guaosiau; it is called the Rock of the Guahiba Woman, or the Rock of the Mother, (*Piedra de la Madre*,) from the trait of maternal affection attached to it.

"If," says the enterprising Humboldt, "in these solitary scenes man scarcely leaves behind him any traces of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized man.

"In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found, in an Italian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savanna, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were

found, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for everything is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls, (*à la conquista espiritual*,) and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them, in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day on which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando; but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up to the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed further and further from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed; and took shelter in the woods; but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening

she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock, *la Piedra de la Madre*, a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

"She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras, that are called Casa del Rey. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant, in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again; she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of the Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded, by the help of her teeth, in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. 'What the woman performed,' added the missionary, who gave us this sad narrative, 'the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and

the sun, during whole days, appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods, where the movement of the water is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo?' This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days? She said, 'that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants, called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests.' We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but, at our return from the Rio Negro, we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds; but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

"Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to *Piedra de la Madre*."

THE CHILD RESCUED FROM AN EAGLE.

"Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me, my precious soul:
Then happy lie, for blest am I, —
Without me, my sweet babe would die."

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT obstacles will not a mother surmount, what dangers will she not brave and overcome, for the sake of her defenceless offspring!

A child at Tinkaleen, in the Feroe Islands, being carried off by the great golden eagle, its mother climbed the hitherto unascended precipice, to rescue her babe. She succeeded in reaching the nest, but unhappily arrived too late, for the innocent object of her search was dead.

Another case of a similar nature occurred in the Orkneys, which was more fortunate in its termination: the mother had the inexpressible happiness of rescuing her child from the dreadful death which awaited it.

RESOLUTION OF A DYING MOTHER.

"Holy and pure
Is thy remembrance, virtue; though renown
Plant laurels on the warrior's grave, and wreathes
With bay the slumbering bard — the mother's urn
Shall claim more dear memorials: gratitude
Shall there abide; affection, reverence, there
Shall oft revolve the precepts which now speak
With emphasis divine."

MRS. WEST

A WRITER of the "Foreign Quarterly Review" relates the following anecdote of the plague. "In the village of

Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family, dropped off. A woman, who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window. and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, 'Good-bye, mother,' in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. 'Good-bye, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor, afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length, the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her.

She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more."

AFFECTING FAMILY SCENE.

"Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made." WORDSWORTH.

IN September, 1789, a little boy about five years old, the son of a man named Freemantle, in St. Thomas' Churchyard, Salisbury, being at play by the dam of the town mill, fell into the water; his sister, a child of nine years of age, with an affection that would have done honor to riper years, instantly plunged in to his assistance. They both sank, and in sight of their mother! The poor woman, distracted with horror at the prospect of instant death to her children. braved the flood to save them; she rose with one under each arm, and by her cries happily brought her husband, who instantly swam to their assistance, and brought them all three safe ashore.

MATERNAL AFFECTION OF MRS. GRAY.

"A mother's love! oh! who may breathe,
Oh! who can feel its worth,
Its patient suffering until death,
E'en from our childhood's birth!"

THE mother of Gray, the poet, to whom he was indebted for that education which elicited his brilliant talents, seems to have been a woman of most amiable character, and whose energy supplied to the child that deficiency which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned.

The following extract from a case submitted by Mrs. Gray to her lawyer develops the disposition and the habits of her husband in a light not the most favorable, while it awakens no common sympathy and respect for herself.

"That she hath been no charge to the said Philip, and during all the said time hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop, *almost providing everything for her son, whilst at Eton School, and now he is at Peter House, Cambridge.*

"Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language; that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life."—"This she was resolved to bear, if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't."

To the love and courage of this mother, Gray owed his life when a child; she ventured what few women are capable of, to open a vein with her own hand, and thus removed the paroxysm arising from fulness of blood, to which, it is said, all her other children had fallen victims. We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

"I could not doom to death the babe I clasped;
Did ever mother kill her sleeping boy?"
MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MARY, Countess of Orkney, was both deaf and dumb; she was married in the year 1753, by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, raised an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, (who was an Irish woman, and, like all persons of the lower orders in her country, and indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies,") lifted it with an apparent intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone, — not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was deficient in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

PETITION TO THE INFANT KING OF ROME.

" Such moments are most precious ! "

THE following anecdote may be relied upon as authentic. A few days subsequent to the birth of the young King of Rome, a widow lady, whose only son was drawn to serve in the conscription, presented herself at the Tuileries, stating that she had a petition, and must be admitted; when, in spite of all opposition, her demands became so loud, reiterated, and urgent, that Napoleon, hearing the distant altercation, demanded the cause, which having learned, he forthwith ordered that the applicant should be ushered to his presence, who, upon beholding the Emperor, (falling upon her knee,) requested that she might be conducted to the young King of Rome, to whom her petition was addressed. Napoleon, somewhat astonished at the singularity of this request, took the paper, which upon perusal was found to contain a prayer, that her son might be exempted from the effects of the conscription laws; upon which, the Emperor, graciously smiling, approached the cradle of his son, and reclining over the infant, read, in a low voice, the contents of the petition, after which, pausing awhile, he turned his ear to the cradle, as if in expectation of a reply; and then advancing towards the applicant — " *Madame,*" said Napoleon, " *I have read your petition, and as there is no answer, silence of course implies consent.*" It is needless to add, that the youth was in consequence exempted from service, and the fond mother had to exult in the fortunate termination of her lucky expedient.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

"O grief most sharp
To her indeed a mother!" — MRS. WEST.

SOME years ago a fire broke out at Whitechapel, in a row of houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames that it was with the utmost difficulty the unfortunate inhabitants could be rescued. One poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return thanks to God for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, could alone have prompted, she flew, half naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, rushed into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group: a triumph, alas! short lived, for the infant was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbors, instead of her own. She hastened back. but, by this time, the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died within a few hours.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

ROMAN DAUGHTER. — XANTIPPE. — SERVILIA. — AGNES HOTOT. — MARGARET ROPER. — MRS. MORICE. — AMERICAN DAUGHTER. — ELIZABETH CAZOTTE. — MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL. — MADAME DE BOIS BERANGER. — MADEMOISELLE DELLEGLACE. — INFANT VICTIM TO FILIAL AFFECTION. — THE CREOLE AND HIS DAUGHTER. — MADAME DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here, through hard assays,
With a crown of deathless praise." — MILTON.

NATURE has implanted in every human breast a disposition to love and revere the authors of our being, on whom, from our earliest infancy, we are dependent for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life: every heart which is not wholly destitute of feeling must beat with the warmest emotions of gratitude towards them, and be alive to the tenderness of filial piety. Thus we find that, in all ages of the world, those who have become truly great, whatever may have been their country, whether they have been the natives of enlightened Europe, or of a land of unpolished savages, have always been distinguished, either in their infancy or at a more advanced period of life, by some trait of this affection, which appears to form a basis for all the other virtues.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF FILIAL PIETY.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"—SHAKSPEARE.

THE Roman history furnishes us with a remarkable example of filial piety. A lady, of illustrious birth, had for some cause been condemned to be strangled, and was sent to prison in order to be put to death. The gaoler, who had received orders to strangle her, was touched with compassion for her beauty and misfortunes, and not being able to resolve to kill her, determined to let her die of hunger. He however consented to allow her daughter to visit her in the prison, taking care that she brought her mother no food. Many days elapsed, during which the daughter's visits were very frequent: at length the gaoler became surprised that his prisoner could exist so long without sustenance. His suspicions immediately rested on the daughter, whom he now determined to watch still more closely: to his utmost astonishment, he found that she nourished her mother with her own milk. His amazement at this pious and ingenious invention caused him to inform the triumvir of the circumstance, who immediately acquainted the prætor with it. The latter, considering it worthy the public attention, related it in an assembly of the people. The result was the pardon of the criminal; and, at the same time, a decree was passed, that for the future both mother and daughter should be supported at the public expense. The Romans also raised a temple upon the spot, and dedicated it to Filial Piety.

CIMONUS SAVED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

"My child and father vital nurture crave,
Parental, filial, fondness both would save;
But if a nursling only one can live,
I choose to save the life I cannot give."

XANTIPPE, another Roman lady, supported her aged father, Cimonus, in a similar manner, in order to preserve his life while in prison. This last circumstance was called the "Roman Charity." Both these pious actions appeared so extraordinary to that people, that they could only account for them by supposing that filial affection was the first law of nature.

CONDEMNATION OF SERVILIA.

"The very head and front of our offending
Hath this extent — no more."

AMONG an incredible number of illustrious persons who were falsely accused and put to death by Nero, was Bareas Soranus, a man, as Tacitus informs us, of singular vigilance and justice in the discharge of his duty. During his confinement, his daughter, Servilia, was apprehended and brought into the senate, and there arraigned. The crime laid to her charge was, that she had turned into money all her ornaments and jewels, and the most valuable part of her dress, to defray the expense of consulting magicians. To this the young Servilia, with tears, replied, — that she had indeed consulted magicians; but the whole of her inquiry was to know whether the emperor and senate would afford protection and safety to her dear and indulgent parent against his accusers. "With this view," said she, "I presented the diviners,

men till now utterly unknown to me, with my jewels, apparel, and the other ornaments peculiar to my quality, as I would have presented my blood and life, could my blood and life have procured my father's liberty. But whatever this my proceeding was, my unfortunate father was an utter stranger to it; and if it is a crime, I alone am the delinquent." She was, however, together with her father, condemned to die; but in what manner, history is silent.

COURAGE OF AGNES HOTOT.

"Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness joined." — Pope.

The crest of Dudley, of Northamptonshire, Bart., was "Out of a ducal coronet or, a woman's bust: her hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head, with the stay or throat-latch down proper." From a MS. in the possession of this family, written by a monk about the close of the fourteenth century, it appeared that the father of Agnes Hotot (who, in the year 1395, married an ancestor of the Dudleys) having a quarrel with one Ringsdale, concerning the proprietorship of some land, they agreed to meet on the "debatable ground," and decide their right by combat. Unfortunately for Hotot, on the day appointed he was seriously ill; "but his daughter Agnes, unwilling that he should lose his claim, or suffer in his honor, armed herself cap-a-pie, and mounting her father's steed, repaired to the place of decision, where, after a stubborn encounter, she dismounted Ringsdale, and when he was on the ground, she loosened the stay of her helmet, let down her hair about her shoulders, and, disclosing her bosom, discovered to

him that he had been conquered by a woman." This valiant lady became the heiress of her family, and married a Dudley, whence the latter family derived their right to this crest.*

MARGARET ROPER.

"'T was the first time I mourned the dead:
It was my heaviest loss, my worst, —
My father! — and was thine the first?" — L. E. L.

MODERN history commemorates the name of Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, as another illustrious example of this affection. When Sir Thomas, who had refused to take the oath of supremacy, was cast into prison, his daughter, who was overwhelmed with grief, was, through incessant importunity, permitted to visit him. Admitted at length to his prison, she endeavored, by every argument, expostulation, and entreaty, to induce him to relent from his purpose. But her eloquence, her tenderness, and her tears, were alike ineffectual: constant to the last, the principles of this great and unfortunate man were not to be shaken. Margaret corresponded with her father during the whole of his imprisonment, and when deprived of pen and ink, Sir Thomas contrived to write to her by means of a coal.

When sentence had been passed upon him, and he was returning towards the Tower, Margaret rushed through the populace and the guards, and, without speaking, threw her arms round her father's neck, clinging closely to him, in the stupor of despair. Even the guards melted into compassion at this affecting scene. The fortitude of

* An engraving of the crest may be seen in Lower's Curiosities of Heraldry, p. 172, where this anecdote is recorded.

the noble prisoner seemed for a moment to be shaken with the sight of his daughter's sorrow. Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded a few paces further, when she again rushed towards him, and, in a paroxysm of sorrow more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of Sir Thomas, while he gazed upon her with tender earnestness: having entreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewell.

Margaret extended her cares to the lifeless remains of this beloved parent. Through her interest and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the Chapel of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower: it was afterwards removed, according to the appointment which had been made by Sir Thomas during his lifetime, to the chancel of the church of Chelsea. His head, in conformity with the sentence, having remained fourteen days exposed upon London Bridge, would have been cast into the Thames, had it not been purchased by his daughter. Inhumanly summoned in consequence before the council, Margaret firmly acknowledged and justified her conduct. Such intrepidity could not escape King Henry's vengeance: she was cast into prison, whence, after some vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was permitted to escape, and join her husband and family. At her death, which took place nine years after these events, the head of her unfortunate parent was interred with her, in her arms, according to some historians; or, as others say, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin.

EXTRAORDINARY FILIAL SACRIFICE.

"'T is thine on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise."—BROOME.

FROM the preceding illustrious sample of the power of filial affection, we turn to one not less affecting, though displayed in a humbler path of life. In the severe winter of 1783, which was a time of general distress at New York, an aged couple found themselves reduced to their last stick of wood. They had been supported by the industry of a daughter who lived with them, but who now found herself unable to procure them either fuel or provisions. Overcome with grief at their destitute situation, she yet devised an expedient by which they might be rescued from the emergency. She had accidentally heard that a dentist had advertised to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself: the generous girl, on remembering this, came to the resolution of disposing of all her fore-teeth, and went to the dentist for that purpose. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which had induced her to make so uncommon a sacrifice.

Affected even to tears by the girl's filial affection, the dentist refused to avail himself of the offer, at the same time presenting her with ten guineas, with which, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, she hastened home to relieve her parents.

HEROISM OF ELIZABETH CAZOTTE.

'Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.—SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the French Revolution, which endangered the lives of so many parents, filial affection, rising superior

to all selfish considerations of safety, might be seen in many interesting forms. Daughters then subjected themselves to every indignity, in their endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of those who were dearer to them than life itself: kneeling at the feet of their inhuman persecutors, they besought some mitigation at least of their parents' sentence, and, if unsuccessful in these efforts, shared their prison, and voluntarily partook their unhappy fate.

Mademoiselle Cazotte was an only child, and, at the commencement of the Revolution, her father was seventy-two years of age. Closely connected with La Porte, (the intendant of the civil list,) the fate of Cazotte was involved in his. Some of Cazotte's letters being found on the person of La Porte, the old man and his daughter were immediately arrested, and sent to the prison of the Abbey.

Shortly afterwards, Mademoiselle Cazotte having been pronounced innocent, an order arrived at the prison that she might be set at liberty. Elizabeth, however, refused to avail herself of it, being resolved to share her father's fate, and she succeeded in obtaining permission to remain with him. While in the prison, by her interesting appearance and the pathetic eloquence of her language, she was so fortunate as to interest some Marseillois, who had quartered themselves in the abbey, in her behalf; thus for a time her father's life was safe. On the 2d of September, however, after an uninterrupted massacre, which had lasted three hours, a number of voices called loudly for Cazotte. At that name, which seemed to threaten instant danger, Elizabeth rushed forward to meet her father's murderers. Her extreme youth, wonderful beauty, and uncommon courage, seemed to shake their purpose. One more stern and hardened in crime than the rest

advanced to Cazotte, and demanded why he had been imprisoned, with his daughter. "You will find it in the gaoler's book," was the old man's reply. Two of the party being sent to examine the book, shortly returned with the tidings that Cazotte was detained as a decided counter-revolutionist. Scarcely was the report uttered, when an axe was raised over the head of Cazotte. His daughter, wildly shrieking, threw herself upon him, covering him with her body, and, disdaining to descend to unworthy supplications, only demanded to die with him. "Strike, barbarians!" she cried; "you cannot reach my father but through my heart!" At this moving spectacle, the assassins hesitated and trembled, while a shout of pardon! pardon! was heard from one individual, and echoed by a hundred voices. The Marseillois opened themselves a passage to the two victims, and the father and daughter, covered with this sacred shield, were conducted, with shouts of applause, from that habitation of misfortunes and crimes.

The liberation of Cazotte, however, afforded but a temporary security; he was again arrested upon the institution of the Criminal Tribunal. The good old man endeavored to dissuade his daughter from accompanying him to prison, but his prayers, entreaties, and tears, nay, even his positive commands, were here entirely fruitless. "In your company, my father," said Elizabeth, "I have faced the most cruel of assassins; and shall I not be the companion of your new misfortune, in which there is less danger? The hope of saving you will again support me; I will show to your judges your forehead furrowed with age; I will ask them if a man, an old man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow-beings, may not find mercy in the eyes of justice, after having

escaped the extreme of danger? If he, whose white hairs could plead with assassins, ought not to receive indulgence from magistrates, one of whose attributes should be mercy? The voice of nature will again be heard, and perhaps I may again save you from the cruel fate which impends over us." Overcome by her pressing entreaties, Cazotte at last allowed his child to attend him to the prison. When, however, they arrived there, the unhappy girl was denied admission, and compelled to yield up her father. In an agony of grief, she hastened to the commune, and to the minister of the interior, from whom, by her supplications and tears, she wrested their permission to attend her father. From that moment she devoted herself wholly to him, spending day and night in administering to his comforts. The only time that she passed away from his prison was employed in securing promises of support from the same *Marseillois* who had formerly rendered her father such service; and she likewise received promises from several ladies of distinction, that their interest should be exerted in her behalf. These expectations were, alas! vainly excited, for every human being abandoned them in the hour of trial.

When Cazotte was called before the tribunal, the old man appeared, supported by his daughter. A murmur of applause ran through the multitude that filled the court at this affecting sight, while Elizabeth, with her eyes fixed on her father, endeavored to encourage and console him at this trying moment. The pleading was soon commenced: during the reading of the written evidence, and the speech of the public accuser, the entire feelings of Elizabeth were imprinted on her beautiful countenance. Every one remarked the variety of changes it underwent; fear and hope rapidly succeeding to each other:

several times she was on the point of raising her voice, but was checked by remembering that her father had, previous to the trial, imposed silence on her. At length she heard the dreadful conclusion of the speech of the public accuser, which was but too faithful an omen of his fate. Pale, trembling, and ready to sink into the ground, she was only sustained by her father's voice, who, in a low tone, pointing towards heaven, addressed to her a few words of consolation. But though calmed for the moment, when the sentence was about to be pronounced, they found it necessary to remove her from the hall; and when so far removed that her groans could no longer be heard, she abandoned herself to a despair which baffles description. The unhappy girl had seen her father for the last time: she had breathed a portion of her feelings into every soul; and the deep sighs which arose from every corner of the court, when she was carried thence, were proofs of the homage due to filial virtue. Some humane persons followed her to the prison, where they found her in a swoon: on recovering herself, she begged to be taken to her father, that she might die with him. It was not until surrounded by her father's friends, and become a witness of their affliction, that her own sorrow could receive any mitigation; and the favorable moment was seized to lead her back to her family.

MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL.

"May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass." — COLERIDGE.

THE heroism of Elizabeth Cazotte, which could not fail to excite the admiration and sympathy of her country-women, was imitated by many young persons, from similar impulses of devoted affection. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil claims a share of our esteem, for the intrepidity she displayed, when, rushing into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father, she exclaimed, as she fell at their feet, "Barbarians, hold your hands — he is my father!" In another moment she had so placed herself, that the sword could not reach the parent but through the heart of his child. Perceiving that they hesitated to accomplish their barbarous purpose, she supplicated once more, with renewed earnestness, that they would spare her father's life. Even while she spoke, one of the monsters, whose unfeeling heart was proof against the self-devotion and heroism of the lovely girl at his feet, annexed to her father's safety the following condition. "Drink," said he, "a glass of blood, and save your father." Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, shuddering, retreated several paces; but filial affection gained the ascendance, and she yielded to the horrible proposal.

"Innocent or guilty, then," said one of the judges who happened to be present, "it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of this old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl." A shout of "pardon! pardon!" was heard from those who had with difficulty refrained from tears. The daughter was clasped

in her father's trembling arms, and they left the prison together, conducted in triumph by those who had come for so very different a purpose.

Mademoiselle de Sombreuil afterwards married the Count de Villelume, and in commemoration of the loyalty of her family, and her own filial heroism, Louis XVIII. permitted her sons to add the name of De Sombreuil to that of Villelume.

EXECUTION OF MADAME DE BOIS BERANGER.

"The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress." — POPE.

In the prisons of Paris whole families were frequently crowded together, when the members of each would be united so strongly by sympathy, that their sole request and wish would be that they might die together, consoled by the reflection, that, in escaping from such scenes of dreadful persecution, they would still be united in a happier state of existence.

When the ci-devant Marchioness de Bois Beranger was detained in the Luxembourg, with her father, mother, and a younger sister, she forgot her own misfortunes in endeavoring to console her family under theirs. A solicitude even maternal was displayed in her unceasing tenderness towards her mother, whose drooping fortitude was reänimated by her example. When at length the act of accusation arrived for her father, mother, and sister, Madame de Bois Beranger found that she alone was exempt: and the discovery of the mournful preference filled her with anguish. "You will die, then," she exclaimed, "before me, and I am condemned to survive you!" Overwhelmed with despair, she clung to

those beloved relations, exclaiming, "Alas! alas! we shall not die together!"

In the midst of this moving scene, a second accusation arrived at the prison, in which the name of the Marchioness was included. From this moment there were no more tears, no more exclamations of grief, from this affectionate daughter. She flew to embrace her parents. "See," she cried, as she displayed the act of accusation in joyful triumph, as though she held in her hand the decree of their liberty and her own, "see, my mother,—we shall die together."

On the day of execution, she attired herself with elegance, and cut off the long tresses of her fine hair with her own hand. On leaving the Conciergerie to go to the scaffold, she supported her mother, who seemed to be overcome by an excess of grief. The sorrows of her parent appeared alone to be subjects of regret to the Marchioness at this critical moment. "Dearest madam," she said, in the tenderest accent, "be consoled: why are you not happy? You die innocent, and in the same innocence all your family follow you to the tomb, and will partake with you, in a better state, the recompense of virtue."

MADEMOISELLE DELLEGLACE SAVES HER FATHER.

> "And is it then to live? when *such* friends part,
> 'T is the survivor dies."

Mademoiselle Delleglace was also a remarkable instance of filial affection. When her father was to be conveyed from the prison at Lyons to the Conciergerie, this affectionate girl, who from the first moment of his arrest had never quitted him, demanded permission to

travel with him in the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, and wholly disregarding the weakness of her constitution, Mademoiselle Delleglace set out on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than a hundred leagues. She sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed; and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants, in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

When, at length, they reached the gates of the Conciergerie, she was denied admittance with him, and compelled to give up the expectation of being his companion in prison. But her fortitude did not yet give way; she did not cease, during three months, to implore the justice and humanity of all those influential persons to whom she could gain access. Her perseverance was finally crowned with success; and exulting with joy, she hastened to bear the happy tidings to her father, and contemplated the delight of herself conducting him back to his home and family. But it was otherwise ordained: worn out by the excess of fatigue she had undergone during this unparalleled exertion, she was taken ill on the road, and obliged to remain at an inn, until her father could be informed of the circumstance and be set at liberty. She never again left her bed, but died in her beloved parent's arms; still deeming herself happy in having purchased his life at the expense of her own.

EARLY INSTANCE OF FILIAL PIETY.

"O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake." — CAMPBELL.

WHO has not heard, and who has not shed tears at hearing, of that beautiful and interesting girl, of only eight years of age, who went every morning to the Place de la Révolution, to mourn and lament the death of her mother, who was executed there? This child took many precautions to escape observation: but her manner was at length noticed by some women who sold fruit near the spot. Being asked the cause of her tears, "Ah!" she said, "my poor mother, whom I loved so well, died where I now stand; but oh! do not, I beg of you, tell any one that you saw me cry, for that, perhaps, would cause the death of my brother and my sisters." After this guileless answer, which greatly affected her audience, she hastily retired, and was never seen there again. It was afterwards known that this early victim of filial affection died in a few weeks, bowed down by a grief which she could not cast off.

THE CREOLE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

"What breast so cold, that is not warmed here?" — SHAKSPEARE.

ANOTHER child was the happy means of saving her father's life. He was a creole of St. Domingo, and was guilty of no other crime than that of being rich and preserving the inheritance of his forefathers. At that time, when the contagious example of the French Revolution had spread as far as the New World, the horrible practice was adopted of assembling in groups the unfortunate victims who were ordered to be executed, and then firing

indiscriminately upon them, with cannons loaded with grape-shot.

The eyes of the creole had been blindfolded, and he stood among a crowd of other unfortunate beings, expecting every instant the signal of death.

When, however, the order to discharge the artillery was about to be given, a girl rushed forward, with a loud cry of "My father! oh my father!" and making her way through the victims, threw her arms about her parent's neck, and waited for the moment of dying with him. In vain were all threats or entreaties; neither the representations of her danger, nor the commands of her father, could intimidate her. In reply to the latter, she earnestly repeated, "O! my father, let me die with you!" What power has virtue over the most ferocious minds! this unexpected accident disconcerted the commander of the massacre: — doubtless he was a father too! The voice of admiration and exclamations of pity which he heard from all sides touched his heart, and under some specious pretext, the creole was delivered from the expected punishment, and, accompanied by his child, reconducted to prison; whence he soon afterwards obtained his release. After that happy escape, he was often accustomed to relate, with feelings of tender emotion, the heroic action of his little girl, then only ten years of age.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.

MYRO. — WIFE OF INTAPHERNES. — JULIA. — DUCHESS D'ALENÇON. — PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF FRANCE. — MADAME MAILLE. — SISTERS OF A FRENCH PRISONER. — HELEN WALKER. — BETY AMBOS.

"Wake, dear remembrances! wake, childhood-days!"
COURSE OF TIME.

WOMEN have not only distinguished themselves by their virtuous conduct as mothers and daughters, but many admirable traits of their sisterly affection also attract our notice: and although such examples are more rare of occurrence than the former, they are not the less estimable.

DEATH OF MYRO AND HER SISTER.

"In sweetest harmony they lived!
Nor death their union could divide."

"THE love of Orestes and Pylades," says St. Pierre, "who wished to die for one another, is in my eyes less affecting than that of Myro and her sister, daughters of the tyrant of Elœa. who, though innocent of their father's crimes, were condemned to death in the flower of their age and beauty, and entreated each of the other to be the first to meet her end. The elder had put her girdle around her neck, and had desired her younger sister to look and to follow her example; when the latter entreated her not to expose her to the sorrow of seeing a sister expire. On this, Myro took the fatal cord, fastened it on

the neck of her younger sister, and embracing her, said, 'O, my dear sister! I have never refused you what you have asked of me; receive this, the last and strongest proof of my affection.' Then, after seeing her expire, she covered her body, and before inflicting death on herself, she entreated the spectators, who, notwithstanding their hatred against tyranny, were melted into tears, not to allow the commission of any dishonor to their bodies after death."

CHOICE OF THE WIFE OF INTAPHERNES.

"Another husband, and another child.
Might soothe affliction; but, my parents dead,
A brother's loss can never be repaired."
FRANKLIN'S SOPHOCLES.

DARIUS, King of Persia, extremely provoked by crimes of an extraordinary nature, had pronounced a sentence of death upon Intaphernes, together with his children, and the whole family of them at once. The wife of Intaphernes then was seen to present herself before the royal palace, exhibiting every demonstration of grief. As she regularly continued this conduct, her frequent appearance at length excited the compassion of Darius, who thus addressed her by a messenger: "Woman, King Darius offers you the liberty of any individual of your family whom you may most desire to preserve." After some deliberation with herself, she made this reply: "If the king will grant me the life of any one of my family, I choose my brother in preference to the rest." Her determination greatly astonished the king: he sent to her, therefore, a second message, to this effect. "The king desires to know why you have thought proper to pass over your children and your husband, and to preserve your

brother, who is certainly a more remote connection than your children, and cannot be so dear to you as your husband?" She answered thus: "O King! if it please the deity, I may have another husband; and if I be deprived of these, may have other children; but as my parents are both of them dead, it is certain that I can have no other brother." The answer appeared to Darius very judicious; indeed, he was so well pleased with it, that he not only gave the woman the life of her brother, but also pardoned her eldest son: the rest were all of them put to death.

However singular this choice must appear, from the generally admitted fact that maternal love is the strongest attachment of the human breast, it must be allowed that this is one of the most remarkable examples of sisterly affection upon record.

SELF-DEVOTION OF JULIA.

"From the great,
Illustrious actions are a debt to fame.
No middle path remains for them to tread,
Whom she hath once ennobled."— GLOVER

ANTHONY, having made himself master of Rome caused his severe decrees against the banished to be carried into effect.

Lucius Cæsar, Anthony's uncle, finding his name inscribed on the fatal list, took refuge in the house of his sister, Julia, and, as that lady was the mother of Anthony, and respected by the soldiers for their general's sake, he remained there for some time in security.

Some of the soldiers were, however, bold enough to attempt to force admission, which Julia perceiving, appeared at the door, and extending her arms to prevent

the assassins from passing, said to them, "You shall not kill Lucius Cæsar till you have deprived the mother of your general of life." Accustomed as the soldiers were to insolence and cruelty, they were arrested in a moment by this generous speech, not daring to proceed.

Julia, then, to deliver her brother more effectually from danger, went to the place where Anthony was seated between his two colleagues, and thus addressed him:—"I come to accuse myself of concealing Lucius Cæsar; order me to be put to death, since the penalty of death is pronounced against those who save the banished." Anthony could not resist so much greatness of soul; and this intrepid woman succeeded in obtaining for her brother an assurance of complete security.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON.

"Elle était vraiment la Marguerite des Marguerites."*

MARGUERITE, Duchess d'Alençon, entertained towards her brother, Francis the First, King of France, an affection so devoted that it overlooked all peril.

"When that monarch was detained a prisoner at the court of Charles the Fifth, of Spain, Marguerite applied to the Emperor for a safe conduct, and having obtained it, set out for Madrid, with the intention of consoling her brother in his captivity, and endeavoring to procure his freedom. Upon her arrival there, she found Francis so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of; and while he thus suffered the double affliction of disease and captivity, Marguerite was the only solace of the royal prisoner. Charles had given the Duchess a very friendly

* *Marguerite*, in French, signifies the pearl or daisy.

reception at his court, and had even promised that Francis should be set at liberty upon recovering from his illness; but as the king's health daily improved, and Charles' fears of losing his prisoner and his ransom decreased, his determination to keep him in captivity increased in proportion. Marguerite, perceiving this, endeavored to form an acquaintance with the Queen of Portugal, who was destined for Francis' bride; but the wary Emperor frustrated this design, by inducing his sister to make a pilgrimage to Guadaloupe, which occupied the whole period of the Duchess' stay in Spain. She also addressed herself to Bourbon, who, it appears, would not have been sorry to make his marriage with her the means of restoring him to his country and estates; but Bourbon's influence at the Spanish court was nothing. She did not attempt to discourage any hopes he might have formed on this head, and her beauty and intellectual charms had given her so great a power over Bourbon, that he revealed to her all he knew respecting the Emperor's secret designs. Charles, who suspected the intelligence between them, had formed a scheme worthy of his intriguing mind. The Duchess' passport had been made out for two months; but the friendly manner in which she had been received was well calculated to make her forget that that period was drawing fast to its conclusion, and that it was necessary to renew it, in order to provide for her own personal safety. Charles intended to let that period expire, and then to have taken advantage of her neglect, to make her share in her brother's captivity. The confidence which Marguerite reposed in his honor would have crowned his scheme with success, but for an intimation which Bourbon, who had learned the treachery that the Emperor meditated, conveyed to her. With the

utmost precipitation, she ordered her escort, and having taken leave of her brother, and secured some papers which he committed to her charge, she departed from Madrid. Notwithstanding the severity of the winter, which had just set in, she traversed Spain with such expedition as to reach the frontier of Navarre one hour before the period of her safe conduct had expired."

MARIA HELENA ELIZABETH.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze." — YOUNG.

THE Princess Maria Helena Elizabeth, of France, affords us one of the finest models of sisterly affection. However much her conduct upon other occasions may have exposed this princess to the breath of calumny, her worst enemies must unite to admire and praise the benevolence of her heart, and her tender and generous affection so nobly displayed towards her brother, Louis the Sixteenth, and his unhappy queen, during their misfortunes. Neither remonstrances nor entreaties could prevail upon her to abandon them, and refusing the pressing solicitations of her aunts to go with them into Italy, she firmly resolved to stay with her brother and sister, to partake their danger and affliction: her noble vow was fulfilled with the most affecting constancy, during the long series of calamities that at length conducted the heads of this unfortunate family to the scaffold.

When the Parisian mob burst into the palace, upon the 20th of June, a day most memorable in the epoch of the French Revolution, Madame Elizabeth ran into the King's apartment. The mob called for the Queen, with loud

imprecations. "Where, where is she?" they exclaimed; "we will have her head!" Elizabeth turned towards the murderers, and said, with firmness, "I am the Queen!" The terrified attendants hastily pressed forward to declare that she was not the Queen. "For the love of God," said the Princess, "do not undeceive these men! Is it not better that they should shed my blood than that of my sister?"

When the royal family were prisoners in the Temple, the Princess Elizabeth endeavored to fortify and animate their minds by the example of her resignation. Her thoughts never appeared to have herself for their object, as long as her brother, her sister, and their children, remained to be relieved by her attentions, and consoled by her affection: nor was it long after the melancholy fate of Louis and his queen, before this amiable Princess was called upon to renounce an existence which had been so calamitous to herself and family.

NOBLE SACRIFICE OF A SISTER-IN-LAW.

"There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."
SHAKSPEARE.

UPON another occasion a gaoler paid his accustomed visit to one of the prisons, and had ordered all the prisoners to assemble in the court-yard, in order that he might call over the names of those who were condemned to die. For a few moments he contemplated with savage delight those who lingered on the stairs trembling with suspense, and others consoling their weeping children: then, with a loud and stern voice, he put an end to his awful silence by pronouncing the name of Maille. A female, instantly advancing through the crowd, besought

the compassion of all those she passed for her orphan children, and presenting herself before the gaoler, demanded if she was the condemned person. On his referring to his list and reading aloud, she found that neither the Christian name, nor the surname by which also the victim was described, belonged to her. Perceiving his mistake, the gaoler hastily interrogated her concerning the abode of the person he ought to have arrested. It was her sister-in-law.

"I do not wish to die," said Madame Maille, "but I should prefer death, a thousand times, to the shame of saving my life at the expense of hers. I am ready to follow you."

Happily the gaoler's commission did not extend so far, and the generous woman was shortly afterwards restored to her family.

LIBERATION OF A PRISONER.

"Virtue shall enrol your names
In Time's eternal records." — GLOVER.

AT the same period, the sisters of a young man who was imprisoned sacrificed a considerable part of their fortune to purchase an opportunity of passing into their brother's dungeon, and carried him, at the hazard of their lives, such instruments as would enable him to effect his escape. The young man was as successful as bold in his enterprise, and with the assistance of four of his companions in misfortune, he and they passed, undiscovered, from their dungeon. The sisters had now a still more difficult task, that of concealing their brother from the diligent search made after him by the government. This they achieved with much ingenuity; and after a long interval of alarm and danger, their affection was rewarded

by seeing him outlive his perils, and once more restored to liberty and happiness.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF HELEN WALKER.

"Her cheek was pale — but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following is the history of one whose memory has been immortalized by the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

The real heroine of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" was named Helen Walker: she was "the daughter of a small farmer at Irongray, near Dumfries, and after his death, continued, with the unassuming piety of a Scottish peasant, to support her mother, and a sister considerably younger than herself, by her own unremitting labor and privations. The loss of her only remaining parent endeared the little Isabella still more to Helen, who, performing the various duties of mother and sister, contrived. by her industrious and affectionate exertions, not only to maintain but to educate her. What must have been the feelings of Helen when she learnt that this only sister, to whom she was attached by so many ties, must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and when she was herself called upon to become a principal witness against her! The counsel for the prisoner informed Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her the slightest intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life. To this Helen's only answer was, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience.' The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty, and condemned; but

in Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution of it: Helen Walker availed herself of this circumstance to endeavor to save her sister's life. The very day that the unfortunate Isabella was condemned to die, Helen got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the same night set out on foot for London, having borrowed a sum of money sufficient for the journey. She walked the whole distance barefooted, and on her arrival at the place of her destination, she proceeded, without introduction or recommendation, to the house of the late John Duke of Argyle. She appeared before him in her tartan plaid and country attire, and presented her simple and perhaps ill-expressed petition. That nobleman immediately procured the heroic and affectionate sister the pardon she sought for, and Helen returned with it just in time to save the life of Isabella. That young woman, saved by the most unparalleled exertions from the fate which impended over her, was married by the person who had wronged her, and lived happily many years, uniformly acknowledging the affection to which she owed her preservation. The natural dignity of Helen's character, and her high sense of family respectability, made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that whenever her neighbors attempted to converse with her on the subject, she always turned the conversation, so that her history was but little known: she was, however, heard to say, that by the Almighty's strength she had been enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, which, if lost, would have inevitably caused the forfeiture of her sister's life. The fact that Isabella, who lived at Whitehaven, was annually accustomed to send a cheese to her sister, though trivial in itself, strongly marks the affec-

tion which subsisted between the two sisters, and the complete conviction on the mind of the criminal, that her sister had acted solely from high principle, and not from any want of affection, at the time of the trial.

"Helen lived many years in honest and industrious poverty, and, at her death, was interred in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, in a romantic cemetery, on the banks of the Cairn."

The inscription upon the tomb of Helen, which was subsequently erected by Sir Walter Scott, was as follows: —

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY,
TO THE MEMORY OF
HELEN WALKER,
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD MDCCXCI.
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL
PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS.
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY,
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HER SISTER:
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE,
IN RESCUING HER
FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW,
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE.
RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY,
WHEN COMBINED WITH THE LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION.

BETY AMBOS VON ZWEIBRÜCKEN.

"And is not love in vain
Torture enough, without a living tomb?" — BYRON.

"My dearest sister, fare-thee-well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort." — SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. JAMESON, in her "Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character in Germany," relates the following story, which is one of the most pathetic and interesting examples of sisterly affection on record. I transcribe it in the words of the fair authoress: —

"I was travelling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda; I was standing at the window of the inn, which was opposite to the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge Eilwagen, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room — it was a sort of public saloon — in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humored, but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast; not a cup of chocolate, or *café au lait*, as became a heroine, — for you see I was resolved that she should be one, — but a very substantial German breakfast — soup, a cutlet, and a pint (eine halbe flasche) of good wine; it was then about ten o'clock. While this

was preparing, she threw off her travelling accoutrements first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables: under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration; it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head, were small in proportion to her figure; her face was not so striking — it was pretty, rather than handsome; her small mouth closed firmly, so as to give a marked and singular expression of resolution and decision to a physiognomy otherwise frank and good-humored. Her eyes, also small, were of a dark hazel, bright, and with long blonde eyelashes. Her abundant fair hair was plaited in several bands, and fastened on the top of her head, in the fashion of the German peasant girls. Her voice would have been deemed rather high-pitched for 'ears polite,' but it was not deficient in melody; and, though her expression was grave, and even sad, upon our first encounter, I soon found that mirth, and not sadness, was the natural character of her mind, as of her countenance. When anything ridiculous occurred, she burst at once in a laugh — such a merry, musical peal, that it was impossible not to sympathize in it. Her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter: nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty; but the splendor of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment — it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conducteur* of the Eil-wagen, and one of the passengers, came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterwards came the mistress of the inn (who had never deigned to notice me, for it is not the fashion in Germany;) she came with an offer of particular services, and from the conversation I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature — she seemed not more than two or three and twenty — was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from — can you imagine? even from the wilds of Siberia! But then what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering, but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more. Afterwards, I had occasion to go over to a little shop to make some purchase. On my return, I found her crying bitterly, and my maid, also in tears, was comforting her with great volubility. Now, though my *having* in German, like Orlando's beard, was not considerable, and my heroine spoke still less French, I could not help assisting in the task of consolation: — never, certainly, were my curiosity and interest more strongly excited. Subsequently, we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence. Thus, I had opportunities of hearing her whole history related at different times, and in parts and parcels; and I will now endeavor to give it to you in a connected form. I may possibly

make some mistake with regard to the order of events, but I promise you faithfully, that where my recollection of names, or dates, or circumstances, may fail me, I will not, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, make use of my imagination to supply the defects of my memory. You shall have, if not the whole truth, at least as much of it as I can remember, and with no fictitious interpolations and improvements. Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, the graphic spirit, the quick transitions of feeling, and the grace and vivacity of gesture and action, with which the relation was made to me by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give you no idea — it was altogether a study of character I shall never forget.

"My heroine — truly and in every sense does she deserve the name — was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Deuxponts.* She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangan, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens; 'tall, and hand-

* In the German maps, Zweibrücken; the capital of those provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria which lie on the left bank of the Rhine.

some, and good,' of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was, at this time, about eight-and-twenty.

"While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second; the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not; but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

"Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force, and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with

him by her own free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered, in a faint voice, 'No.' Had then violence been used to carry her off? 'Yes.' Was she a Christian? 'No.' Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? 'No.'

"On hearing these replies, so different from the truth — from all he could have anticipated — the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

"These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and

although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information — some redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

"Six years thus passed away. His father died; his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year, (1833,) a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Sibèria; who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

"You must imagine — for I cannot describe as she described — the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri — that a petition in his favor must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then

said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that as a woman she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone on her long and perilous journey. 'When my mother gave me her blessing,' said she, 'I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother! I feared nothing; I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *liebe Madame!* what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother!—my poor old mother!' Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes, she resumed her narrative.

"She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the

interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added, brutally,—'Your brother was a *mauvais sujet;* he *ought* not to be pardoned, and if I were the emperor I would not pardon him.' She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed, with fervor,—'I call God to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank God that you are not the emperor, for I can still hope!' The minister, in a rage, said, 'Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that? you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in God and the emperor;' 'and then,' said she, 'I left him, without even a curtsey, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily.'

"Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex,

Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise — something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protegée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, 'I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do, I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?' 'And what,' said I, 'was your answer?' 'Oh!' she replied, 'I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown.' I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied, 'That thought did strike me — but what would you have? — I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon — I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it — and, God forgive me! I thought little of what it might cost another.'

"This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys in full dress mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her, whether, in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink?

"'No,' said she, firmly; 'on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher!—I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—"Pardon, imperial majesty! pardon!" "Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished, "and what can I do for you?" He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and—"May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise——, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty, pardon my poor brother!" I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The emperor said, "Rise, rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last, the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying—"Rise, mademoiselle, I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, "I pray of your majesty to read that paper." He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed, once or twice, "Is it possible? This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, "Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned." The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scaree know what I said—"Your imperial

her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble;* but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands: she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her at St. Petersburgh. The roads were everywhere excellent, the post-houses at regular distances, the travelling rapid; but often, for hundreds of miles, there were no accommodations of any kind—scarce a human habitation. She even suffered from hunger, not being prepared to travel for so many hours together without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary,

and apparently endless plains. 'Sometimes,' said she, 'my head seemed to turn — I could not believe that it was a waking reality — I could not believe that it was myself. Alone, in a strange land, — so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath.' 'Did you ever feel fear?' I asked. 'Ach ja! when I waked sometimes in the carriage, in the middle of the night, wondering at myself, and unable immediately to collect my thoughts. Never at any other time.' I asked her if she had ever met with insult? She said she had twice met with 'wicked men;' but she had felt no alarm — she knew how to protect herself; and as she said this, her countenance assumed an expression which showed that it was not a mere boast. Altogether, she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but at the time there was the anticipation of an unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light and all dangers indifferent.

"At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last, he stammered out, 'I am sorry — but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper — *is dead!*' Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

"When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for

some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief. 'Ach! liebe Gott! was für ein schrechlich shichsal was das meine!' 'What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find — not my brother — *nur ein Grab!*' (only a grave!) she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished, and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

"I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters, which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

"Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity was excited about herself. She told me that a great many persons of rank invited her to their houses and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls and the ring, which had caught my attention, and excited my surprise, in the first instance. The emperor expressed a wish to see her, and

very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. 'But they could not bring my brother back to life!' said she, expressively. He even presented her to the empress. 'And what,' I asked, 'did the empress say to you? '*Nothing;* but she looked *so*'—drawing herself up.

"On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written—she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to *tell* what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

"But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburgh in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction. 'But,' said she, 'there was one thing I had resolved to do which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, "Your falsehood has done this!" I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it could do my poor Henri no good; that it was wrong; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a voiturier. I had reached Pojer, on the Prussian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise, "Mademoiselle Ambos! are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?" "I am his sister." "Good God! I was the intimate friend of your brother! What

has become of him?" I then told him all I have now told you, liebe madame!—and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The kutscher, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation, and when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained; so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my kutscher stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said, "You have just missed seeing the Jew lady, whom your brother was in love with; that calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband!" Good God! imagine my surprise! I could not believe my fortune: it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved that she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising him a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so—but not with fear. I went up to the calèche—two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said, "Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?" I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute, for she replied, with a frightened manner—"I am; who are you, and what do you want with me?" I said, "I am the sister of Henri Ambos,

whom you murdered!" She shrieked out; the men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said, "I am not come to hurt you, but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him. May God punish you for it! May his ghost pursue you to the end of your life!" I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits; and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous—so like a dream—I could not trust to my own recollection, and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what *she* had said; and at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you.' And at Mayence, she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents; her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise ——; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother (over this she wept much;) and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars. The next morning we were to part. I was going down the Rhine, and she was to proceed to Deuxponts, which she expected to reach in two days. As she had travelled from Berlin almost without rest, except the night we had spent at Frankfort, she appeared to me ready to sink with fatigue; but she would not bid me farewell that night, although I told her I should be obliged to set off at six the next morning; but kissing my hand, with many expressions of gratitude,

she said she would be awake and visit me in my room to bid me a last adieu. As there was only a very narrow passage between the two rooms, she left her door a little open, that she might hear me rise. However, on the following morning, she did not appear. When dressed, I went on tiptoe into her room, and found her lying in a deep, calm sleep, her arm over her head. I looked at her for some minutes, and thought I had never seen a finer creature. I then turned, with a whispered blessing and adieu, and went on my way.

"This is all I can tell you. If at the time I had not been travelling *against* time, and with a mind most fully and painfully occupied, I believe I should have been tempted to accompany my heroine to Deuxponts — at least I should have retained her narrative more accurately. Not having made any memoranda till many days afterwards, all the names have escaped my recollection; but if you have any doubts of the general truth of this story, I will at least give you the means of verifying it. Here is her name, in her own handwriting, on one of the leaves of my pocket-book — you can read the German character:

Betz Ambos von Zweibrücken.*

* "Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character in Germany," by Mrs. Jameson.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

CHELONIS. — THESTA. — ANTONIA FLAXILLA, EGNATIA MAXIMILLA, SULPITIA, FANNIA. — TURIA. — DUCHESS OF BAVARIA. — QUEEN ELEANOR. — BARONESS VON DER WART. — BONA LONGABARBA. — VENETIAN LADY. — DUCHESS D'EPERNON. — ELEANOR CHRISTINA. — LADY RALEIGH. — LADY FANSHAWE. — MRS. HUTCHINSON. — LADY RUSSEL. — WIFE OF MILTON. — COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE. — MADAME MUNICH. — CATHERINE HERMAN. — AFFECTING CONSTANCY. — LADY HARRIET ACKLAND. — YOUNG FRENCH-WOMAN. — MADAME LAVERGNE. — WIFE OF A PRISONER. — MADAME LEFORT. — SINGULAR EXPEDIENT. — MADAME LAVALETTE. — COUNTESS CONFALIONERI.

"Hail, wedded love!" — MILTON.

HISTORY, in recording the deeds of women, bears ample testimony to their conjugal affection; and it is pleasing to dwell on such sublime and illustrious examples of virtue, as they form a striking contrast to those instances which too frequently occur of the violation of marriage-vows, and utter disregard of the most tender and endearing ties of domestic affection: indeed, nothing can convey more consolation and support to a high-minded, virtuous woman, in the midst of sorrow and misfortunes, than the recollection of the conduct of her sex under similar circumstances; when, encompassed like herself by dangers, difficulties, or death, women have continued to adhere with fidelity to their husbands' fortunes under every vicissitude and trial.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN CONJUGAL AND FILIAL LOVE.

"I never heard
Of any true affection but 't was nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose."
THOMAS MIDDLETON.

CHELONIS, daughter of Leonidas, King of Sparta, was equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter, but performed her duty faithfully under each character, adhering always to the most unfortunate side.

"Leonidas, suspecting that a conspiracy had been formed against him, fled for shelter to the Temple of Minerva, upon which Cleombrotus, his son-in-law, seized upon the reins of government. Chelonis, hearing that her father had fled, quitted her husband to console her parent in his affliction, and she attended him while in sanctuary, sympathizing in all his sorrows: but when the fortunes of Leonidas changed, she changed too. She joined her husband as a suppliant for pardon; and when Leonidas came with his soldiers to the temple in which Cleombrotus had sheltered himself on his change of circumstances, he found Chelonis sitting by her husband on the ground, with great marks of tenderness, having her two children, one on each side, at her feet.

"All who were present melted into tears at this moving sight, and were struck with admiration at the virtue and tenderness of the princess, and the amiable force of conjugal love. Leonidas, addressing his son-in-law, reproached him in terms of resentment with conspiring against him, though honored with his alliance, depriving him of the crown, and banishing him the country; while the unhappy Cleombrotus, unable to deny these accusations, testified his confusion by his silence.

"Chelonis, perceiving her husband's distress, pointed to her mourning habit and dishevelled hair, and said to her father, 'It was not, my dear father, compassion for Cleombrotus which put me in this habit and gave me this look of misery; my sorrows took their date with your misfortunes, and have ever since remained my familiar companions. Now you have conquered your enemies and are again King of Sparta, should I still retain these ensigns of affliction, or appear in festival and royal ornaments, while the husband of my youth, whom you gave me, falls a victim to your vengeance? If his own submission, if the tears of his wife and children, cannot propitiate you, he must suffer a severer punishment for his offences than you require, he must see his beloved wife expire before him. For how can I survive and support the sight of my own sex, after both my husband and my father have refused to hearken to my supplications; when it appears, that, both as a wife and a daughter, I am born to be miserable with my family? If this poor man had any plausible reasons for what he did, I obviated them all by forsaking him to follow you. But you furnish him with a sufficient apology for his misbehavior, by showing that a crown is so great and desirable an object, that a son-in-law must be slain and a daughter utterly disregarded, when that is the question.' Chelonis, after this supplication, rested her cheek upon her husband's head, and with an eye dim and languid with sorrow, looked round on the spectators. Leonidas, after a few moments' consultation with his friends, commanded Cleombrotus to rise and immediately to quit Sparta, but earnestly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not to forsake a father who gave her such a peculiar proof of his tenderness as to spare the forfeited life of her husband. His

solicitations were, however, ineffectual, for when Cleombrotus had risen from the ground, Chelonis placed one child in his arms and took the other herself; and having paid due homage at the altar, where they had taken shelter, she went with him into banishment."

Plutarch, after relating this interesting story, justly observes, that, "had not Cleombrotus been corrupted with the love of false glory, he must have thought exile, with such a woman, a greater happiness than a kingdom without her."

MAGNANIMOUS REPLY OF THESTA.

"Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
In her build loveliest."—MILTON.

POLYXENUS, having joined in a conspiracy against his brother-in-law, Dionysius, fled from Syracuse, in order to avoid falling into the tyrant's hands. Dionysius immediately sent for his sister, Thesta, and reproached her very much for not apprizing him of her husband's intended flight, as she could not, he observed, be ignorant of it. She replied, without expressing the least surprise or fear, "Have I, then, appeared so bad a wife to you, and of so mean a soul, as to have abandoned my husband in his flight, and not to have desired to share in his dangers and misfortunes? No! I knew nothing of it; for I should be much happier in being called the wife of Polyxenus in exile, in the most remote corner of the world, than, in Syracuse, the sister of the tyrant!" Dionysius could not but admire an answer so full of spirit and generosity: and the Syracusans, in general, were so charmed with the magnanimity of Thesta, that, after the tyranny was suppressed, the same honors, equipage, and train of a queen, which she had

before, were continued to her during her life; and, upon her death, the people numerously attended her body to the tomb.

WOMEN WHO HAVE BECOME VOLUNTARY EXILES.

"'T is ever so! affection feeds
Sometimes on flowers, — how oft on weeds!"
J. H. WIFFEN.

ANTONIA FLAXILLA, when her husband was exiled by Nero, preferred to accompany her beloved lord into banishment, although she might, by remaining at Rome, have enjoyed all the pleasures and delights of that city. Egnatia Maximilla, whose husband, Gallus, was found guilty of the Pysonian faction, the same conspiracy in which Priscus, the husband of Flaxilla, had joined, also accompanied her exiled partner.

Sulpitia, having been, by her mother, Julia, prevented following Lentulus Crustellis, her husband, into banishment, when he was confined in Sicily, by the Triumvirate, made her escape from those appointed to watch over her, under the attire of a maid-servant, and, attended by two of her women and two men-servants, fled secretly to the place where her husband was, preferring a share in his miseries and misfortunes to every enjoyment Rome could offer.

Fannia, the illustrious wife of Helvidius Priscus, attended him in exile up to the period of his unfortunate and unjust death: she was confined, for the third time, from the death of Tiberius Nero to the death of Domitian. Pliny has commemorated the virtues of this excellent lady in his Epistles.

TURIA CONCEALS HER HUSBAND, LUCRETIUS.

"Banished from her,
Is self from self, a deadly banishment!" — SHAKSPEARE.

QUINTUS LUCRETIUS being proscribed by the Triumvirate and ordered into exile, his wife, Turia, assisted by one of her female attendants, concealed him between two chambers in his own house, with the greatest secrecy and to her own extreme peril, so that while others were removed into remote countries, and exposed to labor of body and distress of mind, Lucretius alone remained in security under his own roof, attended by his constant companion, a faithful and affectionate wife.

THE DUCHESS OF BAVARIA.

"Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford."
SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN the forfeited life of a husband is at stake, what will not the ingenuity of a wife's affection devise to secure its safety?

Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, having made war on the Emperor, Conrad the Third, that prince besieged him in the castle of Weinsperg. The duke supported the siege with heroic bravery, and only yielded to superior force. The emperor treated the person whom Guelph had sent to him to capitulate with great civility, and gave his word that the duke and his troops should be permitted to pass through the Imperial army unmolested. The duke's lady, however, suspected that some fatal design against her husband was concealed under this appearance of clemency. She therefore wished to make a more certain engagement than that of mere words. She sent a gentleman to the emperor, to demand from him

safe conduct, not only for herself, but also for the other ladies and women that were in the castle; that they might be suffered to pass unmolested, and be conducted to a place of security; and that they should also be at liberty to take whatever they could carry with them. To this request Conrad readily acceded.

In the presence of the emperor and all his army, their departure from the castle took place; but every one was overcome with astonishment when they saw pass first the duchess, then countesses, baronesses, and other ladies of quality, whose husbands had offended against the emperor, each with difficulty carrying her lord on her shoulders.

It had been supposed, in the army, that when the duchess demanded the favor, it was only with a view to save their gold, silver, and jewels, and no suspicion was entertained of their real intentions. The emperor was surprised at the sight, and could not help being touched with the tenderness and courage of these ladies, who considered their husbands as their real treasure, which they esteemed more than gold or jewels. Yielding to the admiration this example of conjugal tenderness had occasioned, the emperor pardoned the men for the sake of the women, whom he commended for their fidelity to their husbands. After treating them to a splendid dinner, Conrad came to a sincere accommodation with Guelph and his companions, and the town was saved.

SELF-DEVOTION OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

"Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, shall never die!"
CAMPBELL.

ELEANOR, wife of Edward the First, gave a most affecting proof of her conjugal tenderness.

While Edward was in Palestine, he received a wound from a poisoned arrow, and his life would have been inevitably lost, had not Eleanor, generously disregarding all considerations of personal safety, preserved her husband by sucking the poison from the wound.

Her noble disinterestedness was amply rewarded by the king's perfect restoration to health, while her own happily remained unimpaired by her affectionate action. In memory of this event, Edward erected crosses at every place where the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. Charing Cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks raised by this king to perpetuate the memory of conjugal affection.

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

"Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? — *mine* is *here* —
I will not leave thee now." — MRS. HEMANS.

THE Baroness von der Wart has been justly entitled the most faithful of wives. Her unhappy husband was one of those persons who were accused of being accomplices with John of Swabia, in the assassination of the Emperor Albert; though it appears, from the testimony of both early and late historians, that he had taken no immediate part in the deed itself. This event took place

in the year 1308, and to the last Rudolph von der Wart maintained his innocence of the crime imputed to him. The unfortunate man was bound alive to the wheel; but even in his last trying moments he was attended by his wife, Gertrude; who, in a letter to her friend, (Margaret Freienstern,) written some time after that melancholy occasion, gives the following account of those dreadful hours:—.

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown all over it. 'I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!' he exclaimed continually; 'when day breaks, should you be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? Oh God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings?'

"'I will die with you! 't is for that I come, and no power shall force me from you,' said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot; and as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at daybreak, all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"As more people approached, I saw also several women of my own acquaintance; among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo Von Winterthur; I saluted her, and

begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"'He dare not do anything for me,' sighed Wart, upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes; 'he dare not do anything: the queen* pronounced the sentence, and the bailiff must, therefore, obey; otherwise, I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.'

"Some persons brought me bread and confectionery, and offered me wine to refresh me — but I could take nothing; for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased; I recognized also the sheriff, Steiner von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrad and Datlikon; also a Madame von Neuftenback, who was praying for us.

"The executioner came also, then Lamprecht, the confessor. The first said, with a sigh, 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!' The latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the queen, before the tribunal at Brugk (denying the charge.) The priest was silent.

"All at once I heard a cry of 'Make way!' and a troop of horsemen approached, with their vizors down. The executioner knelt; the confessor laid his hand upon his breast; the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their

* Agnes, Queen of Hungary, daughter of the murdered emperor

lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, 'Whither are the crows flown, that he still keeps his eyes?' And this was Duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile, said, 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling! but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here;—and she here, who so increases the howling—who is she? and what does the woman want?—away with her!'

"I now recognized the voice of the queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armor of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain it was Agnes.

"'It is Wart's wife,' I heard a third knight say: 'last night, when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us, and I must find her here then. We thought that, in her despair, she had leapt into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. God! what faithful love!—let her alone; nothing can be done with her.'

"I here recognized the mild-tempered Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

"'Well, Gertrude,' cried a fourth to me, 'will you not take rational advice? Do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.' Who was this? Margaret! I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me, at Brugk, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'God! this is too much!—cease!'

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"Agnes made a signal to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death; but in vain; two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven: it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth: angels in heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away!'

"They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the queen; he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished; your name shall be mentioned with glory among saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life,' said he: he gave me his hand and departed.

"Every one now left the place except the executioner and the guard; evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak, to protect me from the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair; his lips were dry. I fetched some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaritha, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours. But

I lay as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God, continually praying, near the wheel, on which my whole world reposed.

"As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger to my heart; but I consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew, too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured, very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words, '*Gertrude, this is fidelity till death!*' and expired. On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me, to remain faithful to the end."

COURAGE AND FIDELITY OF BONA LONGABARBA.

"Whoever has gained the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him." — GALL.

BONA LONGABARBA was a female warrior of Lombardy, who lived about A.D. 1568. This lady was married to Brunorius Pamensis, a worthy and renowned soldier, and not only mixed in the exercises of the chase and hunting, but attended her husband in all his warlike

expeditions, not as a partner in his pleasures, but as a companion in his dangers. After many great services performed, and glorious victories achieved, Brunorius fell into the displeasure of Alexander, King of Sicily, who cast him into prison: "but," says the historian, "this noble lady, Bona, good both in name and conditions, did not cease to solicit the emperor and other Christian princes, both by petitions and friends, till she had purchased him a safe and honorable release."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF A VENETIAN LADY.

"'T is the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord!" — FLETCHER.

FRANCISCUS FOSCARUS, Duke of Venice, had married a second wife, and had by her a promising offspring: the lady was of the noble family of the Nanæ. After a long and happy union, the senate deprived him, in his old age, of the principality; upon which he was so much grieved, that, retiring into the most ancient house belonging to his family, he died there at the end of three days.

As Foscarus had been their ducal sovereign, the senators desired to bring forth his body to a solemn and princely burial; but the wife of the deceased shut her gates against them, blaming their former ingratitude, and alleging that she had both wealth and will sufficient, without them, to bestow upon him the last rites due to a worthy and royal husband. Notwithstanding their menaces and entreaties, she persisted, with constancy, in her resolution, not suffering them once to approach the place, much less to take the body from where she had carefully bestowed it, still exclaiming on the senate's malice, and the commonwealth's ingratitude, who to

their former wrongs desired to add this new injury, of not leaving him in death to her, whom they had so perjurously in life forsaken.

Notwithstanding these exclamations, they shut the lady up in her chamber, and having by force taken the body thence, all the senators attended upon the hearse, and assisted in the rites of a solemn and pompous funeral. While thus their counterfeit sorrow was made outwardly apparent, the grief of the constant and faithful mourner increased daily in the reflection that her princely husband should, at his death, be beholden for any courtesies to his enemies, while she had desired that he might only by herself, and from her own means, receive the funeral obsequies, not of a royal duke, but of a private gentleman.

COURAGE OF THE DUCHESS D'EPERNON.

> "To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
> In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this*;
> It is to *live* without the vanished light
> That strength is needed."

The Duke d'Epernon was governor of the Château d'Angoulême; and the chiefs of the League, in 1588, having determined to effect his ruin, rendered him suspected at court, and obtained an order for his arrest, which was given to a magistrate, with instructions to proceed to the castle and seize the duke. The officer charged with the execution of this command found means to make the Duchess d'Epernon his prisoner, and, with a view of compelling the duke to surrender, he placed her before the principal gate of the citadel, to which the troops under his command had laid siege. In this perilous situation, one of the officers by whom

the duchess was led was killed at her feet, and another mortally wounded.

Calm, amidst the dangers which menaced her, and insensible to the remonstrances of the enemy, who urged her to exhort her husband to surrender, Marguerite replied, magnanimously, that she knew not how to give ill counsel, nor would she enter into a treaty with murderers. "In what terms," said she, "can a wife, who is afflicted only that she has but one life to offer for the honor and safety of her husband, persuade him to an act of cowardice?" She went on to declare that she would shed, with joy, the last drop of her blood, to add new lustre to the reputation of her husband, or to lengthen his existence but a single day. That she would be guilty of no weakness that should disgrace him; and that she would die with pleasure, at the castle gate, for him without whom she should abhor life, even on a throne. To the duke, whom they endeavored to terrify by the dangers which threatened his wife, she held out her arms, and implored him not to suffer his resolution to be shaken by any considerations which respected her safety. It was her wish, she told him, that her body might serve him for a new rampart against his enemies. On him, she declared, in whom she lived, depended her fortune and her fate. That, by sacrificing himself, he would gain no advantage, since she was determined not to survive him; but that to live in his remembrance would, in despite of their adversaries, constitute her happiness and glory. The grace and energy with which the high-souled Marguerite expressed herself softened the hearts of the enemy, who deliberated on other means by which their purpose might be effected. In the interval the duke was relieved by his friends: when

Marguerite, impatient to rejoin this beloved husband, of whom she had proved herself so worthy, without waiting till the castle gate was cleared, entered by a ladder at one of the windows, and was received with the honor and tenderness she merited.

ELEANOR CHRISTINA OF DENMARK.

"The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too!" — CANNING.

ELEANOR CHRISTINA, the daughter of Christian the Fourth, King of Denmark, distinguished herself by her conjugal affection, as well as by the sacred regard in which she considered a promise ought to be held.

This princess had been betrothed, at the early age of seven years, to Corfitz Ulfeld, a Danish nobleman; but a Saxon prince having claimed her in marriage when she attained her twelfth year, the alliance was considered more suitable to her dignity, and attempts were made to induce her to accept the offer. But as her marriage promise had been given, though not by herself, yet by others in her behalf, Eleanor deemed it too sacred an engagement to be broken. She therefore continued true to her word, and married Ulfeld at the age of fifteen.

On the death of the king, the overbearing spirit of this nobleman first began to manifest itself; and his enemies, either secretly or openly availing themselves of his weakness, contrived to effect his destruction. One misfortune succeeded to another; he was exiled, recalled, and imprisoned, and then again banished. Thus he was pursued from one place to another, until he died in the greatest misery. During all his misfortunes, however, he was faithfully attended by Eleanor; who, although the daughter of a king, and accustomed to luxuries of

every description, did not hesitate to share her husband's troubles. She followed him everywhere, in exile and in prison, enduring every sacrifice and privation, in order to solace him in his affliction. Her husband happening once to be in great danger when travelling in disguise, she attired herself in a male habit, that she might guard him, and procure him every accommodation.

At another time, Ulfeld, during his residence in Sweden, became suspected of carrying on a secret correspondence: in consequence of which, the king appointed a commission to investigate the business. On this occasion, Eleanor appeared before the commissioners to excuse her husband's absence, which, she said, was occasioned by illness; and she pleaded his cause with so much energy and zeal that a verdict of acquittal was brought in, which received the king's approbation.

Eleanor suffered severely for her conjugal affection, even after the death of her husband; for she was thrown into prison, and did not obtain her liberty again until she had been deprived of it for the dreadful period of *forty-three* years. At the end of that time she was liberated by Christian the Fifth, who presented her with Mariboe Castle as a fief, and granted her, at the same time, a pension of 1,500 rix-dollars per annum.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF LADY RALEIGH.

"Oh! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor joined?" — MILTON.

THE gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, in daily expectation of being executed, earnestly endeavored to preserve his estate of Sherborne to his wife and child. To Car, Earl of Somerset, who had begged it for himself, and who was

the rising favorite and minion of King James I., Sir Walter addressed a letter, beseeching him "not to begin his first building on the ruins of the innocent,—not to cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless." The letter produced no effect upon the parasite; and to the solicitations of the Lady Raleigh to the king, upon her knees, with her children, the weak sovereign, the first of the Stuarts, only answered, "I mun have the land—I mun have it for Car!" This excellent lady obtained permission to reside with her husband in the Tower, where, in the first year of his imprisonment, she bore him her second son, Carew, after a lapse of ten years; and shared his adversity and sorrows, during a period of twelve years, between his trial and his being put to death. She was very beautiful; faithfully attached to her ill-fated partner, who was eighteen years older than herself; and testified her affection for his memory, by remaining unmarried until her death, which happened twenty-nine years after his unmerited execution.

SIR RICHARD AND LADY FANSHAWE.

"Happy the man, and happy sure he was,
So wedded! Blessed with her, he wandered not
To seek for happiness."—HURDIS.

THE following interesting account is extracted from the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, a most excellent and faithful servant of Charles the First; it was written by that lady herself, who afforded a most eminent example of conjugal affection, and addressed by her to her son.

"Before I was married, my husband was sworn secretary of war to the prince, now our king, with a promise

from Charles the First to be preferred as soon as occasion offered it; but his fortune, and my promised fortune, which was made 10,000*l.*, were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to 20*l.* betwixt us; but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armor is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armor; so our stock bought pen, ink and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to two thousand a year, as long as he had his liberty."

Lady Fanshawe was twenty, and her husband thirty-five, at the time of their marriage. She thus describes him: — "He was of the highest size of men, strong, and of the best proportion; his complexion sanguine, his skin exceeding fair, his hair dark brown and very curly, but not very long, his eyes gray and penetrating, his nose high, his countenance gracious and wise, his motion good, his speech clear and distinct. He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry, in which he spent his idle hours. Sometimes he would ride out to take the air; but his most delight was to go only with me, in a coach, some miles, and there discourse on those things which then most pleased him, of what nature soever. He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master, his country, and his friend; cheerful in his conversation, his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with the sayings of wise men, and their histories repeated as occasion offered; yet so reserved, that he never showed the thought of his breast in its greatest sense but to

myself only; and this I thank God, with my heart, for — that he never described his trouble to me, but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content, nor revealed he his joys and hopes, but would say that they were doubled by putting them in my breast. . . . . He was the tenderest father imaginable; the carefullest, most generous master I ever knew; he loved hospitality, and would often say it was wholly essential for the constitution of England; he loved and kept order, with the greatest decency possible; and though he would say I managed his domestics wholly, yet I ever governed them and myself by his commands, in the management of which, I thank God, I found his approbation and content.

"Now, you will expect that I should say something that may remain of us jointly, which I will do, though it makes my eyes gush out with tears, and cuts me to the soul to remember, and in part express, the joys I was blessed with in him. Glory be to God! we never had but one mind in all our lives: our souls were wrapped up in each other's, our aims and designs one, our loves and our resentments one; we so studied one the other, that we knew each other's mind by our looks; whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him. But to commend my better-half—which I want sufficient expression for —methinks is to commend myself, and so may bear a censure; but, might it be permitted, I could dwell eternally on his praise most justly; but thus, without offence, I do: and so you may imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his chastity, his charity, his generosity, his perfect resignation to God's will; and praise God for him as long as you live here, and with him hereafter in the kingdom of heaven. Amen."

Within a year after their marriage, her husband had to

attend the prince to Bristol. She was not yet recovered from her confinement, so could not accompany him. "As for that," she says, "it was the first time we had parted a day since we married: he was extremely afflicted, even to tears, though passion was against his nature; but the sense of leaving me with a dying child—which did die two days after, in a garrison town, extremely weak and very poor—were such circumstances as he could not bear with, only the argument of necessity; and, for my own part, it cost me so dear, that it was ten weeks before I could go alone." A summons from her husband to join him at Bristol, with 50*l.* to defray the expenses of the way, were such a medicine as soon restored her strength; and full of spirit and hope, as thinking that now the worst of her misfortunes were past, she set out and accomplished in safety what was then a really dangerous journey. The scene which followed their first happy meeting affords a perfect model of how a husband should reprove, and how a wife should take deserved reproof. "My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and, as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was on my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou, that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which, from this time, I will ever put into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than to be born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one who had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king,

and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigney, Lady Isabella Thynne, and divers others; and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of; and that, it being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from the council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went, with his hand full of papers, into his study for an hour or more. I followed him. He turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he, as usual, sat by me, and drank often to me, as was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses:

so we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply. He rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtain gently and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me, as usual; and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honor is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer, rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate and family."

The position of Sir Richard Fanshawe at court during the stirring times of civil warfare afforded many opportunities for his wife to exercise her courage and presence of mind. Upon one occasion, when she was staying at Truro, in Cornwall, her husband being absent with the king, some persons who had learnt that Sir Richard had charge of a little trunk belonging to the king attacked the house in which she was. Lady Fanshawe had but seven or eight persons with her at the time, but courageously defended the place till help came from the town to her rescue; and the next day, upon giving notice, a guard was sent to her by the king's order.

Upon another occasion, when Cork revolted, Lady Fanshawe, although at the time on a bed of sickness, had the presence of mind to secure her husband's papers and valuables, and obtaining an order for safe passport from Colonel Jefferies, who was at the head of the Parliamentarian army, made her escape, with them, her child, and servants, to her husband.

She was once, also, on a voyage from Galway to Malaga with her husband, when their ship was approached by a Turkish galley, and the prospect of slavery stared them in the face. "This," says Lady Fanshawe, "was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us to be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war; but, if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board the vessel. He went upon deck, and took a gun, a bandalier, and a sword, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. The captain had locked me up in the cabin. I knocked and called to no purpose, until the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his thrum cap and tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him a half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, of discretion; but it was the effect of the passion which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's force, that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God! that love can make this change!'

and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

When Sir Richard Fanshawe was taken prisoner during the civil war, and was confined in a little room in Whitehall, the fidelity of his wife was no less remarkable. "During the time of his imprisonment," she says, "I failed not constantly, when the clock struck *four* in the morning, to go, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, by the entry that went out of King-street into the Bowling Green. There I would go under his window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels."

Through the active and unceasing entreaties of Lady Fanshawe, her husband was liberated; and this happy pair, whose fidelity to their unfortunate sovereign and each other was so exemplary, lived to witness the restoration of Charles the Second. Sir Richard Fanshawe was shortly afterwards sent to Lisbon, charged with that king's letter and picture to the princess Catharine of Braganza; and soon after his return was appointed ambassador to Madrid, whither he was accompanied by his family. He had been recalled thence, and his successor, Lord Sandwich, had arrived; but while preparing for his return to England, Sir Richard was seized with fever, which in a few days ended his life. There is something very affecting in the composure with which his widow relates all the circumstances of her own return; without any parade of grief, we feel that her joy in this life is over. "Never," she says, "any ambassador's family

came to Spain more gloriously, or went out more sad." The Spanish court seems to have felt very sincerely for her condition, and the queen gave one very extraordinary instance of her personal regard, actually offering her a pension of 30,000 ducats a year, and to provide for her children, if she and they would change their religion and become Roman Catholics. Her answer, in most courteous and grateful language, told the queen that she could not quit the faith in which God had been pleased to try her for many years, in the greatest troubles our nation had ever seen, and that she did believe and hope in the profession of her own religion.

Lady Fanshawe survived her husband thirteen years, and at her death, A.D. 1679—1680, was interred, by her own desire, close to his side, in the chapel of St. Mary's, Ware.

COLONEL AND MRS. HUTCHINSON.

"O Happiness, enjoyed but of a few!" — SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the many characters which illuminated by the brightness of their virtues that darkest season in our national annals, the season of civil discord and dissension, were Colonel and Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson; pre-eminently distinguished for their conjugal affection, they united in the support of the Parliamentary side, which they had espoused from sincere conviction; and it is delightful to trace their progress through the varied and thorny path which they had chosen. The record which Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson has herself transmitted to us of her husband's life is a lasting memorial of her attachment to him, and cannot be perused without feeling the most sincere sympathy with the writer. In describing, after a long life, the sentiment which she was conscious of having

at first excited in Colonel Hutchinson, his lady writes thus, "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life; with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high obliging esteem of her; yet still considered honor, religion and duty, above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections." That it was "not her face he loved," but "her honor and her virtue were his mistresses," he abundantly proved, for, "on the day fixed for the marriage, when the friends of both parties were assembled, and all were waiting the appearance of the bride, she was suddenly seized with an illness, at that time often the most fatal to life and beauty. She was taken ill of small-pox: was for some time in imminent danger; and, at last, when her recovery was assured, the return of her personal attractions was rendered more than doubtful. She says, indeed, herself, that her illness made her, for a long time after she had regained her health, 'the most deformed person that could be seen.' But Mr. Hutchinson's affection was as strong as his honor. He neither doubted nor delayed to prosecute his suit, but, thankful to God for her preservation, he claimed her hand as soon as she was able to quit her chamber; and when the clergyman who performed the service, and the friends who witnessed it, were afraid to look at the wreck of her beauty. He was rewarded; for her features were restored, unblemished as before; and her form, when he presented her as his wife, justified his taste as much as her more intrinsic qualities did his judgment. They were united to each other on the 3d of July, 1638.

"The early part of their married life was spent in the enjoyment of a happy retirement, first at Enfield, and

afterwards at Owthorpe, to which they removed in 1641, and where they continued to live quiet, and keep clear of public affairs, and exercise their hospitality, till, as Mrs. Hutchinson expresses it, 'the country began to blaze out with the long-conceived flame of civil wars.' It was impossible that the political sentiments of any one could remain longer undecided. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson were too happy in domestic life not to regret the interruption of their tranquillity which they were likely to incur by interfering in the public quarrel. Nevertheless, as Ireton was their much-esteemed relative and neighbor, and used all his influence with them to strengthen their predilection for the Parliament's cause, they became, in heart, more and more inclined to it, and only needed some stimulus to bring them into action. Mrs. Hutchinson's sentiments, it appears, were quite as decided as her husband's; though her own brother continued to the last untainted in his loyalty. This was but natural in a wife so devoted as she was. Sympathy with her husband is one of the most marked features in her character. She enters into all his feelings, all his occupations, and all his interests. Whether he studies divinity at Enfield Chase, or plants trees at Owthorpe, or plans redoubts at Nottingham Castle, she takes an equal share in whatever, at the time, engrosses his attention. This, we learn, not because she tells us so, but because she shows an intimate acquaintance with everything in which he is engaged. She enters, indeed, into details upon subjects which, in themselves, could not be of any interest to her; and entirely forgets herself, and her own concerns, in narrating matters which refer exclusively to her husband. And therefore, though we may lament, we cannot wonder at her political bias. Mr. Hutchinson

was a domestic man; he loved his wife, his children, his studies, his garden; and, probably, could he have continued to have enjoyed these, he would never have unsheathed his sword in the national quarrel. But the die was cast. England was become a battle-field, and individuals were compelled to seek shelter under one or other of the rival standards. Already Mr. Hutchinson was a marked man, and a fugitive from his home and family. With this latter condition he was, of course, not content." At the time the king left Nottingham, he endeavored to rejoin his wife from Northamptonshire, where he had sought a temporary refuge. "However, on entering a village that lay in his route, he found it preöccupied by one of Prince Rupert's flying squadrons, and was obliged, with all haste, to retrace his steps; a letter, too, which he wrote to Mrs. Hutchinson, informing her of his disappointment, was intercepted. About this time, Captain Welsh, an officer in Prince Rupert's army, and an acquaintance of Sir Allen Apsley,* availed himself of his knowledge of the latter, to call on Mrs. Hutchinson. He informed her of the fate of her husband's letter; and, with the gallantry natural to a Cavalier, lamented that a lady of so much merit should be so unworthily mated that her husband dare not even show himself in her society. This accusation so piqued Mrs. Hutchinson that she forgot her usual prudence, and condescended to a practical frolic, for which she was likely afterwards to have paid dear. She indignantly contradicted Captain Welsh's assertion, and told him that, to prove its falsehood, she would immediately present him to Mr. Hutchinson. Upon which, having prevailed on Mr. George Hutchinson, then in the house with her, to personate her husband, she introduced him as

* Brother of Mrs. Hutchinson.

such. The Cavalier paid his respects with all seeming courtesy, declared he was safe under her protection, and took his leave. But whilst Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends were amusing themselves with the trick they had played off, the officer reäppeared, bringing a brother soldier with him; and having obtained admittance under the pretext that his horse had cast his shoe, they took Mr. George Hutchinson into a room apart from the ladies, and apprehended him in the name of his brother It was in vain that he disclaimed his identity with the person they sought for; it was in vain that his sister-in-law remonstrated: they carried him off as a prize to the army; and it was not till he arrived at Derby, when Lord Grandison, a cousin of Mrs. Hutchinson's, to whom she wrote on his behalf, and the Birons, interfered, that he got his release. Her alarm and self-reproach may be conceived. The delicate health of an infant daughter, who was born a few days after, and who lived only four years, was ascribed to her anxiety. At length, however, her mind was set at rest. The king's forces retired from the neighborhood: her husband and brother-in-law returned to her in safety, and they all once more became inhabitants of Owthorpe.

"Not long after, we find Mr. Hutchinson accepted from the Parliament a commission of lieutenant-colonel in Colonel Pierrepoint's regiment of foot, his brother, Mr. G. Hutchinson, being major; and took with his troop his quarters at Nottingham, to which place Mrs. Hutchinson and her children were subsequently brought by night under convoy of a body of horse, with a view to greater security than that they would have enjoyed at Owthorpe. Mrs. Hutchinson was now in the midst of war, and an eye-witness of her husband's perils: she

heard the cannon of Nottingham thunder upon the queen's army as it passed by, but she does not appear to have been in any way terrified by the unlooked-for dangers to which she was exposed. She becomes, from henceforth, the soldier's wife; and her silence with regard to her own feelings is the best proof of her calmness and self-possession. No woman, perhaps, under such circumstance, ever said so little about her individual experience. She does not indulge even in ordinary reflections; but writes with soldier-like coolness, and with the *sang-froid* almost of an official reporter.

"Colonel Hutchinson received, shortly after, a very important trust; for the forces on both sides being withdrawn from Nottingham and its vicinity, he was appointed governor of the castle there, a post which he maintained to the end of the war.

"The following year Nottingham Castle was threatened by the Earl of Newcastle, who challenged it to surrender; but the answer returned by Colonel Hutchinson was that, 'if his lordship would have that poor castle, he must wade to it in blood.' Accordingly, preparations were made for a desperate resistance; and the garrison were religiously and solemnly bound 'to be faithful to each other, and to hold out the place to the death.' There was little hope of relief; and they were prepared to be reduced to the utmost extremity that thought could reach. Such a situation demanded no common degree of fortitude. Mrs. Hutchinson's courage did not droop: she remained shut up in the castle with her husband, and quietly awaited the siege. The danger, however, passed by them. In spite of his menace, the Earl of Newcastle made no attempt on Nottingham, but directed his forces elsewhere. As governor's wife, Mrs. Hutchin-

son had her share of active duties. Her husband entertained at his own table, and for a considerable time at his own charge, the committee of Nottingham, the officers of the garrison, and the ministers who were of the Parliament party. This, of course, entailed an almost ruinous expense upon himself, and no inconsiderable charge upon his lady. His charity, too, was equal to his hospitality; and in this his wife was his willing and able assistant. She dispensed nourishment and medicine to all the sick and wounded soldiers, and assisted them with her advice. At last a provision was made for the governor's table by the Parliament, which relieved Colonel Hutchinson, in some measure, though his expenses always exceeded his allowance."

How entirely Mrs. Hutchinson was of the same mind with her husband may be inferred from a proposal communicated to him from Sir Richard Biron, (Colonel Hutchinson's relative,) then governor of Newark, that, "if he would give up his trust, and go into Lord Essex's army for the present, Sir Richard would find a pretence to save his rents and estates, and use his interest hereafter to beg his pardon; but that to keep a castle against his king was a rebellion of so high a nature, that there would be no color left to ask a favor for him." Colonel Hutchinson's answer was worthy his own and his wife's character, and a better cause. "Sir Richard," he said, "might consider that there was, if nothing else, so much of a Biron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; but the grounds he went on were such, that he very much despised such a thought as to sell his faith for base rewards or fears, and therefore could not consider the loss of his estate, which his wife was as willing to part

with as himself, in this cause, wherein he was resolved to persist, in the same place in which it had pleased God to call him to the defence of it." It was not long before his resolution was put to the proof. The citizens of Nottingham were, for the most part, in their hearts, disaffected to the Parliament, and consequently on the lookout for an opportunity to betray the castle. One of them, an alderman, when it was his turn to command the watch, took occasion to let into the town the governor of Newark, with a troop of six hundred men. Their entrance was effected so secretly, that no alarm was given to the castle; and, in the morning, Colonel Hutchinson found himself shut up in his little fortress, with a garrison of no more than eighty men, (for many of his soldiers lodging in the town at night had been taken prisoners,) and surrounded by a hostile army.

Happily he was enabled to despatch messengers to Leicester and Derby to desire succors; and, determining to hold out till their arrival, he endeavored to render his station as annoying as he could to those who occupied the town. On the third day, he was invited to a parley in St. Nicholas' Church, which he gallantly answered by hoisting a red flag from his own tower, and firing a piece of cannon or two at the steeple.

During the siege, Mrs. Hutchinson supplied the place of surgeon, there being none in the garrison; and on this occasion it was that she experienced the full value of the practical knowledge of medicine which her mother had imparted to her.* Her treatment was very successful, for most of the wounded who fell into her hands recov-

* Lady Apsley had acquired a knowledge of medicine herself from Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom she used to convey materials for those experiments carried on while in the Tower, of which her husband was governor.

ered; and we hear of only one old man who bled to death before he could be brought to the governor's lady.

At the end of five days, the castle was relieved. A party from the neighboring garrisons of Leicester and Derby obeyed the governor's summons, and, on their approach, the king's forces were compelled to evacuate the town. At the time of their retreat, the besieged made a sally upon them, so that they relinquished their post in some confusion. They had, however, during their possession of Nottingham, erected a fort on the bridge over the Trent, in which they left a garrison, which the colonel was very desirous immediately to dispossess; but, as the reinforcement from Leicester and Derby could not be prevailed on to make the attempt, and as his own men were too much worn out for him to urge them to complete their victory, he was compelled to give up his purpose, and to content himself with returning to the castle, and bringing with him his companions in success to partake of the good cheer which his wife had plentifully provided. She, in the mean time, had not been idle. With the assistance of one gentleman, and her own excellent "balsams and plasters," she had dressed all the wounds of her own soldiers; and, having taken care of them, her compassion was naturally extended to the poor bleeding prisoners whom she saw conveyed into a miserable hole, the only prison in the castle, appropriately called the "Lion's Den." This act of humanity was not approved by one of the fanatics, who "abhorred to see such favor to the enemies of God," and who was still more scandalized by Colonel Hutchinson's invitation to some of the king's officers to partake of the evening's entertainment.

During the period of her husband's command, Mrs.

Hutchinson continued to remain at the castle, discharg ing such duties as have been specified, and assisting him, in his arduous office, with her support and counsel. The fidelity of the colonel was frequently assailed by the royal party, by tempting offers of favor, money and advancement, if he would betray his trust; but his high honor would never permit him for a moment to entertain any such proposals, from however high a quarter they might come, and Mrs. Hutchinson naturally takes pleasure in enumerating these instances of her husband's constancy. The composition of her Memoirs, or, at any rate, the preparing materials for them, and noting down events as they occurred, must have pleasantly occupied a considerable portion of her time, and beguiled it of its tediousness, during the four years she was shut up in Nottingham Castle. Though a soldier's wife, she was spared much of the anxiety which this situation involves, by her continual presence with her husband. She was almost an eye-witness of his engagements; and in the event of his being wounded or sick, she would have had the satisfaction of giving him her personal attendance. Her Memoirs are written with particularity and accuracy; and are interesting, were it only for the exhibition which they afford of such characters as her own and her husband's: whilst we cannot justify their political errors, we must admire their integrity, piety, honor, and generosity, and admit that they exercised those virtues in very trying circumstances.

After the ascendency of Cromwell, Colonel Hutchinson, finding his counsels neither valued nor followed by the Protector, felt himself at liberty to seek those pleasures and occupations which were more congenial to his own and his lady's taste. Probably the few years which

ensued may be regarded as the happiest in their lives. Their time was spent profitably and agreeably. Owthorpe, which had been plundered and defaced by the Royalists, was now rebuilt and fitted up. They adorned it with gardens and plantations; and they supplied, in the best possible manner, the wants of the poor. Their charity, indeed, was by no means indiscriminate; they took measures to prevent begging, as well as to relieve distress; so that, though their neighborhood had been infested with vagrants, "there was suddenly not one left in the country." All their endeavor was to promote morality and happiness; and they appear to have been successful; for the indigent were assisted, the disorderly restrained, and the industrious encouraged.

After the death of Cromwell, the more active virtues of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson were brought into requisition, and the latter found her courage more than once of great avail. Once in particular, in a scuffle which took place at Nottingham, Mrs. Hutchinson distinguished herself in the following manner. The soldiers were arraying themselves in the adjoining meadows for a regular assault upon the town, and the citizens, on their side, were mustering for their defence, when she happened to drive into Nottingham. Mrs. Hutchinson, seeing the danger, resolved herself to act as mediator. She went first to the soldiers, and, addressing their captains, entreated them to desist; to be guilty of no violence, but to refer all their complaints to the general. On the other hand, she persuaded the citizens to greater moderation, prevailed on them to restrain their children, who, as usual, acted as the light infantry of the mob; and, in short, succeeded in obtaining a cessation of hostilities. Her conduct in this instance shows how much may be

effected by female courage and address. To be a peace-maker is the legitimate province of a woman, and often requires, as on the present occasion, as much coolness and presence of mind as the exploits of active valor. Mrs. Hutchinson sent the reports of what had happened to her husband, whose intercession with General Monk was the means of saving their town: in gratitude for which, the citizens elected the colonel as their member, a few days afterwards, he having previously refused the representation of the county.

Upon the restoration, Mrs. Hutchinson found herself called upon to use every effort in behalf of her husband; and in this trying emergency, neither her presence of mind, nor her prudence, forsook her. Thinking she perceived in him "an ambition to be a public sacrifice, she resolved, herein only in her own life, to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had for her for his safety." She thus prevailed on him to "retire; for she said, she would not live to see him a prisoner. With her unquietness she drove him out of her own lodgings into the custody of a friend, in order to his further retreat, if occasion should be, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety."

It was a great relief to Mrs. Hutchinson to find that her husband's name was not to be found in the list of those who were excluded from pardon; but she could not consent, for a considerable time, to his surrendering himself on the king's proclamation.*

At length, being accused by her friends of obstinacy, she devised an expedient by which she thought to secure

* To the effect that such of the late king's judges as did not yield themselves prisoners within fourteen days should receive no pardon.

his safety at all events. She wrote to the Speaker of the House of Commons herself, in her husband's name, stating "that, by reason of some inconveniency it might be to him, he desired not to come under custody, and yet should be ready to appear at their call; and, if they intended any mercy to him, begging that they would begin it in permitting him his liberty upon his parole, until they should finally determine of it." By this device, she thought to try the temper of the House: if they granted her request, all was well; if they denied it, she had still possession of her husband. How, in the latter event, she would have made her affection compatible with his honor, does not appear; however, she was not tried. Having composed her epistle, she received the welcome intelligence that the temper of the House was, at that time, very favorable to the colonel; so, without further hesitation, she copied, as well as she could, her husband's signature, and relying for the success of her pious fraud upon the similarity of their handwritings, and upon his custom of employing her as his amanuensis, she despatched her letter.

Her efforts, and those of Sir Allen Apsley, were not in vain. Sir Allen, as might be expected, used all his influence; and Colonel Hutchinson had many friends among the most honorable members. Yet he could never be brought to profess repentance; and it was to the interest of his brother-in-law that he finally owed the insertion of his name in the act of oblivion. After this, Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson returned to their quiet retreat at Owthorpe, reduced their establishment, and conformed to the new dynasty.

On the ensuing session of Parliament, Mrs. Hutchinson was sent by her husband to town, to endeavor to prevent

the passing of a bill which would have burthened his estate with a large debt. Whilst there, her fidelity was tried on a point where it was most assailable. A kinsman of hers, being one evening in a more than usually communicative mood, told her that he had heard the king express himself in no very favorable terms towards her husband. "They had saved a man," he said, "who would do the same thing for him he had done for his father, for he was still unchanged in his principles, and readier to protect than accuse any of his associates." Mrs. Hutchinson's relation then expatiated on the contumacy of the colonel, and assuring her that his pardon would never pass the seals,—a form which as yet had not been executed,—he endeavored to extract from her what could not be obtained from her husband. He told her "how all the statesmen's wives had volunteered their information;" how it was understood, "that she knew more than all the rest;" how intimate she and the colonel had been with the leaders of their party; and, finally, how incumbent it was upon her to evince her gratitude to the government—a gratitude which, he added, would be understood as referring not merely to favors past, but to benefits to come. In short, he intimated to her that her husband's safety, and her family's welfare, were suspended in a balance, of which she might turn the scales.

But her fidelity was proof against temptation. Not even her conjugal love would induce her to betray a trust which had been committed to her; and though she was in possession of confidence which she might have sold very dear, she gave no intimation of what she knew. Whatever the circumstances were to which she was privy, she never divulged them; she had the forbearance even not to commit them to paper, nor intrust them to

any one; and she may fairly challenge the quality so rarely allowed to her sex, of being able to keep a secret. Her friend, finding her steadfast, was touched by her honorable conduct, and advised her, in all kindness, to prevail on her husband immediately to leave England. And when she inquired from whence was his danger, and expressed her confidence in the act of oblivion, she was assured that, "on the least pretence, the colonel would be imprisoned, and never let loose again." This friendly hint was not adopted, although Mrs. Hutchinson strongly urged her husband's departure, and they remained at Owthorpe, occupied as before in rural pursuits, "planting trees and dressing plantations;" thus giving employment to many laborers, who blessed them for their kindness and charity. These recreations, together with "the serious revolving the law of God, and the instruction of their children and servants in it," made them happy in their retirements, and caused them "not to envy the glories of the court."

The pardon accorded to the colonel was, however, only a delay of punishment. On Sunday, October 11th, 1663, he was apprehended, and conveyed as a prisoner to Newark, from which place, on the 31st of the same month, he was removed to London: thither his wife accompanied him. She was, to use her own words, "exceedingly sad," but he "encouraged and kindly chid her out of it;" telling her that her dejection would prejudice his cause. On the 20th of the next month, she saw him committed, on suspicion of treasonable practices, to the Tower. At this, her spirit sunk within her; and, although for his sake she restrained her grief, she could not overcome her melancholy forebodings, or forbear from interpreting her present calamity as the fulfilment of the

prediction she had received, some time before, from her kinsman. She was allowed the satisfaction of visiting her husband, except during a short period, when his confinement having been made more strict, she was indebted to the solicitations of her brother, the kind Sir Allen, for her reädmission. These interviews were, however, only permitted in the presence of the lieutenant, whose conduct she could not help contrasting with that of her father in the same trust. He was as cruel and tyrannical as the latter had been merciful and benevolent.

It may be concluded that Mrs. Hutchinson was not remiss in her endeavors for the colonel's release. She expostulated with many of the privy-councillors, and being referred to Sir H. Bennet, then newly made secretary, as the "sole actor in the business," she solicited and obtained an interview with him. This, however, was far from encouraging. "Your husband," he said to her, "is a very unfortunate person with regard to his former crimes." "I had hoped, rather," she replied, "he had been happy in the act of oblivion, which allowed him not to be remembered as a criminal." The secretary's final answer left her little hope: "he could not," he said, "move for any more liberty to her husband than he had, unless he could be secured it might be done with more safety to his majesty than he could apprehend it."

In the spring she paid a short visit to Owthorpe, and on her return the lieutenant of the Tower refused to admit her to her husband, whom he had treated with great indignity during her absence. An appeal to the secretary's order reprocured her her privilege; and shortly after, Colonel Hutchinson being removed to

Sandown Castle, in Kent, Mrs. Hutchinson and some of her children followed him there. She used every possible entreaty to be permitted to reside with her husband in the castle, but her request being refused, she took lodgings for herself and her daughter at Deal, from whence they daily walked to Sandown, after dinner. Thus they cheered the colonel's solitude, and rendered his long imprisonment supportable. In their walks they collected for him cockle-shells, "which he arranged with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes." This was at least a harmless diversion, and helped to wile away the tediousness of the day. The study of the Scriptures was their chief occupation. When Mrs. Hutchinson brought her husband some books from Owthorpe, which she thought might entertain him, he thanked her, but said, that as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing but his Bible. She bore herself all her own toils joyfully, for the sake of him; but could not but be very sad at the sight of his sufferings. His affectionate remonstrances, however, chid her grief into subjection, and his cheerfulness revived her spirits; still she could not banish the presentiment that he would die in prison, though she was far from anticipating the speedy fulfilment of her sad forebodings.

In the autumn of this year she found it necessary to go to Owthorpe. She left her husband very reluctantly; and when he gave her various directions as to his trees and garden, she said to him: "You give me these orders as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," he replied, "I can cheerfully forego it; but I will not distrust that God will bring me back, and therefore I will take care to keep it whilst I have it." She parted from him under considerable apprehension lest he should

be removed out of the kingdom during her absence; her fears were not in this way realized; but she never saw him again. A few days after her departure, he was seized with a fever, which removed him from this world before she could return to receive his last farewell; and the account which his wife received of his last moments was her most effectual consolation under her afflicting bereavement. The message, too, sent to her by him, showed his appreciation of her character, and encouraged her to exertion in the midst of her overwhelming sorrow. "Let her," said he, "as she is above other women, show herself, on this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." With this exhortation she complied; indulging in no repinings, but dwelling rather on her long enjoyment of her blessing than now bewailing its loss. The recollection of her husband, and of her happiness with him, formed from henceforth her chief consolation, and by perpetually bringing him and his actions before her mind, she in idea prolonged his existence. . . . .* For the benefit of her children, she drew a portraiture of him whom they had lost; and considered that in doing so she best obeyed the dying command of her husband, as may be seen from the following passage, which is extracted from this touching memorial of affection: "They," she says, "who dote on mortal excellences, when, by the inevitable fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow, whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost: and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view,

* Sandford's English Female Worthies.

which may with their remembrance renew their grief; and, in time, these remedies succeed, when oblivion's curtain is, by degrees, drawn over the dead faces, and things less lovely are liked, while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent; but I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to your father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory." And Mrs. Hutchinson's end was attained to her utmost desire; her memoirs of her husband's life have descended to our own times, as a lasting record of his virtues and her own affection;* they contain not only a fund of instruction for the improvement of the historical reader, but afford an example of one of the most pleasing and affecting narratives ever penned by the hand of woman.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

"What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it."
SHAKSPEARE.

"THE reign of Charles the Second was as much graced by the connubial affection of Lady Rachel Russel as it was stained by the death of her virtuous husband.

"That unfortunate young nobleman was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of conspiracy. The

* The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his widow, Lucy, has recently been presented to the public, in Mr. Bohn's *Standard Library*.

day before his trial, he asked leave of the court, that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. The attorney-general, at the trial, informed him, in reply, that he would be permitted to avail himself of the assistance of one of his servants, for that purpose. 'I ask no assistant,' answered the prisoner, 'but that lady who sits by me.' At these words, the spectators, turning their eyes on the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, who rose to assist her husband in his distress, could not refrain from tears, while a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Rachel continued to take notes during the whole of her husband's trial; and after his condemnation, she threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded, with tears, the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those offences into which her husband had been drawn by honest, though erroneous, principles. Charles beheld, unmoved, the daughter of his best friend weeping at his feet, and even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks: the only condescension that she could obtain by her importunity was a mitigation of the ignoble part of the sentence into that of beheading; 'Merely,' as he said, 'to show Lord Russel that he could still exercise the royal prerogative.' These tears and these supplications were the last instances of feminine sorrow which Lady Rachel betrayed on so trying an occasion.

"On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming, by her example, the resolution of her lord. When parting from him, Lady Russel commanded herself with heroic fortitude, and they mutually preserved a solemn and affecting silence. After she was gone, Lord Russel exclaimed,

'Now the bitterness of death is past.' Lady Russel sustained the loss of this beloved and worthy husband with the same heroism which she had displayed during his trial and imprisonment: when, in open court, attending by his side, and taking notes of all that passed in his favor; when, a suppliant at the feet of the king, she pleaded for a life so precious to her, in the name and for the services of a deceased father; when, in meek and solemn silence, without suffering a tear to escape her, she parted forever with a husband so deservedly beloved; she appears equally an object of sympathy, admiration, and reverence."

THE FIRST WIFE OF MILTON.

"Such virtues must prevail, and day by day
Perfect their power; for, though of gentlest kind,
Yet urged, perpetual, such the sternest heart
Must gradual soften, and at length subdue.
Hast thou not seen the fountain's falling drops
Scoop in long time the most obdurate stone?"

MASON GOOD'S *Lucretius.*

MILTON had not lived long with his first wife before a difference arose, which ended in a separation; the lady returned to the house of her father, and Milton published his work, on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorces," with the intention, it is said, of marrying another wife. In this, however, he was prevented, by a singular reconciliation with the lady from whom he had separated. One day, when he was visiting a friend, his wife, who had been planted in the adjoining room, burst suddenly upon him, and he was surprised to find one whom he thought never to have seen again making submission, and begging pardon on her knees before him. His own

generous nature, and the intercession of friends, soon effected a reconciliation, and they lived happily together for the remainder of her life.

It is said that this interview left such impressions on Milton's imagination, as contributed very materially to his writing that beautifully pathetic scene in "Paradise Lost," in which Eve addresses Adam for pardon and peace. The passage will indeed be seen to be strikingly applicable:

"He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart,
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me — where subsist?
While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps,)
Between us two let there be peace."

LADY NITHSDALE SAVES HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

"He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content;
To liberty, and not to banishment." — SHAKSPEARE.

WINIFRED HERBERT, Countess of Nithsdale, effected the escape of her husband from the Tower in a very remarkable way.

The Earl of Nithsdale was one of those unfortunate persons condemned to suffer death for attempting to place the Pretender on the throne, in the year 1715. His wife, hearing that he had been committed to the Tower, and had expressed great anxiety to see her, quitted Scotland to attend him in his captivity. It was in the month of February that the countess set out on her journey, and by the time she reached York, the snow lay so deep on the ground that the stage could not proceed any further. Lady Nithsdale, in consequence, took horse and continued her journey, though the snow was most part of the way above the horse's knees: even the post had been stopped on account of the badness of the roads and inclemency of the weather; but the conjugal affection of this heroic wife overcame every obstacle, and she succeeded in reaching London in safety. Proceeding at once to the Tower, she requested permission to see her husband; but this melancholy satisfaction was denied to her entreaties, except on the condition that she would remain with him as a prisoner. This the countess would not agree to, as she knew that any plan she might form for the escape of her husband would depend entirely on her own liberty. She next applied to the guards, with whom, by means of bribes, she was more successful, and gained admittance to the earl not only on this occasion, but on every day which intervened between that time and the execution of the sentence. She next endeavored to persuade her friends at court to use their influence in her husband's favor, but no hopes were given her.

Lord Nithsdale, for his wife's sake more than for his own, was anxious that a petition should be presented to the king in his behalf; trusting, by this means, to excite

for her his sympathy and indulgence. It was well known that the king was especially incensed against Lord Nithsdale, so that he is said to have forbidden that any petition should be presented for him, or personal address made to him; but the countess, in obedience to her lord's wish, resolved to make the attempt, and accordingly repaired to court. She has given, with her own pen, the following account of the interview, — very little creditable to the feelings of George I., either as a king or a gentleman: —

"So the first day that I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower;) because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming. I had another lady with me, (Lady Nairn,) and we remained in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him, in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavored to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last, one of the blue ribbons who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The

petition, which I had endeavored to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away, through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and, as I knew that it ought to have been given to the lord of the bed-chamber, who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favor to read the petition which I had had the honor to present to his Majesty. Fortunately for me, it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the prince; but as soon as ever the game was over, he read it, and behaved (as I afterwards learned) with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the ante-chamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance might thwart my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening, and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honor of the king."

This painful scene happened on Monday, the 13th of February, and seems to have produced no result, unless it may be supposed to have hastened the fate of the prisoners; for, on the following Friday, it was decided in council that the sentence against them should be carried into effect.

In the mean while Lady Derwentwater, (whose husband was one of the condemned,) and other ladies of high rank, were strenuous in their efforts to avert the execution of the sentence. They succeeded in obtaining an

interview with the king, though without any favorable issue. They also attended at both houses of Parliament, to present petitions to the members as they went in. These exertions had a decided influence on the feelings of both houses. In the Commons, a motion to petition the king in favor of the delinquents was lost by only seven votes; and among the Lords, a still stronger personal feeling and interest was excited: but all proved unavailing; and Lady Nithsdale, after joining with the other ladies in this ineffectual attendance, at length found that all her hope and dependence must rest on her long-formed scheme of bringing about her husband's escape. She had less than twenty-four hours for arranging it in all its details, and for persuading the accomplices who would be necessary to her to enter into so hazardous a project. In these she seems to have been peculiarly fortunate; the female friend to whom she communicated her intentions, indeed, appears to have been possessed of fortitude and good sense which equalled her own. In an interview with the earl, Lady Nithsdale mentioned her project, but, fearful of endangering the safety of his beloved wife, (for a wife who assists her husband in the case of high treason is amenable to the laws,) the earl refused his consent for some time, till, seeing her trust in Providence was so firm, he resolved no longer to oppose her wishes, and allowed her to make the necessary arrangements with him.

The following extract of a letter written some little time after this event, by the Countess of Nithsdale, to her sister, the Countess of Traquair, will serve to explain the manner in which the extraordinary escape of the earl was effected.

"As the motion had passed generally, (that the peti-

tion should be read in the Lords, which had only been carried after a warm debate,) I thought I would draw some advantage in favor of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoner. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the house in their favor. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humor and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but, in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time, I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans* had introduced me, and to whom I immediately communicated my resolution. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord. Mrs. Mills was then

* A confidential servant, who had attended the countess from Wales, upon her marriage.

pregnant: so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly the same size, as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan, for I was only allowed to take one in at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me, that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do, who was going to bid her last farewell to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the color of hers, to disguise them; I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same colored hair as hers, and painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower.

"The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as from what I

had told them the day before, they were persuaded that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable said, 'My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Every person in the room, chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress on which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set out. I went out, leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then, said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made despatch in your life, do it at present, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I

went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his gait; but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the steps I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him.* I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked on the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such a consternation, that he was almost beside himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered from his astonishment. They went home together, and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it. In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present;

* Thus one more person had left Lord Nithsdale's prison than had entered it. Three had gone in, and four came out. But so long as women only passed, and these two at a time, the guards probably were not particularly watchful. This inevitable difficulty in the plan of the escape makes Lady Nithsdale's admirable self-possession of manner in conducting it the more conspicuous. Any failure on her part would have awakened the suspicions of the bystanders.

and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so closely that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favorable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled the string through the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry candles in to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand. I drove home to my lodging; where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies; but that I did not know where he was.

"I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan-chair,

and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events. I asked if she were at home, and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I should be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who, they told me, had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition, in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person.

"I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me, and, as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her, in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be exceedingly shocked and frighted, and

has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair: for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said she would go to court, and see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were secure, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another. The duchess was the only one at court who knew it."

Such was the plan by which the Countess of Nithsdale procured her husband's freedom; his less fortunate companions suffered their sentence the following morning.

Meantime the earl remained concealed. His escape was on a Thursday, and the following Saturday he was conducted, with much secrecy, to the Venetian ambassador's, where, although his excellency knew nothing of the matter, he was concealed in the room of one of the servants until Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. Lord Nithsdale put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to that place, where the servant who had concealed him had hired a small vessel, which immediately set sail for Calais. The voyage was short and prosperous; and it is remarkable

that during the passage the captain exclaimed, "that if his passengers were flying for their lives, the ship could not have sailed quicker;" little thinking it to be the case.

To return to the countess, who had hazarded so much to insure her husband's safety. Her trials and dangers were not yet over; having well performed her duty as a wife, that of a mother yet remained to be fulfilled. When she left Scotland she had placed her only son under the care of some friends at her family estate; she had also buried under ground all those papers which she considered it would be advisable to conceal on account of their importance. Her object now was to secure these papers, and escape to France with her son; but the enterprise was full of difficulties. It was supposed, when the earl made his escape, that the countess had gone with him, and she was obliged to conceal herself until she ascertained that he had reached the continent in safety, for fear her person should be seized; but when the fortunate intelligence reached her, she solicited, through the medium of her friends, permission to settle her affairs in security; alleging, that a bare suspicion of her having been instrumental in her husband's preservation ought not to be considered grounds of punishment. But the king was so greatly incensed that he resolved to secure her; after several debates, however, she was given to understand, that if she remained concealed, no further search should be made after her; but if she made her appearance either in England or in Scotland, she would be secured. "But," says the countess, in her letter to her sister, "this was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary. My lord had sent for me up to town in such haste, that I had no time

to settle anything before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers; I dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning; consequently they were far from being secure there. In this distress, I had the precaution to bury them under ground; and nobody but the gardener and myself knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved I had acted prudently; for after my departure they searched the house, and God knows what might have transpired from these papers."

Having hazarded her life for her husband, Lady Nithsdale thought she could do no less for her son, and she therefore resolved to risk everything for the purpose of securing the family inheritance to him. She set out for Scotland on horseback, attended only by two maids. As she was well known on the road, she was careful to visit only the smallest and least frequented inns, especially as the king had declared, that if she was found in his dominions, her life must be answerable. She was fortunate enough to reach Scotland without detection, and on her arrival there, pretended to have got a license from government to go to her own house and arrange her affairs. Having given out this information, she went to her residence, and taking up her papers by night, sent them off to Traquair. Her behavior, however, having excited some suspicions, the magistrates resolved to go next day and make her produce her license, which the countess hearing of, expressed her surprise that they had not come before. Having made all necessary arrangements, she set out at day-break the next morning, on horseback, with her son and two attendants, thus frustrating their design. She reached London in safety, while the report was still fresh of her journey to Scot-

land, in defiance of prohibition. The king was exceedingly angry at her conduct, and issued orders for having her arrested; saying, that "she did what she pleased, in despite of his desires, and had given him more anxiety and trouble than any woman in Europe." The countess concealed herself and son with her accustomed prudence, till they had ceased to search for her, and in about a fortnight after, they both escaped, without any accident, to France. They proceeded thence with the earl to Rome, and it is gratifying to learn that this affectionate and enterprising woman enjoyed thirty-three additional years of domestic bliss. She died at Rome in the year 1749, and her husband did not survive her loss more than five years.

A COMPANION IN ADVERSITY.

"Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'T is life where *thou* art, 't is death where *thou* art not!"
MOORE.

MARSHAL MUNICH, having been condemned to end his days in Siberia, was accompanied in his gloomy exile by his wife.

St. Pierre thus describes the marshal's prison: "It consisted of only three rooms, the one appropriated to the soldiers of the guard, the second to cooking victuals, and the third as the marshal's bed-room. There was at some distance a wooden railing, which, though only twenty feet high, prevented him from enjoying a prospect, or receiving the rays of the sun. He was sent thither at the age of sixty, and, after having governed the whole Russian empire, was limited to the expense of half-a-crown a day. He continued in this cheerless abode till the age of eighty. Yet conjugal love stripped

his prison of all its horrors. His wife, then of the age of fifty-five, had the courage to accompany him, and to discharge all the duties of a faithful companion. This great man conciliated the affection of the rude soldiers, by teaching their children mathematics. They passed no less than *twenty-one* years in this retreat, and in affording each other consolation. On their return to Moscow, they found no less than FIFTY-TWO of their great-grandchildren, who came forth to meet them. Scarcely had the marshal returned, when the revolution which overset the emperor, (Catherine's husband,) and ended in his death, had very nearly been the cause of his being sent back to his imprisonment. I arrived in Russia immediately after that catastrophe; and it was the old marshal, at that time governor of Petersburg, who got me taken into the service, without any other recommendation than that which arose from my misfortunes."

MAGNANIMITY OF CATHERINE HERMAN.

"Adversity exalts the mind;
And fearless virtue may, from perils, find
Some means, howe'er depressed, her head to raise,
And reach the heights of never-ending praise."

DURING the siege of Ostend, which continued three years, three months, and three days, the Spaniards took a great number of Dutch sailors and some pilots of consideration, whom they destined to the galleys, in consequence of the bad treatment which some of their nation had before experienced from the Dutch. Catherine Herman, a Dutch woman, of great virtue and courage, wife of one of the pilots who had been taken prisoners, having resolved to deliver her husband from this captivity, cut

off her hair, dressed herself in men's clothes, and repaired to the camp before Ostend, after having surmounted, as appears, the greatest difficulties; but what formed the chief obstacle to her design was her great beauty, which attracted the notice of the officers and soldiers in the army of the Archduke Albert, who all wished to speak to her; and who, having found that her accent was different from that of the rest, took her for a spy of Count Maurice of Nassau. She was therefore arrested, and carried before the provost of the army, who caused chains to be put on her feet and hands, and treated her with great severity. Catherine Herman would have considered herself happy in this state of affliction, had she been put into the same prison with her husband; but she was confined in another place, and, to add to her grief, she learnt that seven of the prisoners were to be executed next day, to avenge the death of seven others, whom the besieged had treated in the same manner; and that the rest were to be put in chains, either to serve as galley-slaves in the country, or to be sent to Spain. While this magnanimous female was agitated between hope and fear, she saw a Jesuit enter, who came, according to custom, to visit the prisoners, and having confessed to him, she intrusted him with her secret. The Jesuit, admiring her resolution, promised her every assistance in his power, and he obtained leave, indeed, from Count de Bucquoi, afterwards marshal of the empire, for her being removed to the same prison in which her husband was confined. As soon as she perceived him in the deplorable state of those who expect death or slavery, she fainted; but having recovered, she could no longer conceal her design; as soon, therefore, as she was able to speak, she declared that she had sold her most valuable

articles in order to release her husband; that she had disguised herself that she might negotiate for his ransom; and that if she were not so fortunate as to succeed in her enterprise, she was resolved to accompany her husband wherever he might be sent, to assist him in pulling the oar, and to share in his punishment, however cruel. Count Bucquoi, having heard of her determination, was so sensibly affected by the generosity of this Dutch woman, that he not only bestowed on her the highest praise, but set her and her husband at liberty.

NOBLE PROOF OF ATTACHMENT.

"Here is my hand for my true constancy."
SHAKSPEARE.

IN Everard's Letters, which were published in 1776, a most touching instance of affection is recorded.

"After passing," he says, "through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious taskmasters.

"Such wretches as the inmates of this place, my eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provisions, as they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two

years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

"In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was startled by a voice behind me, calling me by my name, and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and, with a most pitiful accent, exclaimed, 'Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me?' Gracious heavens! what was my surprise, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend, Count Alberti. You must remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna; at once the paragon of the men and the favorite of the fair sex. I have often heard you repeat his name as one of the few that did honor to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree, as one who made no other use of fortune but to alleviate the distress of his fellow-creatures. Immediately on recognizing him, I flew to him with affection, and, after a tear of condolence, asked him how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken prisoner, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken, and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. On arriving at the capital, how-

ever, he was soon recognized, and, through the intercession of friends, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual imprisonment and labor in the mines of Idria.

"As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who I at once saw to be born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon, without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, whence few of the living return, and with him she is contented to live, with him to toil; forgetting the gayeties of life, despising the splendors of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own fidelity. Such constancy was not unrewarded. In a letter written nine days after, Mr. Everard related that he was 'the spectator of the most affecting scene he had ever yet beheld. A person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and by a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate count; and I, happening to overhear it, gave the best information I could. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady; the third was the intimate friend and fellow-soldier of the count; they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them, with all the expedition of joy, down to his dreary abode;

presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor were the young lady's emotions less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple; nor could I, without a tear, behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. We soon emerged from the ore mines, and Alberti and his wife once more revisited the light of the sun.'

"The empress has again taken him into favor; his fortune and rank are restored; and he, with his faithful partner, now have the pleasing satisfaction of enjoying happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable."

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

"What need of years, long years, to prove
The sense of Friendship or of Love?
What need of years to firmly bind
The social compact of the mind?
In youthful hearts, of kindred mould,
Not slowly feeling's flowers unfold;
But oft — though 'neath a sky of gloom —
They burst to instantaneous bloom!"

ALARIC A. WATTS.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND accompanied her husband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign, she traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of the seasons, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, in order to attend her husband in a poor hut at Chamblée, upon his sick bed. In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained from offering her-

self to a share of the hazard before Ticonderoga by the positive injunction of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign. Major Ackland, her husband, commanded the British Grenadiers, who formed the most advanced post of the army, which required them to be so much on the alert that frequently no person slept out of their clothes. In one of these situations, a tent in which the major and Lady Harriet slept suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of; it proved to be the major. Fortunately the lady escaped at the same moment, under the canvass of the back part of the tent.

This accident neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet, who was in a hut during the whole of the action that followed, and close to the field of battle. In a subsequent engagement, Major Ackland was desperately wounded and taken prisoner. Lady Harriet sustained the shock with great fortitude, and immediately determined to pass to the enemy's camp, and request General Gates' permission to attend her husband. Having obtained General Burgoyne's leave, Lady Harriet, accompanied by the chaplain of the regiment, one female servant, and the major's valet-de-chambre, rowed down the river to meet the enemy. The night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor suffer them to come on shore. In vain was the flag of truce offered, and the situation and rank of this extraordinary passenger represented in strong terms. The

guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious in obedience to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they offered to stir before daylight. The anxiety and sufferings of Lady Harriet were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections on that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But in the morning, as soon as her case was made known to General Gates, he received her with all the humanity and respect due to her rank and exemplary conjugal virtue, and immediately restored her to her husband.

A SINGULAR DIVORCE.

"It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness." — SHAKSPEARE.

"A FEW years before the French Revolution, a very rich and beautiful orphan, only seventeen years of age, was married to a young man without any fortune. She lived with him, in the most perfect happiness, for some time; it was therefore with the utmost astonishment that their neighbors and friends heard of their intending, by mutual agreement, to take advantage of the new law of divorce; but their surprise was still greater when, two or three days after, they saw them married to each other again. The reason was that the young lady's guardians had only consented to the first union upon the condition that the lady's whole fortune should be secured to her; so that her husband could not engage in any beneficial use of the capital. The marriage was dissolved by the revolutionary law of divorce; and the lady, being made mistress of her fortune by being of age, gave

a most convincing proof of conjugal affection, by making her husband master of the whole of her property."

CONSTANCY OF MADAME LAVERGNE.

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast."
WORDSWORTH.

"MADAME LAVERGNE had not long been married when her husband, who was governor of Longwy, was obliged to surrender that fort to the Prussians. The French, however, succeeded in regaining possession of the place, when M. Lavergne was arrested and conducted to one of the prisons in Paris. His wife followed him to the capital: she was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was more than sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her. While the unfortunate Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he was attacked with illness in his dungeon. At any other moment this affliction would have been a subject of grief and inquietude to Madame Lavergne; under her present circumstances, it was a source of hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous as to bring a man before the judgment-seat who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she flattered herself that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and

finish in his favor that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! The name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th Germinal, of the second year of the republic, (June 25th, 1794,) and he must on that day submit to his fate.

"Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation, she presented herself before the Committee of General Safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she represented as a prey to a dangerous and afflicting disease, deprived of the strength of his faculties, and of all those powers, either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers. 'Imagine, oh citizens!' said the agonized wife of Lavergne, 'such an unfortunate being as I have described dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers, in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice: while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupefied, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, oh citizens of France! call a man to trial while in the phrensy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer

an old man—?' At these words, every eye was turned on Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her, with a scornful smile, that, young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she had pleaded the cause of such a husband was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men condemned as a degraded passion; she had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation; and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

"One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the Revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man, in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him, by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the

hour of his recovery. Dumas replied, coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited, nor should he choose to make such a request of the tribunal; then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, 'And is it, then, so great a misfortune, madame, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?'

"Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation; she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards Heaven, and exclaimed, 'Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken Thy vengeance? Go, monster!' she cried to Dumas; 'I no longer want thy aid,—I no longer need to supplicate thy pity; away to the tribunal!—there will I also appear; then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me.' From the presence of Dumas, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commenced, and on M. Lavergne being called for, the unfortunate man was carried into the hall by the gaolers, supported on a mattress. To the few questions which were proposed to him, he replied in a feeble and dying voice, and the fatal sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, '*Vive le roi!*' The persons nearest the place whereon she stood eagerly surrounded, and endeavored to silence her; but the more the astonishment and alarm of the

multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of '*Vive le roi!*' The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation and pity; but the passages and staircases still resounded every instant with '*Vive le roi!*' till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"'I am not actuated,' she answered, 'by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live.'

"Such a declaration was without reply, and the name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons: a few minutes afterwards, she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant, the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife entreated the executioner

to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name; at the sound of that voice, whose melody had been so long withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. 'Do not be alarmed,' she said; 'it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together.' Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, which relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became once more able to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them forever."

A HUSBAND SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

"'T is not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'T is not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee." — MOORE.

"ALMOST every city in France is honored, like Paris, with having been the scene where the conjugal tenderness of women has risen superior to the considerations of self-love, and given striking examples of that steadfast fortitude, arising from principle and affection, which is more honorable to human nature than the most splendid instances of instinctive courage.

"At Lyons, when that city became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress,

gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards, the officers of justice came to seize him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering also to his name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination, her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her her husband. 'My husband,' she answered, in a tone of exultation, 'is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his.' They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. 'Strike!' she replied, 'I am prepared.' 'But it is the interests of your country that command you to speak,' said one of the committee. 'Barbarians!' she answered, 'my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of Nature.' Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once overcame their spirit of desolating cruelty."

MADAME LE-FORT.

"And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past."
CAMPBELL.

MONSIEUR LE-FORT, being accused of conspiracy against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband,

clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

The disguise succeeded to her utmost wishes; Le-fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day. "Unhappy wretch!" cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?" "My duty," she replied; "do thine."

AMUSING EXPEDIENT OF AFFECTION.

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

Let us turn from these melancholy recitals to a humorous anecdote, related by Napoleon himself, of the conjugal affection displayed by some women who accompanied his troops when he was at Col de Tende. To enter this mountainous and difficult country, it was necessary for the soldiers to pass over a narrow bridge, and, as the enterprise was of a very hazardous description, Napoleon had given orders that no women should be permitted to cross it with them, especially as the service required that the men should be constantly on the alert. To enforce this order, two captains were stationed on the bridge, with instructions, on pain of death, not to suffer a woman to pass. The passage was effected, and the troops continued their march. When some miles beyond the bridge, the emperor was thrown into the utmost astonishment by the appearance of a considerable number of women with the soldiers. He immediately ordered the

two captains to be put under arrest, intending to have them tried for a breach of duty. The prisoners protested their innocence, asserting that no women had crossed the bridge. Napoleon, on hearing this, commanded that some of the women should be brought before him, when he interrogated them on the subject. To his utter surprise, they readily acknowledged that the captains had not betrayed their trust, but that a contrivance of their own had brought them into their present situation. They informed Napoleon, that having thrown the provisions, which had been prepared for the support of the army, out of some of the casks, they had concealed themselves in them, and by this stratagem succeeded in passing over without discovery.

CONJUGAL HEROISM OF MADAME LAVALETTE.

"Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift."

SHAKSPEARE.

WE have seen how successfully the Countess of Nithsdale effected her husband's escape from prison; in an equally enterprising manner was M. Lavalette rescued from an ignominious death by the ingenuity and affection of his wife, under circumstances still more unfavorable to the execution of such a project.

It was in the year 1815 that M. Lavalette had been condemned, for his adherence to the cause of Bonaparte, to suffer death. The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had already arrived, and all hope of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman alone.

Madame Lavalette's health had been very seriously impaired by her previous sufferings; and for several

weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a sedan-chair. About half-past three, on the afternoon of the 23d, she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated, as usual, in this chair, and clothed in a furred riding-coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to M. Lavalette's service, of the name of Dutoil. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate of the Conciergerie.

At five o'clock, Jacques Eberle, one of the wicket-keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoil, partook.

After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavalette's apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for.

Towards seven o'clock the bell rang. Roquette, the gaoler, was at that moment near the fire-place of the hall, with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette's chamber. Roquette heard Eberle open the door which led to that chamber, and immediately after he saw three persons, dressed in female attire, advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavalette was attired in a dress exactly the same as she was, in every particular; and, to all outward appearance, no one could have imagined but that they saw that lady herself passing before them. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily, while Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by the side, uttered

the most lamentable cries. Everything presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper, melted and deceived by the disguise, and by the scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the group, and instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person, (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette,) whom he conducted, along with the other two persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavalette's chair. It came instantly, the feigned Madame Lavalette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette and the widow Dutoil. When they reached the Quay des Orfeveres, they stopped; Lavalette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared.

Soon after, the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind the screen, which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavalette, and withdrew without speaking. After a few minutes, he returned a second time, and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there saw Madame Lavalette. "*Il est parti*," she tremulously ejaculated. "Ah! Madame," exclaimed Roquette, "you have deceived me." He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame Lavalette caught hold of him by the coat-sleeve. "Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay!" "No, Madame, this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn; but Roquette at last forced himself away, and gave the alarm.

Lavalette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie,

was still far from being out of danger. He had to get out of Paris,—out of France; and a more difficult achievement it is scarcely possible to conceive; for the moment his escape was discovered, nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of government. Bills describing his person with the greatest exactness were quickly distributed all over France; and there was not a post-master, postilion, or gendarme on any of the roads, who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavalette sought the means of escape, not among those of his countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted, nor even from those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family, but among those strangers whose presence, as conquerors, in his native soil, he had so much cause to lament. He had heard that to a truly British heart the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain; and he was now to try the experiment, in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2d of January he sent a person, with an unsigned letter, to Mr. Michael Bruce, an English gentleman, resident at Paris; in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said, he was induced, by the confidence which he inspired, to disclose to him a great secret—that Lavalette was still in Paris; adding that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr. Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on the subject to two other countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson; and the result was that the whole three joined in a determination to afford the unfortunate fugitive every assistance in their power to complete his escape. The

scheme which they devised for that purpose was crowned with complete success. Lavalette was conveyed in safety into a neutral territory, where he lived in quiet obscurity, until the fury of the party persecution which exiled him having exhausted itself, he was restored, by a free pardon, to his country, his family, and his friends. From the Memoirs of Count Lavalette, subsequently written by himself, it, however, appears, that the noble-hearted Madame Lavalette paid with her reason the price of her husband's safety. Her mind, at once excited and sustained by the presence of danger, sank with the absence of peril; and when Lavalette, after five years' exile, returned to France, he found his devoted and beautiful wife the ruin of her former self.

The tribute due to the conjugal heroism of Madame Lavalette was universally paid, both in France and throughout Europe; even party animosity, which was daily calling for the execution of the husband, did justice to the wife. When the heads of the different departments were each vindicating themselves to the king from any share in the blame of the escape, his Majesty coolly replied, "I do not see that anybody has done their duty except Madame Lavalette."

THE COUNTESS CONFALIONERI.

"Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friend. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons — she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity." — GALL.

THE Count Confalioneri, an Italian nobleman, was, some years ago, sentenced to death for some real or

supposed conspiracy against the Austrian government. The moment his countess heard of this, she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate: it was midnight, but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants wrought its effect on their royal mistress; she hastened, that moment, to the emperor, and, having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life; her husband's life was spared. But the death-warrant was on its way;—could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance, and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she reached the city of Milan. The count was preparing to be led to the scaffold; but *she was in time —she had saved him!* During her painful journey, the countess had rested her throbbing brow upon a small silk pillow, which she had bathed through with her tears—in the conflict of mingled terror and hope; for all might be over: after her death, which happened very soon afterwards, this interesting memorial of conjugal tenderness and truth in so fearful a moment, was sent by his judges to the count, to show their sense of his wife's admirable conduct. He carried it with him to the dungeons of Spielberg; it was his sole consolation, his inseparable companion by day and by night. A long succession of governors and superintendents had all respected its possession, and the noble devotedness of heart which gave it to him: at length, in an evil hour, Count von Vogel came,—said it was *irregular*, and deprived the captive count of this last remaining source of consolation.

HUMANITY.

GAMBARUK RUDDERING. — QUEEN BLANCHE. — CONSTANTIA OF ARRAGON. — QUEEN PHILIPPA. — ISABELLA OF SPAIN. — EMPRESS CATHERINE I. — MARIA THERESA. — FEMALE CONVICTS. — WIFE OF A NEGRO GENERAL. — HEROINE OF MATAGORDA. — FRENCH SERVANT-GIRL. — LADIES OF AMERICA. — CLAUDINE POTOCKA. — GRACE DARLING.

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman! a power to suffer and to love;
Therefore thou so canst pity."

"How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep!"

ROWE.

HUMANITY is that sympathy by which we view the sufferings of others as inflicted on ourselves, and desire, in consequence, to avert the blow. Thus, woman, more frequently than the opposite sex, is distinguished by this virtue, being, from her helpless nature, more exposed to mental and corporeal afflictions. Humanity differs from benevolence in its being a feeling which makes the case of the injured or distressed immediately our own, while benevolence may rather be esteemed a desire to give or impart some good or benefit we find ourselves possessed of to the needy and destitute; the former seeks to prevent evil, the latter to promote good.

HUMANE PROPOSITION OF GAMBARUK RUDDERING

"Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed."
CAMPBELL.

DURING the reign of Snies, King of Denmark, the harvest failed, and all the horrors of famine were experienced throughout the kingdom. The people had no food, and their sovereign was not able to procure any for them. They therefore assembled, in order to deliberate on the best means of extricating themselves from this state of horrid misery. Some of the elders proposed the desperate remedy of putting to death the old people and children, to preserve the small quantity of sustenance they had for the young and robust, who, during those times of perpetual warfare, were better able to defend their country. This was a cruel proposition, but urgent necessity induced the king to take it into consideration. A lady, however, of distinguished rank, named Gambaruk Ruddering, at the idea of seeing the blood of her countrymen shed, came forward, and, addressing the assembly, showed them the barbarity of such a design: she then proposed that, instead of staining the country by so many murders, it would be a wiser and more natural plan, to send a part of the young people out of the country, to search for an establishment. This advice being received with approbation, the young men cast lots to determine which of them should leave the country. Those on whom the lot fell then assembled, and, setting out from Denmark, established themselves, it is said, in Pannonia, from which they afterwards passed into Italy, and founded there the kingdom of the Lombards.

BENEVOLENT ACTION OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

"What ail'st thou? Speak!"

During the second regency of Queen Blanche, wife of Louis VIII., of France, which commenced in 1248, the inhabitants of Chatenai, and various towns, had, on arbitrary pretences, been imprisoned by the chapter of Paris. The deplorable condition of the French nation, at this period, was such, that the people were sold as dependences with their lands.

A crowd of victims, wanting even the necessaries of life, languished in the prisons of the chapter. Blanche, touched with their wretched situation, signified her desire that they might be released upon bail, assuring the chapter, while she urged her request, that she would herself investigate the affair, and do them all manner of justice. The priests, incensed at an interference from the civil power, alleged, in reply, that the prisoners, whose lives they held at their disposal, were their subjects, over whom no other person had any authority. In defiance of Blanche, and in proof of the power which they thus asserted and abused, they seized also on the women and children, whom they had before spared. The sufferings of the prisoners being thus aggravated, many of them perished with famine and pestilential disorders.

The regent, indignant at the despotism thus insolent and inhuman, determined to use with these merciless oppressors the last argument of force. Proceeding with her guards to the prison gates, she commanded them to be opened. The soldiers hesitating to obey her, she struck, with a stick she had in her hand, the first blow: the stroke being instantly seconded, the gates were

quickly destroyed, when a crowd of miserable wretches, their faces squalid and disfigured, and their garments tattered, came forth.

Casting themselves at the feet of the queen, they implored her protection, without which, the grace she had conferred upon them could serve but to aggravate their distress. Blanche, having promised to grant their request, took effectual measures for the fulfilment of her engagement. Seizing upon the revenues of the chapter, she compelled their submission, and even obliged them to affranchise the inhabitants for a certain yearly stipend.

CONSTANTIA OF ARRAGON.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

SHAKSPEARE.

"DURING the period of the wars between the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, Charles, Prince of Salerno, only son of the King of Naples, was taken prisoner by the Sicilians, and carried by them into Sicily; he was, however, fortunate enough to escape the general massacre of the Neapolitan prisoners, which took place immediately after their arrival in that kingdom.

"Constantia of Arragon, who governed Sicily in the absence of her husband, Peter, terrified by the ferocious clamors of the populace, who, on the destruction of the other prisoners, demanded the immediate execution of the prince, sent him orders to prepare within a few hours for death. Fortunately for Charles, the day appointed for his death was a Friday: he received Constantia's message with an unmoved countenance, calmly reply-

ing, 'I am well content to die that grievous death, remembering that my Lord and Saviour on this day voluntarily suffered his death and passion.'

"Constantia was recalled to a sense of her Christian duties by these words, and immediately sent to tell him, 'that, if he, for respect to that day, would suffer death so contentedly, she, for the love of him who on that day had pardoned his enemies, would pardon him also.' From that moment she used every means to protect him from the ferocity of the Sicilians; and by the employment, sometimes of force, sometimes of conciliation, had him at last safely conducted to Arragon."

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT

"Boast of thy sex, and glory of the throne!
O'er all thy form what matchless graces spread,
When thy fair eyes in moist suffusion shone,
And from thy cheek the changing crimson fled,
As on the neck of Edward's captive foes
To thy afflicted sight the opprobrious cord arose!

"Oh! while the fair, with soul-subduing power,
On her bent knee their forfeit lives implored;
When, like two stars seen through a rushing shower,
Her watery eyes gazed earnest on her lord,
'Twas then thy virtues, loveliest queen, outshone
Thy Edward's victor-plume, waving o'er Gallia's throne!"

ANNA SEWARD.

PHILIPPA, wife of Edward the Third, King of England, affords a memorable instance of humanity.

When, after the siege of Calais, Sir Walter de Manny returned to the camp of the victorious Edward, bringing with him the noble patriot, Eustace de St. Pierre, and his fellow-hostages, the monarch inquired, "Are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," answered Manny, "not only the principal men of Calais, but the principal men in France, if virtue has any share

in nobility." "Were they delivered peaceably?" inquired Edward: "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "None in the least, sire. The people would all have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty; but they are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this answer of Manny, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," said he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission. — Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution." At this instant, the sound of a trumpet was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a reinforcement of gallant troops from England. Sir Walter de Manny flew to her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as Philippa had been welcomed by Edward and his court, her Majesty desired a private audience. "My lord," said this noble lady to her royal husband, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sacrificed six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves. The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honor; but, to Edward, a stage of shame; a reproach to his conquests, an indelible stain on his name." These words flashed conviction on the soul of Edward. "I have done wrong, very wrong," he exclaimed; "let the execution be instantly

stayed, and the captives be brought before us." St. Pierre and his friends soon made their appearance; when the queen thus addressed them:—"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! you have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance: but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. Noble burghers! excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tried. We loose your chains: we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours are justly and universally raised above all human distinctions." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed St. Pierre, "it is now that I tremble for you; Edward only arms our cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods,
Draw near them then in being merciful!" — SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the war against the Moors, Queen Isabella shared in most of the campaigns, animating her husband and generals by her courage and undaunted perseverance; providing for the support of the armies by her forethought and economy; comforting them under their reverses by her sweet and gracious speeches, and pious confidence

in Heaven; and, by her active humanity, and her benevolent sympathy extended to friend and foe, softening, as far as possible, the miseries of war. She was the first who appointed regular military surgeons to attend the movements of the army, and be at hand on the field of battle. These surgeons were paid out of her own revenues; and she also provided six spacious tents, furnished with beds and all things requisite for the sick and wounded, which were called the "Queen's Hospital." Thus, to the compassionate heart of a woman, directed by energy and judgment, the civilized world was first indebted for an expedient which has since saved so many lives, and accomplished so much towards alleviating the frightful evils of war.

Another point in the character of Isabella, which must reflect eternal honor upon her name, was her declaring the American Indians free, and ordering the instant return of several cargoes of them, which had been sent to Spain for slaves.

HUMANITY OF CATHERINE THE FIRST

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."—POPE.

CATHERINE THE FIRST, Empress of Russia, was celebrated for her humane and compassionate disposition. Upon many occasions during the lifetime of her husband, the Czar Peter, she exerted all her influence with him in behalf of the unfortunate.

This empress received the following handsome compliment from Motraye, who says, "She had in some sort the government of all his (Peter's) passions, and even

saved the lives of a great many persons; she inspired him with that humanity, which, in the opinion of his subjects, nature seemed to have denied him. A word from her mouth, in favor of a wretch just going to be sacrificed to his anger, would disarm him; but if he was fully resolved to gratify that passion, he would give orders for the execution when she was absent, for fear she should plead for the victim." In a word, to use the expression of the celebrated Munich, "Elle était proprement la médiatrice entre la monarque et ses sujets."

After Peter's death, the humanity of Catherine was still more remarkable. She had promised that during her reign nobody should be put to death, and she kept her word. The greatest malefactors were only condemned to labor in the mines, and at other public works; a regulation not less prudent than humane, since it rendered their punishment of some advantage to the state.

Catherine was the first sovereign that showed this regard to the human species; and the lenity which she displayed was carried to a degree unparalleled in the history of any other nation.

THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice." — SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, a great scarcity of provisions prevailed in Bohemia, and numbers of famishing people flocked to the capital, (Prague,) imploring relief. The governor of the city wrote to the court of Vienna, that the misery of the poor people was at length driving them to acts of turbulence and outrage, which he had not a sufficient force either

to prevent or suppress. The empress immediately despatched General Count Dalton to take the command at Prague, to which several regiments were ordered to repair by forced marches. As soon as the count found himself sufficiently reinforced, he ordered all the cannon on the ramparts to be turned against the city; and, having so dispersed his troops that it was impossible for any of the disaffected to escape, he walked alone in the midst of some thousands of them who were assembled together, and addressing them with his hat in his hand, observed, that it was not by *criminal* modes they should seek relief, because by so doing they must necessarily draw on their heads the vengeance of government; he desired, therefore, nay, he *begged*, that he might not be reduced to the fatal necessity of ordering his troops to disperse them. The people listened to the count with great attention, and replied to him with a coolness which surprised him. They said, his artillery and his troops had no terrors for them; that what he threatened them with as rigor, they would consider as mercy; for a speedy death with a cannon-ball was infinitely preferable to the lingering death which they were suffering by famine. The count was melted, even to tears. He then addressed them again, and told them his heart bled for them, but it was his duty to preserve the peace of the city; and he would be censured if, by his forbearance and compassion, that peace was destroyed; he therefore entreated them, as it were for *his* sake, to disperse, assuring them that he would immediately transmit a faithful representation of their distresses to the empress, from whose goodness they had reason to expect every kind of relief.

The people, whom the dread of death could not move,

were filled with gratitude for the general's conduct; they instantly began to disperse, every man cheering him as he passed, and exclaiming "*Long live Dalton!*"

The representation which the count sent to Vienna drew tears from the empress. "Good God!" exclaimed she, "what have my poor people been suffering, without my knowledge! To what cruel miseries have they been exposed, through the ignorance I was in of their deplorable situation! How greatly am I indebted to the moderation and humanity of Count Dalton, who has saved me from the guilt of being the butcher of my poor, starving subjects, and who has painted in such moving colors those distresses, which others, whose duty it was to make them known to me, carefully concealed from my knowledge, representing the rising of the people as the effect of a seditious disposition!"

Her Majesty immediately despatched eight hundred wagons, loaded with corn, to Prague; and sent a letter of thanks to General Dalton, in her own handwriting, for his meritorious behavior on this trying occasion.

HUMANE BEHAVIOR OF SOME FEMALE CONVICTS.

"We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy." — SHAKSPEARE.

AT the time the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, there was great difficulty in procuring nurses for the sick at the hospital. In this dilemma, recourse was had to the prison. The apparent danger was stated to the female convicts, and their assistance was requested. The behavior of these women on the occasion was admirable. As many offered their services as were wanted,

and continued faithful till the dreadful scene was closed, none of them making any demand for their assistance till all were discharged. When requested to give up their bedsteads for the use of the sick at the hospital, they most humanely offered even their bedding, resigning willingly any little comforts they possessed, to alleviate the wants of their distressed fellow-creatures.

HUMANITY OF A NEGRESS.

"Oh where is ruthe? Or where is pittie now?
Whither is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exilde out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? Is all the worlde
Drowned in blood and suncke in crueltie?
If not, in women mercy may be found."

Gorboduc, a Tragedy.

Segur, in giving the History of Women, mentions the wife of a negro general, who, at the time he was writing, was serving under Toussaint L'Ouverture. He says, "She is of so tender and humane a disposition, that she exposes herself to every risk to save the unfortunate prisoners in the terrible warfare of St. Domingo. Her husband, enraged at this display of commiseration, has threatened a thousand times to put her to death; but nothing can shake her steady resolution. She is less apprehensive of the execrable ferocity of her husband, than of ceasing to be sufficiently useful to the victims of the war. Thus, therefore, among a race of uneducated beings, a woman can feel a profound sentiment of pity for those whom she is taught to consider as her enemies! Humanity, the first of virtues, and the most useful to social order, has established its dominion over her breast! Her life is marked by memorable

traits of heroism, which might shed a lustre on that of the most enlightened and courageous men."

THE HEROINE OF MATAGORDA.

"Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer!"—SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG those women who have ennobled themselves by their virtuous actions, we must not omit to mention the "Heroine of Matagorda." The widow of Serjeant Retson, of the 94th, won the above title, and a place in our national history, by her heroic devotedness at the bombardment of Matagorda in 1810, where she recklessly exposed her life, not through any wild or wayward impulse, but to secure for the wounded soldiers in the casemates the invaluable refreshment of water. Some years after the war, and upon the death of her husband, this high-hearted woman, who, in the French service, would have been decorated and pensioned, was formally told that there was no fund out of which she could be awarded the smallest pittance, and she was thrown upon the world. She met her fate with characteristic fortitude, and has since supported herself in the cheerless and exhausting toils of a nurse in the town hospital of Glasgow. Three years ago, she being then in her seventy-second year, her existence and trials were made known to the service, to which, in her honest, simple nature, she had never sought to appeal, by the voice of the press. The result was, as might have been anticipated, that a committee of the most honored veterans of the British army was immediately formed, and a subscription raised from every one of its ranks, to rescue this

object of the soldier's sympathy from an old age of pauperism.

The following paragraph, which appeared in the Times newspaper of April 2d, 1847, strongly marks the character for humanity possessed by this worthy individual. To the scene of her former industrious and humble efforts to obtain a livelihood, the town's hospital of Glasgow, she now came in the manner thus described :* "We were very much struck and delighted, on Friday afternoon, with a visit from the venerable old lady, Mrs. Retson, the 'Heroine of Matorgorda,' now in her seventy-fifth year, whose remarkable and glorious deeds at that place shed a lustre over her name; and the prowess of her arm, in succoring the English soldiers, in the midst of the most dreadful carnage, will form a thrilling page in the history of England. She came with a pound note for the Sunday soup-kitchen, saying, that when she read that the soldiers of the 74th regiment were cooking for the poor, and that the recruiting soldiers of Glasgow had contributed their allowance for the same humane end, her heart leapt with joy; and she declared she could not rest until she came to pour in her donation with theirs, for the poor and destitute. We were very averse to accept of the money, but she insisted upon it with the most martial vigor, and said she had plenty now to end her old days in peace and comfort; and she went away perfectly delighted at the invitation we gave her to come and inspect the rations herself, in these old battlements, at the Glasgow town's hospital, within whose precincts she sojourned till she was discovered and rescued some few years ago."

* In the Reformer's Gazette.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

"How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed!"—SHAKSPEARE.

SOME years ago, an instance of humanity and presence of mind occurred at a place called Noyon, in France, which deserves to be commemorated here.

"Four men, who were employed in cleansing a common sewer, upon opening a drain, were so affected by the fetid vapors, that they were unable to ascend. The lateness of the hour (for it was eleven at night) rendered it difficult to procure assistance, and the delay must have been fatal, had not a young girl, a servant in the family, with courage and humanity that would have done honor to the most elevated station, at the hazard of her own life, attempted their deliverance. This generous girl, who was only seventeen years of age, was, at her own request, let down several times to the poor men by a rope: she was so fortunate as to save two of them pretty easily, but, in tying the third to the cord, which was let down to her for that purpose, she found her breath failing, and was so much affected by the vapor as to be in danger of suffocation. In this dreadful situation, she had the presence of mind to tie herself by her hair to the rope, and was drawn up, almost expiring, with the poor man in whose behalf she had so humanely exerted herself.

"Far from being intimidated by the danger of the enterprise, the moment she recovered her spirits, she insisted upon being let down for the poor creature that remained, which she actually was; but her exertions this time failed of success, for the unfortunate man was drawn up dead.

"The corporation of the town of Noyon, as a small token of their approbation, presented the generous girl with six hundred livres, and conferred on her the civic crown, with a medal engraved with the arms of the town, her name, and a narrative of the action. The Duke of Orleans also sent her five hundred livres, and settled two hundred yearly on her for life."

ADMIRABLE CONDUCT OF THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

"'T is truth divine, exhibited on earth,
Gives charity her being and her birth." — COWPER.

DURING the war between the Turks and the Greeks, some American ladies, touched by the hardships and sufferings of the latter people, presented them with a ship containing money and various articles of wearing-apparel, wrought by their own hands; an offering which, in their forlorn situation, must have been highly acceptable to the unfortunate Greeks.

The letter of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut, to the Ladies' Greek Committee of that place, to accompany the contributions prepared for the Archipelago, was as follows: —

"*United States of America, March* 12, 1828. *The Ladies of Hartford, in Connecticut, to the Ladies of Greece.*

"Sisters and Friends, — From the years of childhood your native clime has been the theme of our admiration: together with our brothers and our husbands, we early learned to love the country of Homer, Aristides, of Solon, and of Socrates. That enthusiasm which the glory of ancient Greece enkindled in our bosoms has preserved a

fervent friendship for her descendants: we have beheld, with deep sympathy, the horrors of Turkish domination, and the struggle so long and nobly sustained by them for existence and for liberty.

"The communications of Dr. Howe, since his return from your land, have made us more intimately acquainted with your personal sufferings. He has presented many of you to us, in his vivid descriptions, as seeking refuge in caves, and, under the branches of olive trees, listening for the footsteps of the destroyer, and mourning over your dearest ones slain in battle.

"Sisters and friends, our hearts bleed for you. Deprived of your protectors by the fortune of war, and continually in fear of evils worse than death, our prayers are with you, in all your wanderings, your wants and your griefs. In this vessel, (which may God send in safety to your shores!) you will receive a portion of that bounty wherewith He hath blessed us. The poor among us have given according to their ability, and our little children have cheerfully aided, that some of you and your children might have bread to eat, and raiment to put on. Could you but behold the faces of our little ones brighten, and their eyes sparkle with joy, while they give up their holidays, that they might work with their needles for Greece; could you see those females who earn a subsistence by labor gladly casting their mite into our treasury, and taking hours from their repose, that an additional garment might be furnished for you; could you witness the active spirit that pervades all classes of our community, it would cheer for a moment the darkness and misery of your lot.

"We are inhabitants of a part of one of the smallest of the United States, and our donations must, therefore,

of necessity, be more limited than those from the larger and more wealthy cities; yet, such as we have, we give in the name of our dear Saviour, with our blessings and our prayers.

"We know the value of sympathy—how it arms the heart to endure—how it plucks the sting from sorrow—therefore, we have written these few lines to assure you, that, in the remoter parts of our country, as well as in her high places, you are remembered with pity and with affection.

"Sisters and friends, we extend across the ocean our hands to you in the fellowship of Christ. We pray that his Cross and the banner of your land may rise together over the Crescent and the Minaret—that your sons may hail the freedom of ancient Greece restored, and build again the waste places which the oppressor hath trodden down; and that you, admitted once more to the felicities of home, may gather from past perils and adversities a brighter wreath for the kingdom of Heaven!

"LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
"Secretary of the Greek Committee of Hartford, Connecticut."

SELF-DEVOTION OF CLAUDINE POTOCKA

"Men sacrifice others! Women, themselves!"
MRS. S. C. HALL.

CLAUDINE POTOCKA, sprung from one of the oldest and noblest houses of Poland, that of the Counts Dzialynski, married at sixteen into another, that of the Counts Potocki, and had enjoyed six years of wedded happiness, when, in November, 1830, Poland rose against Russia. Count Potocka instantly left his quiet home, in the Grand

Duchy of Posen and flew to Warsaw, to share the dangers of his countrymen. His wife followed, not, like some of her fair compatriots, to battle in the Polish ranks, but to devote her blooming youth to the service of the hospitals, where, for seven months, she consecrated herself, wholly and unremittingly, to tendance upon the wounded, and upon the victims of the cholera. When Warsaw surrendered, she accompanied the army to Modlin, and, upon the retreat, resigned the single truss of straw procured for her own bed to a sick officer, destitute of even such wretched accommodation. When all was over, she made use of the passport granted her in consideration of her sex, to rescue those most implicated and most hopeless of escape, by passing them as her servants; and, when danger threatened the party, she pledged her person and property to the Prussian government for their conduct. The Countess Potocka is now living at Dresden, where, we understand, the residue of her fortune. her trinkets, her personal attentions, and even the produce of her manual labor, as a copyist, are still dedicated to the continuance of the same work of patriotic charity, in relief of the distress of her exiled and indigent countrymen.

INSTINCTIVE COURAGE OF GRACE DARLING.

"A rarer spirit never did steer humanity." — SHAKSPEARE.

IN concluding these records of the humanity of woman, what name is more deserving of a place in our pages than that of Grace Darling? a name, from the court to the cottage, associated with one of the noblest acts of heroism which have done honor to the female sex. I will proceed at once to her history, for the conduct of this young

woman needs no comment; it appeals directly to the heart of every individual.

"Grace Darling was one of the numerous family of William Darling, a light-house keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper, at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands, on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands.

"Grace was born November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. These children were all educated in a respectable manner; Grace writing a hand equal to that of most ladies. She assisted her mother in managing the little household at Longstone, and was remarkable for her retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous."

The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree; and through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force. Many a shipwreck must have happened there in ancient as well as modern times. Some of these are on record, but I will not pause to relate them. Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says, "It was, like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests,

since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring, in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes, and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

Such was the scene of the early days of Grace Darling: this young person herself is said to have been about the middle size, of fair complexion, and a comely countenance, with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realization of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," says he, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion, a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration, puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

The following is the account of the event which withdrew the name of Grace Darling from its hitherto humble obscurity, and called into action the whole energies of her mind and heart, in one momentary impulse of feeling: —

"The *Forfarshire* steamer, a vessel of about 300 tons burden, under the command of Mr. John Humble, formerly master of the *Neptune*, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained; Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

"The *Forfarshire* was only two years old, but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engine-man, Allen Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable; so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished, but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was, of course, retarded, and three steam vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the *Forfarshire*, in consequence of the state of the boilers,

attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that all was not right, that if her husband, who is a glassman, had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

"In this inefficient state, the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the 'Fairway,' between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock, she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines, soon after, became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length, breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne Lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastro-

phe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck, with her bows foremost, on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the *Forfarshire's* timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

"At this juncture, a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trowsers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape, by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair; and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, franticly besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off, through a tremendous current, called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore part remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been

amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

"At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass, in the fore part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here, also, a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

"The sufferers, nine in number, (five of the crew and four passengers,) remained in their dreadful situation till day-break, exposed to the buffetting of the waves, amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation, when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of 5*l.*, offered by Mr. Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

"To have braved the perils of that terrible passage, then, would have done the highest honor to the well-

tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex; but what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succoring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—*not so his daughter*. At *her* solicitation, the boat was launched: with the assistance of her mother, the father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

"In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb-tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck, until the tide again ebbed.

"It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock; and when there, a danger—greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless

chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

"The sufferers were conveyed, at once, to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and, owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew, that came off to their relief from North Sunderland, were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.

"The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, by Darling and his daughter, were — John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tullock, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew: D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver,

Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs. Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The party in the boat, also nine in number, were picked up next morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. The entire number was therefore eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife, Mr. Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoul, the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld, and some ladies of a respectable rank in society, perished.

"The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came.

"The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks; the president presented her with a handsome silver tea-pot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised, with a view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity; her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for: and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the

metropolitan theatres, and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother, finding in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet a more honorable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed."

William Howitt gives the following account of his interview with Grace Darling: "When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top lighthouse, and had seen its machinery —had taken a good look out at the distant shore — and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of striped printed

gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided — just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are. She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion, that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind."

It is painful, indeed, to reflect that this noble-hearted girl should have been snatched away from the world at the early age of twenty-six; she fell a victim to consumption. Her health appearing delicate towards the end of the year 1841, she was, by the recommendation of her medical attendant, removed from the Longstone lighthouse to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr. Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler, for change of air. Her wish was complied with; but she found no relief; and at the request of her father, she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle, for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland, having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her own physician to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only

ten days before her decease. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland, without a single attendant, and attired in the most homely manner, repaired to Grace Darling's lodgings, for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching; but this gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout.

"Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and, with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on the 20th of October, 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle, Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle, the Rev. Mr. Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland, and Mr. Fender, surgeon, Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her father, and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr. Evans, officer of customs, Bamborough, and a young man from Durham, who is said to have cherished an ardent affection for the deceased, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

"It may be here mentioned, as illustrative of Grace Darling's character, that she received numerous offers of

marriage, many of which might have been considered advantageous, but all of which she declined, usually alleging her desire never to change her condition whilst her parents were alive. It is said, that, on the occasion of her being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, his grace told her that he hoped she would be careful in such matters, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him she would not marry without his approbation.

"The proceeds of the public subscription (about 700*l.*) were funded for Miss Darling's use, under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Archdeacon Thorpe. This sum is understood to have been inherited by her father. Some other sums, which had been directly sent to her as tributes to her worth, were divided by this amiable young woman amongst her brothers and sisters."

INTEGRITY.

DUCHESS DE LONGUEVILLE. — A MOTHER ASKS THE LIFE OF HER SON. — MRS. BENDYSH. — HONEST POVERTY. — FEMALE INTEGRITY. — SUZETTE. — WIDOW OF A STOCK-BROKER. — MARGARET BOUDET.

"Virtue 's like gold: — the ore 's alloyed by earth,
Trouble, like fire, refines the mass to birth;
Tortured the more, the metal purer grows,
And seven times tried, with new effulgence glows!
Exults superior to the searching flame,
And rises from affliction into fame!" — BOYSE.

"THE term integrity can only be applied to those persons who, accustomed to practise every part of social justice, are conscientiously accurate in all their dealings, faithful to every trust, tenacious of every promise, disdaining to dissemble or prevaricate; and who would regard every act of injustice as a meanness to which they would scorn to stoop."

THE DUCHESS DE LONGUEVILLE.

"High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows; —
So truth prevails o'er falsehood." — *Old Play.*

THE Duchess de Longueville afforded a powerful instance of uprightness of conduct. Not being able to obtain a favor for one of her people from the king, the duchess was so much hurt that she suffered some very indiscreet words to escape her, which were reported by a gentleman present to his Majesty, and from him to her brother. The latter declared that it could not be true,

for he would not believe his sister had lost her senses. "I will believe her, if she herself denies it," said the king.

The prince went to his sister, and she concealed nothing from him. In vain he tried, during a whole afternoon, to persuade her that in this instance sincerity would be folly: that in justifying her to the king, he believed he had spoken truth, and that it would be even more grateful to his Majesty for her to deny than own her fault. "Do you wish me to repair it," said she, "by a greater, not only towards God, but towards the king? I cannot lie to him, when he has the generosity to put faith in me, and believe me on my word. The man who has betrayed me is much to blame, but, after all, I must not let him pass for a slanderer, which he is not."

She went the next day to court, and having obtained a private audience of his Majesty, threw herself at his feet, and begged pardon for the indiscreet words which had escaped her, which her brother had not believed her capable of, saying that she would rather avow her fault than be justified at the expense of others. The king pardoned her immediately, and ever after treated her with more particular kindness than before.

A MOTHER ASKS THE LIFE OF HER SON.

"And they must perish from her, one by one,
And her heart bleed with each, till all are gone;
This is the woe of woes, the sting of fate,
To see our little world grow desolate!
Those few on whom the very soul reclined
Sink from the sight, — and feel *we* stay behind —
This, this is misery! — the headsman's steel
Strikes, and we perish — but we cease to feel."

Paris, a Poem.

When the virtuous and venerable Barneveldt, under the mock form of a trial and of a legal conviction, fell a

sacrifice to the political intrigues of Maurice, Prince of Orange, the latter declared that a pardon should be granted him, if requested by his family: but neither he nor they would condescend to an act that would imply his guilt; and he was executed. Some time after, a real conspiracy against the life of Maurice was entered into by two sons of this excellent man, one of whom escaped, but the other being taken, was condemned to die. On this occasion, his high-minded mother threw herself at the feet of Maurice to beg his life: when the prince expressed his surprise that she would stoop to such a request for her son, after having refused to ask the pardon of her husband. "I did not ask pardon for my husband, because he was innocent!" she replied, with a noble composure: "I ask it for my son, because he is guilty." — Such is the consistent and regulated pride of principle.

INTEGRITY OF MRS. BENDYSH.

"There is in virtue, for her sake alone,
What should uphold my resolution firm." — GLOVER.

MRS. BENDYSH, the grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, when a child of only six years of age, frequently sat between his knees, when he held his cabinet councils, and that on the most important affairs. When some of the ministers objected to her being present, the Protector said, "There was no secret he would trust with any of them, that he could not trust with that infant." To prove that his confidence was not mistaken, he one day told her something as in confidence, under the charge of secrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promises, caresses, and bribes.

These failing, threatening and severe whipping were tried to extort the secret from her; but she bore it all with the most dispassionate firmness, expressing her duty to her mother, but her still greater duty to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather, and not to betray the confidence reposed in her.

HONESTY OF A POOR WIDOW.

"Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
That virtue points to?" — COWPER.

IN the year 1776, a poor widow at Lisbon went several times to the ante-chamber of the court, and though frequently ordered to retire, she as constantly returned the next day, saying, she must speak to the king. At length, she one day saw his Majesty passing by, when she immediately advanced towards him, presented a casket to him, and spoke as follows: "Sire, behold what I have discovered among the rubbish of some of the edifices ruined by the great earthquake in 1755. I am a poor widow, and have six children. That casket would relieve me from my present distresses; but I prefer my honor, with a good conscience, to all the treasures in the world. I deliver this to your Majesty, as the most proper person to restore it to its lawful possessor, and to recompense me for the discovery." The king immediately ordered the casket to be opened, and was struck with the beauty of the jewels which it contained; after which, speaking highly in praise of the widow's honesty and disinterestedness, he assured her of his protection, and ordered twenty thousand piastres to be immediately given to her. His Majesty further ordered that proper search should be made to discover the real

proprietor; and if their researches should prove fruitless, that the jewels should be sold, and the produce appropriated to the use of the widow and her children.

EXTRAORDINARY ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLE.

"Heroic self-denial, nobler far
Than well the achievements noisy Fame reports,
When her shrill trump proclaims the proud success
Which desolates the nations." — MRS. HANNAH MORE.

ANOTHER trait of faithful integrity, still more remarkable than the last, occurred in France, in 1792.

A poor woman, with several children, was made the repository of a large sum of money, which she was permitted to appropriate to her own use, if the person who placed it in her hands died without children, and in case of distress to take part of it for her relief. Some time after, she was taken ill, and suffered under every species of want. She endured the most extreme distress, without ever believing her sufferings were sufficiently great to allow of her taking any of the money. She was afterwards informed of the death of the proprietor of it; but her conduct was still the same, for she did not know whether he had left any children.

Four years passed on, and her resolution remained unshaken. "If there are no children," she said, "there may still be heirs; and if no heirs, creditors."

Meanwhile infirmities and distress increased upon her, but her greatest anxiety was, lest she should die without giving the deposit to the proper owner. At length she heard that the person who had placed it in her hands had married in Prussia, and had left children. She informed the widow instantly of the deposit, who would gladly have rewarded her fidelity, but she would not accept any

part of the money. "All that I desire," said this poor woman, "is, that you will preserve the remembrance of one who had a most profound respect for your husband, and who dies happy to have rendered a service to his family."

THE REWARD OF UPRIGHT CONDUCT.

"Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise." — BEATTIE.

THE following story, which was published in one of he periodical journals some time since, is too interesting to be omitted.

"An old chiffonnier (or rag-picker) died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty.

"His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green-grocer. This girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learnt of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but of nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly,

when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. 'So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place!' cried he; 'I am come to offer you one for life — will you marry me?' 'I, sir? — you are joking.' 'No, faith, I want a wife, and I am sure I can't find a better.' 'But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me.' 'O! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it: come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you.' Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle: it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he was determined even her death should not separate them, for he had had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Suzette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover."

REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF INTEGRITY.

"Thou art not for the fashion of these times." — SHAKSPEARE.

THE following example may justly be considered as unparalleled in the sporting circles.

A stock-broker, shortly before his death, had laid a wager on parole with a rich capitalist at Paris; about two months after his decease, the latter made his appearance at the residence of the widow, and informed her that her late husband had lost a bet of 16,000 francs. Upon his proceeding to inquire whether she could rely

solely on her informant's assurance that the transaction had taken place, and fulfil the engagement contracted by the deceased — the widow, without hesitation, produced a pocket-book from her secretary, and proceeded to count bank notes to the amount of 16,000 francs; when she did so, however, she was immediately interrupted by the capitalist; "Madame," said he, "as you give such convincing proof that you consider the wager binding, *I* have to pay you 16,000 francs. Here is the sum, for *I* am the loser, and not your late husband."

HOW TO GET RICH.

"Yet truest riches, would mankind their breasts
Bend to the precept, in a little lie,
With mind well poised; here want can never come."

The Morning Chronicle of July 3d, 1841, copied the following article from Galignani's Messenger; it is of too singular an interest to be omitted in this collection:

"Margaret Boudet, a single woman, seventy-six years of age, living in the Rue Contrescarpe, was taken ill about a fortnight ago, and was sedulously attended by two of her nieces. The morning before last, she perceived death approaching, and desired that a notary should be sent for to make her will. As she had always lived as if she were in a state of poverty, her two attendants, believing that she was delirious, hesitated, and reminded her that this would create an expense, which they had no means of paying. The dying woman replied that she knew what she was about, and insisted on the man of the law being brought. A notary and a sufficient number of witnesses being collected, she commenced by dictating legacies of 100,000 francs to each of her nieces then present, who, on hearing these bequests, were only

the more confirmed in their notion of the weakness of their aunt's intellect; nor were their convictions lessened when she went on making further dispositions of property to an amount in the whole of 500,000 francs. Their scepticism, however, was somewhat removed, when she added the following account of herself and her property: 'At the early age of thirteen I began to earn money. I never have had any useless expenses, and during the sixty-three years since elapsed, have never passed a day without laying by something. Here are my titles and documents,' taking from under her bolster an old portfolio filled with papers, which she placed in the hands of the notary. 'You will find that I have 23,000 francs a year in the public funds, two houses in the Rue St. Jaques, one on the Boulevard du Temple, and one on the Quai St. Paul. I recommend my tenants to your care, for they are all honest people, and pay their rents regularly.' These were her last words, for she expired almost immediately after. Yesterday her body was lying in a coffin, covered with a rich pall, and surrounded by one hundred and fifty lighted tapers, in the narrow alley leading to the house in which she lodged, and thence was borne away for interment by a splendid hearse, followed by ten mourning coaches."

BENEVOLENCE.

ELIZABETHA OF HUNGARY. — ANNE BOLEYN. — LADY BURLEIGH. — LADY APSLEY. — ANNE CLIFFORD. — NELL GWYNNE. — MRS. ROWE. — MRS. PORTER. — RUSSIAN PRINCESS. — PRINCESS OF WALES. — MRS. HOWARD. — EMPRESS CATHERINE THE SECOND. — LADY MILLAR. — THE LOTTERY TICKET. — LADY SHEFFIELD. — MARGARET DESMOULINS. — LA BLONDE. — COUNTESS OF WARWICK. — LADIES OF GERMANY. — MRS. HANNAH MORE. — MRS. FRY. — PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. — EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. — WOMEN OF ALL COUNTRIES.

"Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity." — WORDSWORTH.

"Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence." — POPE.

"THE love of benevolence, in its utmost extent, embraces all beings capable of enjoying any portion of good; and thus it becomes *universal* benevolence; which manifests itself by being pleased with the share of good every creature enjoys; in a disposition to increase it; in feeling an uneasiness at their sufferings; and in the abhorrence of cruelty, under every disguise or pretext."

ELIZABETHA, PRINCESS OF HUNGARY.

"Turned ever virtue from another's woe?"

ELIZABETHA was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and married to Lewis, the Landegrave of Thurin-

gia; yet in the midst of riches and abundance she affected poverty and humility. Sometimes, when she remained at home with her maids, she put on the meanest apparel; saying, "That she would never use any other ornament whensoever the good and merciful Lord should put her into a condition wherein she might more freely dispose of herself." When she went to church, she was accustomed to place herself among the poorer sort of women. After the death of her husband, she undertook a pilgrimage, wherein she gave to the poor and necessitous all that came to her hands to dispose of. She built an hospital, and therein made herself an attendant upon the sick and the poor; and when by her father she was recalled into Hungary, she refused to go, preferring this manner of life before the enjoyment of a kingdom.

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF ANNE BOLEYN.

"Strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden." — MILTON.

"QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN is said to have been provided daily with a purse, the contents of which were entirely appropriated to the poor, when she casually met with proper objects; justly thinking no week well passed which did not afford her pleasure in the retrospect. Impressed with this conviction, the unfortunate queen insisted that all her attendants should employ their leisure in making clothes for the poor, which she took care to see properly distributed."

CHARITIES OF LADY BURLEIGH.

"Beside the marble bust
Which marks where venerable goodness waits
The archangel's call, tradition loves to sit
And chronicle her deeds." — MRS. WEST.

LADY BURLEIGH, wife of the celebrated Lord Treasurer of England, was one of the finest examples of active benevolence. The following amiable picture of this lady's character is extracted from a manuscript in the Lansdown collection at the British Museum, which is in Lord Burleigh's own hand-writing.

"I ought to comfort myself," says that great statesman, in his discourse, which he calls a meditation on the death of his lady, "with the remembrance of her many virtuous and goodly actions, wherein she continued all her life, and especially in that she did of late years sundry charitable deeds, whereof she determined to have no outward knowledge while she lived; inasmuch, as when I had little understanding thereof, and asked her wherein she had disposed any charitable gift according to her often wishing that she was able to do some special act for the maintenance of learning, and relief of the poor, she would always only show herself rather desirous so to do, than ever confess any such act, as since her death is manifestly known to me, and confessed by sundry good men, whose names and ministry she secretly used, that she did charge them most strictly, that while she lived, they should never declare the same to me nor to any other. And so now I have seen her earnest writings to that purpose in her own hand.

"The particulars of many of these hereafter do follow, which I do with my own handwriting recite for my comfort in the memory thereof, with assurance that God hath

accepted the same in such favorable sort as findeth now the fruits thereof in heaven.

"About — years since, she caused exhibitions to be secretly given by the hands of the master of St. John's, in Cambridge, for the maintenance of two scholars, for a perpetuity whereof to continue.

"She did cause some lands to be purchased in the name of the Dean of Westminster; who also in his own name did assure the same to that college, for a perpetual maintenance of the said scholars in that college. All which was done without signification of her act or charge, to any manner of person, but only of the dean, and one William Walter, of Wimbledon, whose advice was used for the writing of the purchase and assurance.

"She also did, with the privity of the Deans of Paul's and Westminster, and Mr. Adderly, being free of the Haberdashers of London, give to the company of the said Haberdashers a good sum of money, whereby is provided that every two years there is lent to six poor men of certain special occupations, as smiths, carpenters, weavers, and such like, in Romford, in Essex, twenty pounds apiece, in the whole one hundred and twenty pounds; and in Cheshunt and Wootham, to other six like persons, twenty marks apiece, in the whole fourscore pounds, which relief, by way of loan, is to continue. By the same means is provided for twenty poor people in Cheshunt, the first Sunday in every month, a mess of meat in flesh and bread, and money for drink. And likewise is provided four marks yearly, for four sermons to be preached quarterly, by one of the preachers of St. John's College. And these distributions have been made a long time, while she lived, by some of my servants, without giving me knowledge thereof; though

indeed I had cause to think that she did sometimes bestow such kind of alms; not that I knew of any order taken for continuance thereof, for she would rather commonly use speeches with me, how she was disposed to give all that she could to some such uses, if she could devise to have the same faithfully performed after her life, whereof she always pretended many doubts. And for that she used the advice of the Deans of Paul's and Westminster, and would have her actions kept secret, she forced upon them small pieces of plate, to be used in their chambers, as remembrances of her good will for their pains.

"She did also, four times in the year, secretly send to all the persons in London, money to buy bread, cheese, and drink, commonly for four hundred persons, and many times more, without knowledge from whom the same came.

"She did likewise, sundry times in the year, send shirts, &c., to the poor people, both in London and at Cheshunt.

"She also gave a sum of money to the master of St. John's College, to procure fires in the hall of that college upon all Sundays and holidays, betwixt the feast of All Saints and Candlemas, when there were no ordinary fires at the charge of that college.

"She also gave a sum of money towards a building for a new way at Cambridge to the common school.

"She also provided a great number of books, whereof she gave some to the University of Cambridge, namely, the Great Bible in Hebrew, and four other tongues; and to the College of St. John's, a very many books, in Greek, of divinity and physic, and of other sciences. The like she did to Christ Church and St. John's Col-

lege in Oxford. The like she did to the College of Westminster.

"She did also yearly provide wool and flax, and did distribute it to women in Cheshunt parish, willing them to work the same into yarn, and bring it to her to see the manner of working; and, for the most part, she gave them the stuff by way of alms. Sometimes she caused the same to be wrought into cloth, and gave it to the poor, paying first for the spinning more than it was worth.

"Not long before her death, she caused secretly to be bought, a large quantity of wheat and rye, to be disposed amongst the poor in time of dearth, which remained unspent at her death; but the same confessed by such as provided it secretly, and therefore in conscience, to be so distributed according to her mind."

EXCELLENT TRAITS RECORDED OF LADY APSLEY.

"I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays:
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE lady of Sir Allen Apsley is said to have been pious, liberal, and actively benevolent, fulfilling in all respects the duties of her station. Perhaps the most pleasing trait recorded of her is her kindness to the prisoners in the Tower, to whom the office of her husband, who, two years after their marriage, was appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, gave her access. It is said of her, that "if any were sick, she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited, and took care

of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted, she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison, who were in that place." In one instance, Lady Apsley indeed was a gainer through her benevolence. It was her privilege, during the long confinement of Sir Walter Raleigh, to contribute to his amusement, by furnishing him with the means of performing his costly chemical experiments. Besides the pleasure she must have received from thus gratifying this distinguished individual, and aiding the cause of science, she was herself more than repaid by the information he in return bestowed upon her. She thus acquired a competent knowledge of medicine, which she transmitted to her daughter, and which enabled them both to prosecute their benevolent wishes with skill and success. On a subsequent occasion, it proved of peculiar value to Mrs. Hutchinson. Lady Apsley's charities appear to have been as judicious as they were liberal; for the distressed widows and orphans of officers were her peculiar charge, and her own house was continually filled with poor relatives. Nor did she fail in her domestic duties; she educated her children, guided and instructed her household, and was ever watchful for the spiritual interests of both. Her husband approved and seconded all her good purposes, and from his daughter's account of him, must himself have furnished a bright and singular example of a Christian courtier and gentleman. He was noble, generous, loyal, and disinterested to an almost unparalleled extent. His sacrifices, indeed, to his royal master, James I., could scarcely be credited, except on the authority of so accurate a biographer as Mrs. Hutchinson.*

* See Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her own Life, appended to those of Colonel Hutchinson, lately published in Bohn's Standard Library.

This lady expresses herself thankful for being blessed with parents "both of them pious and virtuous in their own conversation, and careful instructors of her youth, not only by precept, but by example." During the three years which preceded the death of her husband, Lady Apsley waited upon him with the most anxious care. "Not satisfied," her daughter says, "with the attendance of all that were about him, she made herself his nurse, and cook, and physician;" and so successful was she in her treatment of him, in her threefold capacity, that she was the means of "preserving him a great while longer than the doctors thought it possible for his nature to hold out." At length, however, he sunk, and left to his family only the recollection of his virtues and the blessing of his example.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

"The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love;
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."—COWPER.

"ANNE CLIFFORD, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, distinguished herself by her rare merit and singularly high spirit. On coming into possession of her estates, which consisted of five castles in the north of England, with other rich possessions, she resolved on repairing and finishing these fortresses of her ancestors, which had been greatly injured during the civil wars. Oliver Cromwell, who was then at the head of the government, had by his usurpations and tyranny inspired the countess with an aversion for his character, which she took little pains to conceal: Her friends, aware of the jealous temper of the Protector, advised her to be

less lavish in building, hinting that there was cause to fear that her castles would be no sooner rebuilt, than orders would be sent to demolish them. "Let him," said she, with spirit, "destroy them if he will; he shall surely find that as often as he destroys, I will rebuild them, while he leaves me with a shilling in my pocket."

"The churches belonging to the villages on her estates having been beaten down, or converted to other purposes, Anne repaired and rebuilt them; indeed, her expenses in building were estimated at 40,000 pounds. She divided the year into periods, residing in turn at each of her castles, thus superintending the whole of her estates, and carrying blessings in her train. The patroness of the distressed, her ear and heart were open to their complaints; her expanded mind and liberal fortune were in unison; none implored relief from her in vain. To occasional acts of beneficence, she added permanent endowments, among which she founded two hospitals.

"By the side of the road between Penrith and Appleby, appears an affecting monument of her filial gratitude. On this spot she had last parted with a beloved mother, a separation she was accustomed to recall to her mind with tender sorrow, and in commemoration of which she erected a pillar, its base a stone table, known in the country by the name of the Countess' Pillar, on which were engraven her arms, a sun-dial, and the following inscription: 'This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616. In memory whereof, she hath left an annuity of four pounds, to be distrib-

uted to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April forever, upon the stone table hard by. LAVS DEO.' "

The memorial pillar, which has formed the subject of a very pleasing poem of Mrs. Hemans, is thus elegantly alluded to by Rogers: —

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude,
Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?"

"There are numerous instances of her benevolence and liberality. She raised a monument to the memory of the poet Spenser. Her generosity was experienced by several of the ejected ministers, among whom may be mentioned King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester; also Duppa and Morley, both afterwards Bishops of Winchester; to each of whom she allowed four pounds per annum, a sum worth, of course, much more at that period than in the present day. During their distresses abroad, being informed that a sum of money would be more serviceable to them than the annuities, she remitted a thousand pounds, to be divided among them."

The following amusing anecdote is related of this lady, and although it does not relate to our present subject, may serve to illustrate her singular character.

"Among the tenants on the estate of the countess, it was an annual custom, after paying their rents, to present a boon-hen, generally considered as the steward's perquisite, and ever acknowledged as a just claim. A rich clothier from Halifax, whose name was Murgatroyd, having taken a tenement near Skipton, was called upon by the steward for his boon-hen. This he refused to

pay; the high-spirited countess, therefore, commenced a suit against him, which, the parties being alike inflexible, was carried into great length. The countess established her claim, at the expense of two hundred pounds, when, the affair being decided, she invited the defendant to dinner. The hen was served up as a first dish. 'Come, sir,' said the countess, drawing it towards her, 'let us now be friends; since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we will, if you please, divide it between us.'"

NELL GWYNNE'S BOUNTY.

"By bestowing blessings upon others, we entail them on ourselves!" — HORACE SMITH.

"NELL GWYNNE'S Bounty" is generally believed to supply a large portion of the Christmas fare distributed to persons incarcerated for debt in the prisons in and about the metropolis: a writer in the Times newspaper, in inquiring into the manner in which this charity is distributed in the present day, gives the following account of the benevolent donor:

"Nell, in the codicil to her will, October 18, 1687, recommends to the Duke of St. Alban's, her son and heir by King Charles II., 'That his grace would please to lay out 20*l.* yearly, for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison, every Christmas-day.' Nelly, in the following month, paid the debt of nature, being buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, November 17; and the duke, under date of December 5, 1687, assented that the codicil should be received as part of 'poor Nelly's' last will and testament, thereby confirming that gift forever."

'Eleanor Gwynne was an assumption — her real name was Margaret Symcott; and Manning and Bray, in their History of Surrey, (vol. iii., Append., pp. 16, 22,) particularize the boon which needy debtors are supposed to receive from her posthumous bounty: — 'Among the donations to the poor debtors on the common side of the Surrey County Gaol, heretofore known (in her day) by the name of the White Lion Prison, is — "Mrs. Margaret Symcott, (or Eleanor Gwynne,) sixty-five penny loaves, every eight weeks, from the Chamberlain's office, (now Horsemonger-lane Gaol.) The same for poor debtors on the common side of the King's Bench Prison."' This is so stated in the schedule hanging against the wall of the entrance-hall of the last-named mansion of distress."

Nelly was never wanting to alleviate the necessities of the unhappy. Her hand was often extended to relieve debtors; and the cause, though not generally known, was this: her father died while immured in Oxford Gaol for debt, some time, it is believed, before the restoration of that monarch who conferred on "poor Nelly" the celebrity yet attached to her name.

GOODNESS OF MRS. ROWE TO THE POOR.

"Come, child of misfortune! come hither;
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear." — Moore.

"Mrs. Rowe was accustomed to devote the whole of her income, but what was barely sufficient for the necessaries of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed; and it is astonishing how the moderate estate she was possessed of could supply such various and extensive benefactions as she was in the habit of bestowing.

The first time she accepted of a gratification from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress. And once, when she had not by her a sufficient sum of money to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for that benevolent purpose. She was accustomed, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of indigence. Besides the sums of money she gave away, and the distribution of practical books on religious subjects, she employed her own hands in labors of charity to clothe the necessitous. This she did, not only for the natives of the Lower Palatinate, when they were driven from their country by the rage of war, but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almost every kind, and bestow them on those that wanted them. She discovered a strong sense of humanity, and often showed her exquisite concern for the unhappy by weeping over their misfortunes. These were the generous tears of virtue, and not from any weakness, for she was rarely observed to weep at afflictions that befell herself. She used to visit the sick and wretched, to inquire into and supply their wants; and caused children to be taught to read and work, furnishing them with clothing and good books. This she did, not only at Frome, but in a neighboring village, where part of her estate lay. And when she met with children of promising countenances who were perfectly unknown to her, if, upon inquiry, it appeared that, through the poverty of their parents, they were not put to school, she added them to the number of those taught at her own expense. She instructed them her-

self in the plain and necessary principles and duties of religion; and the grief she felt when any of them did not answer the hopes she had entertained, was equal to the great satisfaction she received when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well placed. Her charities were not confined to those of her own opinions; all partook of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence experienced only by the poor, since she was used to say, 'It was one of the greatest benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune:' in pursuance of these generous sentiments, Mrs. Rowe frequently made large presents to persons who were not oppressed with the last extremes of indigence.

"The death of this virtuous and benevolent woman was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable sorrow by all who had heard of her merit, but particularly by the inhabitants of the town where she had so long resided, and her intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death touched the poor and distressed with inexpressible affliction; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loss of their benefactress, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner in which she had heard their requests, and the innumerable instances in which they had experienced her unexampled goodness and bounty."

GENEROUS ACTION OF MRS. PORTER.

"Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine." — POPE.

"IN the summer of 1731, as Mrs. Porter, an actress of considerable celebrity in her day, was taking the air

in her one-horse chaise, she was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded her money. She had the courage to present a pistol to him, but the man assured her he was no common robber; that robbing on the highway was not to him a matter of choice, but of necessity, and in order to relieve the wants of his poor, distressed family. He, at the same time, threw himself on her generosity, and informing her where he lived, told such a melancholy story, that she gave him all the money in her purse, which was about ten guineas. The man left her, when giving a lash to the horse, the chaise was overturned, which caused the dislocation of her thigh-bone. To the honor, however, of Mrs. Porter, it is recorded, that notwithstanding this unlucky and painful accident, which occasioned a lameness during the remainder of her life, she made strict inquiry after the robber; and, finding that she had not been deceived, she raised among her acquaintance about sixty pounds, which she sent to him for his relief."

NOBLE EXAMPLE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

"Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great." — BEATTIE.

"MICHAEL SCHUPPACH, the Swiss doctor, who, by the wonderful cures he wrought on persons who had been given up by regular physicians, had obtained so great a celebrity during the last century, was often visited by people of distinction and fortune, especially from Germany. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and

partly out of curiosity: and among them, many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquess attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquess had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbor of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbor, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquess was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and, therefore, chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbor, Michael, was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis-d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old, dirty-looking fellow. The Russian princess, hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis-d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquess, who, of course, could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant, with the long beard, and said, 'Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country.' Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words: — 'Take this as a remembrance of me, and as

a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age.'"

BENEFICENCE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here!" — COWPER.

"HER Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, mother of George the Third, soon after her arrival in England, being accustomed to peruse the daily newspapers, perceived in one of them, December, 1742, the following advertisement: — 'A man who has served his country bravely is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family, too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortune, and may be witnesses of his present, by calling at ———.'

"The benevolent princess was struck with this advertisement, and she resolved to see the miserable man who advertised. In a simple morning-dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set out about noon; a lady, who was her favorite and companion, walked slowly behind her. They eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

"The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment, which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features expressed at once poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, and whose face outdid her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and

graceful man sat before a *cold fire*, having on his knee a boy wrapped round in a flannel petticoat; over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with looks of affection and anguish. All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and clasped her in her arms, as she had suddenly entered this mansion of horror. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of its hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, 'With all my heart.'

"The scene that ensued surpasses all description. Hope and expectation sat trembling on the parents' eyes, while sensibility and pity beamed from the royal visitor's features, and diffused over all her countenance a graceful sorrow and dejection.

"The attending lady disclosed their business. 'They had read his advertisement,' she said, 'and were desirous of receiving the information which it promised.' The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story. His voice was good, his style was simple, and he spoke with precision, fluency, and grace.

"He informed her Royal Highness of the whole of his misfortunes. 'He had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany. A knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves. One of these hot-headed youths had sent him a challenge, on a very frivolous pretence, which, from motives of duty and honor, he refused to accept. Pretences were drawn from this, and combinations were formed, to insult and ruin him. They

represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer, and a bad officer. His conduct was inquired into, and, overpowered by numbers, he was broken for crimes which he never committed. After this, he set out immediately, with his little family, for England, to lay his case before the Secretary of War, and to implore justice; but having no powerful friend to introduce him into the War-office, the secretary would not listen to his complaints. This put a period to his hopes. His wife was then seized with sickness, and being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies, or a surgeon's attendance, the distemper was soon communicated to the children; and, in a fit of agony and despair, he had sent the advertisement to the newspapers, as the last resource which a gentleman's honor could submit to.'

"It was a case of unfeigned distress; and the princess thought, that, in his present desperate situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. She presented him with ten guineas, and told him, that 'the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related the story, felt for him, and would procure justice to him his wife, and his infants.' The astonished ensign had almost dropped on one knee, to make his acknowledgments for her condescension and goodness; but, rushing to the door, she hurried down stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapped in wonder and gratitude.

"The princess immediately applied to the Duke of Cumberland in the officer's behalf; and after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders. Thus provided, she enjoined him to prepare for the expedition, and to leave his little family under

her protection till his return. He willingly resigned it to so beneficent a guardian, and set off for his regiment. While abroad, he behaved with so much prudence and bravery, that after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he returned to England with a major's commission. He afterwards lost his life in the battle of Munden."

THE WIFE OF THE PHILANTHROPIC HOWARD.

"She hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."—SHAKSPEARE.

"WHO is it," says Fitzosborne, "that is placed out of the reach of the highest of all gratifications, those of the generous affections, and that cannot provide for his own happiness by contributing something to the welfare of others? To complain that life has no joys, while there is a creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die for thirst with the cup in our hands.

"The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of a singularly congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year, he found a balance in his favor, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis, for her gratification. 'What a beautiful cottage for a poor family might be built with that money!' was the benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed that greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake."

GENEROSITY OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE.

"To the just Gods, not us, pertaineth vengeance."
THOMSON.

"Generous sympathy, which shines confest,
Eternal inmate of the noble breast." — ANNA SEWARD.

"WHEN Dr. Dimsdale inoculated Catherine II. for the small-pox, the princess took precautions for securing his personal safety in case of her death. Finding herself much indisposed on a particular day, she sent for Dimsdale, whom she had already remunerated in a manner becoming so great a sovereign. 'I experience,' said she, 'certain sensations which render me apprehensive for my life. My subjects would, I fear, hold you accountable for any accident that might befall me. I have, therefore, stationed a yacht in the Gulf of Finland, on board of which you will embark as soon as I am no more, and whose commander, in consequence of my orders, will carry you out of all danger.'

"During the residence of the Comte d'Artois at St. Petersburgh, he received every attention and politeness from the Empress Catherine, who was anxious to show him that peculiar benevolence which a sensible mind feels for misfortune.

"Being afterwards about to return to England, the empress ordered a frigate to be fitted up in a magnificent manner for his conveyance; and the night before his departure, she sent him forty thousand roubles in money, and a case filled with watches and other jewellery. The present was accompanied with the following delicate note:

"'On the eve of quitting this country, your Royal Highness will, no doubt, be desirous to make small pres-

ents to those who have attended you during your residence here; but, as you know, sir, that I have prohibited all commerce and communication with France, you will seek such trifles in vain in this city; they are not to be found in all Russia, except in my cabinet. I trust, therefore, that your Royal Highness will accept these from your affectionate friend!'"

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LITERATURE

"O, grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
To see that virtue should despised be;
Of such as first were raised for virtue's parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be;
O, let not those of whom the muses scorned,
Alive or dead, be by the muse adorned."

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time.*

LADY MILLAR, of Bath-Easton, near Bath, adopted a novel method of encouraging genius, and at the same time benefiting the poor.

This lady held an assembly at her elegant villa, once a fortnight, during the Bath season. She rendered this meeting a poetical institution, giving out subjects at each assembly for poems to be read at the ensuing one.

The verses were deposited in an antique Etruscan vase, and were drawn out by gentlemen appointed to read them aloud, and to judge of their rival merits. These gentlemen, ignorant of the authors, selected three poems from the collection, which they thought most worthy of the three myrtle wreaths decreed as the rewards and honors of the day. The names of the persons who had obtained the prizes were then announced by Lady Millar. Once a year, the most ingenious of these productions were published, and the profits applied to the benefit of a

charity at Bath; so that Lady Millar's institution was not only calculated to awaken and cultivate ingenuity, but to serve the purposes of benevolence and charity. It had continued about six years, when it was put a period to by the death of its amiable patroness, which happened in July, 1781.

BENEVOLENT SERVANT-MAID.

"Earn, if you want; if you abound, impart:
These both are pleasures to the feeling heart."
COWPER.

"IN the year preceding the French Revolution, a servant-girl, in Paris, had the good fortune to gain a prize of fifteen hundred pounds in the lottery. She immediately waited on the parish priest, and generously put two hundred louis-d'ors into his hands, for the relief of the most indigent and industrious poor in the district; accompanying the donation with this admirable and just observation, 'Fortune could only have been kind to me, in order that I might be kind to others.'"

EXTENSIVE BENEVOLENCE OF LADY SHEFFIELD.

"So should young sympathy, in female form,
Climb the tall rock, spectatress of the storm;
Life's sinking wrecks with secret sighs deplore,
And bleed for others' woes, herself on shore;
To friendless Virtue, gasping on the strand,
Bare her warm heart, her virgin arms expand;
Charm with kind looks, with tender accents cheer,
And pour the sweet consolatory tear." — DR. DARWIN.

"WHEN the disastrous events of the French Revolution had thrown so many of its victims on British bounty, among those who were foremost to open their

houses and their purses to the unfortunate emigrants was Lord Sheffield, while his amiable wife rivalled her generous partner in mitigating the sufferings of so many unhappy persons. Priests and laity, men and women of all ranks and opinions, provided they were honest and unfortunate, found protection in the house, relief in the bounty, and comfort in the friendship, of this virtuous couple. Lady Sheffield was particular in her attentions towards them; sometimes, with her own hands, she administered relief to the French women, thus sparing their delicacy while she provided for their wants; at other times, she brought them medical assistance. In concert with her husband, she commissioned their friends to find out all the sick emigrants, whom she placed in an hospital, of which her brother was governor, and she furnished clothes to those that wanted them. After carrying on this 'labor of love' for some time, her ladyship at length fell a victim to her zeal and benevolence. For some time she had been afflicted with a violent and almost incessant pain in her side, which she would not suffer to interrupt the course of her humanity. She had just fitted up a house for the accommodation of those who, being afflicted with contagious diseases, were kept, by the fears of others, at a distance from all kind of relief.

"On Good Friday, in 1793, Lady Sheffield spent nearly two hours in this hospital, and two more at church, in extremely cold weather. The next day a pleurisy came on, and on the Tuesday following she terminated her valuable life. The loss of such a character could not be too much regretted by mankind."

FIDELITY OF MARGARET DESMOULINS.

"What is virtue?"

THE above question having been proposed to an ancient philosopher, he made the following reply: "Remarkable and brilliant virtue is that which supports woe and labor, or which exposes itself to danger, in order to be useful to others, and that without expecting or desiring any recompense."

A poor female domestic, in Paris, gave a great example of benevolence, which occasioned the French Academy to decree in her favor the prize they were in the habit of bestowing annually upon the most virtuous action.

The widow Henault, many years vendor of snuff in the enclosure of the Abbey St. Germain, became poor and helpless at the age of seventy-five years, after having lived respectably, and well established two of her children. At length, not being able to pay her rent, she was under the necessity of leaving her shop, and had no home for shelter; even her children abandoned her: she would have been left to perish with hunger and cold, but for the kind disposition of a domestic, who had lived with her three-and-twenty years, and to whom she was indebted for fifteen years' wages. This excellent female, named Margaret Desmoulins, implored the charity of a neighbor to obtain an asylum for her mistress in a corner of his shop, where she continued her trade. As this was inconsiderable, and not always sufficient for the wants of her dear *protégée*, she tried to supply them by knitting and sewing work, or selling clothes. She even carried her generosity to the extent of refusing conditions offered to her for her services, because her mistress would no longer have any person to take care of her.

Ah! what recompense could this virtuous girl expect? She received not even the sentiment of gratitude; for the widow Henault, incapable of appreciating the services she rendered her, often struck her in anger. Do we not see true benevolence in the conduct of Margaret Desmoulins, which, in obliging, seeks only for the sweetness of doing a good action?

SELF-DEVOTION OF LA BLONDE.

"Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
The good can never be unfortunate:
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind."

GRAINGER.

THE amiable character of another female domestic is equally deserving of our esteem and admiration.

This young woman, named La Blonde, was in the service of M. Migeon, a furrier, in St. Honoré-street, in Paris; this tradesman, being embarrassed in his affairs, was not deserted by his faithful domestic, who remained at his house without receiving any salary. Migeon, some years afterwards, died, leaving a wife and two young children without the means of support. But the cares of La Blonde were now transferred to the assistance of the distressed family of her deceased master, for whose support she expended fifteen hundred francs, the fruit of her labor, and two hundred livres of rent from her small patrimony. From time to time, this worthy servant was offered other situations, but to all such offers she replied by the inquiry, "Who will take care of this family, if I desert them?" At length the widow Migeon, consumed with grief, became ill. La Blonde, who had no more money, then sold her linen,

clothes, and all her effects; she passed her days in comforting her dying mistress, and at night went to take care of the sick, in order to have the means of relieving her wants. The widow Migeon died on the 28th of April, 1787. Some persons then proposed to La Blonde to send the two little orphans to the poor-house; but the generous girl, indignant at this proposition, replied, "that at Ruel, her native country, her two hundred livres of rent would suffice for their subsistence and her own."

Are there many persons in the world who can boast of as much benevolence as this simple domestic? And should we not be tempted to conclude, from the two virtuous facts here recited, that the most exquisite sensibility, the most lively regard for the unfortunate, reign in the bosoms of the lowest classes of society?

DONATIONS OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

"Thy great example left behind,
Shall still to man extend thy care;
Disclose the surest path to fame,
And nobly point the social aim
To save, to pity, and to spare!" — WARWICK.

"THE celebrated Countess of Warwick always devoted a third part of her income to charitable purposes. It was to her a grateful occupation to inquire after and relieve the wants of those who were suffering within the circle of her benevolent influence. There was no description of human misery which she did not endeavor to alleviate. She sought for those who were unable to work, but ashamed to beg; and many a poor widow, deserted orphan, and falling family pining in obscurity, were thus unexpectedly relieved; often, when assured of

their merit, she would suddenly advance them from the very lowest depths of poverty, and realize hopes which had long subsided. Foreigners, who had fled to England for the exercise of their religion; young persons of promising abilities, but inefficient means; destitute ministers of various denominations; and deserving individuals whose incomes were insufficient for their support, found in the Countess of Warwick a munificent protectress. Not only her mansion and table, but her confidence and advice, were open to all who shared the privilege of her acquaintance; and in the humblest classes of society, if any were sick or distressed, their first application was to this excellent countess. In her regard and compassion towards the indigent, a convenient house was erected, both at her residence in London and in the country, to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, when assembled for the receipt of her usual bounty. Twice in the week, bread and beef were provided for the poor of four parishes; and in her will, in addition to numerous other charities, she ordered that the same should be continued for four months after her death, and that one hundred pounds should be distributed among them."

THE LADIES OF GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

"Yet, whilst we, sorrowing, tread this earthly ball,
For human woes a human tear will fall;
—Blest be that tear!—who gives it, doubly blest,
That heals with balm the orphan's wounded breast!"

ROSCOE.

"THE miseries of war which afflicted Europe so severely in the years 1813 and 1814 fell with increased force on the kingdom of Saxony, which became the arena of the contest, and was the scene of some of the

most important battles recorded in history. Thousands of widows and orphans had to lament the loss of husbands and parents in the dreadful conflict, and, their property destroyed by remorseless war, were left entirely destitute; but charity, the darling attribute of woman, stretched its hand to their relief; and committees of ladies were formed, both in England and Germany, for the sufferers on the continent. In England, the list boasted of all who were most distinguished for their rank, wealth, and virtue; and in Germany the female philanthropists were not less respectable. The following address from the ladies of Germany to the ladies of England exhibits a fine instance of extensive female benevolence:—

"To the Ladies of England, from the Ladies of Germany.

"*Dresden, June* 30, 1814.

"With emotions of joy and gratitude, we have learned from the public prints the formation of committees of benevolent British females, whose efforts are devoted to the alleviation of the distresses of the continent, and who in particular deeply sympathize in the forlorn state of the unfortunate orphans of Saxony, which has had to sustain so severe a trial. Here, too, was formed a similar society, which is exclusively engaged in providing for these destitute little ones. Judge, then, what must have been our feelings when we heard that our sisters in England were making our most important concern their own. With deep emotion we join them in their good work; and approach them with the confidence which the Christian sentiment of charity and benevolence so easily inspires. Let us, then, frankly acquaint you with our distresses, as well as with what has been done to relieve

them, and what we venture to solicit of our generous British sisters. We need not repeat how grievously our country (in which the emancipation of Europe was achieved) has suffered from the war and its formidable train,—want and famine, disease and misery, devastation and death! All this the public papers have announced; and we know that you cannot be strangers to the subject in general. We wish, however, that we could describe to you the individual distress which surrounds us, the deplorable state of the children, who have lost father and mother, and everything along with them; and yet we durst not give you a faithful picture of it, as it would wound your hearts too deeply. It is most painful to hear in what a state these children, especially those of very tender age, have been found by those excellent men who feel themselves called by God to seek out misery in its most secret retreats. They were, therefore, the first to endeavor to alleviate their condition, and to invite all philanthropic Christians, both at home and abroad, to take compassion, according to our Saviour's injunctions, on these little ones. They addressed themselves in particular to our sex, to whose care the children were especially committed. And God gave power to their voice; so that from all quarters came offers to take these orphans, and contributions for their support. The committee in London for relieving the distresses occasioned by the war in Germany has in particular exerted itself in our behalf, and gives us hopes that it will do still more. But in Saxony also an excellent spirit was displayed; and those to whom Providence had preserved part of their property cheerfully extended their aid to such as were left quite destitute. In this manner, about two hundred children have already been placed in fami-

lies; and four small institutions, corresponding with our abilities at the time, have been erected, into which the orphans are received, till new parents can be found for them. One of these is at Dippoldiswalda, for boys; the second at Grunberg, for girls; and the other two at Pirna and Dresden, for children of both sexes. So long as we can meet with families willing to receive our little ones into the midst of them, we have nothing more to wish on their account. But naturally this number must decrease more and more; and for this reason,—because the managers of these institutions are unwilling to place any of the children out of their depopulated native country, and their yet remaining resources will be speedily exhausted. We are, therefore, desirous of giving permanence to these institutions, (at least to one of them,) that the orphans who cannot be otherwise provided for may be there received, educated, and supported, till they shall be able to earn their own living. To you, then, beloved sisters, we turn, and entreat you to devote to this object the bounty which you may have destined for our poor infants. We will gladly transmit to you an account of its application, and punctually follow every direction that you may give respecting it. Encouraged by your coöperation, we shall exert ourselves the more cheerfully, and God, who blesses whatever is done for His sake, will not fail to prosper the sisterly covenant in which we are united. (Signed)

"Freidericka, Countess of Dohna, (born of Stolberg,) Directress of the Orphan House at Gunberg.
"Auguste von Thummel, (born Baroness of Westhern,) Directress of the Orphan House at Pirna.
"Louise von Schonberg, (born Countess of Stolberg,) Directress of the Orphan House at Dresden.
"Johanna Augusta Ultmann, (born Lessing,) Directress of the Orphan House at Dippoldiswalda."

BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS OF MRS. HANNAH MORE.

"We are born to do benefits." — SHAKSPEARE.

FROM her earliest acquaintance with society, Mrs. Hannah More had seen with sorrow the levity of manners, the indifference to religion, and the total disregard of the Sabbath, which prevailed in its higher circles. Not content with holding herself uncontaminated, she felt it to be her duty to make an effort for a reformation, and with this end she published "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." To appreciate the value of the effort, we must remember that these "Thoughts" were not the animadversions of a recluse, but of one who was flattered, admired, and courted, by the very people whom she was about to reprove; that the step might probably exclude her from those circles in which she had hitherto been so caressed. But the happiness of her friends was dearer to her than their favor. That the probable consequences did not ensue, does not diminish her merit. This work, and the one which speedily followed it, "An Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World," were popular beyond hope; and the wish of Bishop Porteous, "that it might be placed in the hands of every person of condition," was almost realized. It is unnecessary to dwell on these works; they are too well known; they established her reputation as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command of language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes. Besides the above works, an excellent and vigorous poem, entitled "Slavery," was written by Mrs. Hannah More, to aid the efforts which Clarkson and

Wilberforce were making in behalf of the African slave, and in which she heartily sympathized.

In withdrawing herself from general society, Mrs. More had cherished the hope of devoting herself to meditation and literary leisure. But there was no rest for her but in the consciousness of being useful. In the course of her rambles in the neighborhood of her residence, she was shocked to find the same vices, against which she had lifted up her voice in high places, existing in the peasant's cottage, in a different form, but heightened by ignorance, both mental and spiritual. Though in a feeble state of health, she could not withhold herself from the attempt to effect a reformation.

In this she had no coadjutors but her sisters, who, having acquired a competency, had retired from school-keeping, and had with her a common home. Provision was made by law for the support of clergymen; but the Vicar of Cheddar received his fifty pounds a year, and resided at Oxford; and the Rector of Axbridge "was intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly acquired by fighting."

She commenced operations by seeking to establish a school at Cheddar. Some of the obstacles she encountered may be best related in her own words: "I was told we should meet with great opposition, if I did not try to propitiate the chief despot of the village, who is very rich and very brutal; so I ventured to the den of this monster, in a country as savage as himself. He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country; it made the poor lazy and useless. In vain I represented to him that they would be more industrious as they were better principled; and that I had no selfish

views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand that he knew the world too well to believe either the one or the other. I was almost discouraged from more visits; but I found that friends must be secured, at all events; for if these rich savages set their faces against us, I saw that nothing but hostilities would ensue; so I made eleven more of these agreeable visits; and, as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better success. Miss W. would have been shocked, had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I praised, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend me to a house, and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor-rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then mine was a good speech, for I gained in time the hearty concurrence of the whole people, and their promise to discourage or favor the poor as they were attentive or negligent in sending their children." The vicarage house, which had not been occupied for a hundred years, was hired as a schoolhouse. "The vicar," she says, "who lives a long way off, is repairing the house for me; and, as he is but ninety-four years old, he insists on my taking a lease, and is as rigorous about the rent as if I were taking it for an assembly-room."

The prejudices of the poor were more difficult to be overcome than those of the rich. Some thought that her design was to make money, by sending off their children for slaves. Others, that, if she instructed them for seven years, she would acquire such a control as to

be able to send them beyond seas. But she persisted, and her success was great beyond expectation. In a short time, she had at Cheddar near three hundred children, under the charge of a discreet matron, whom she hired for the purpose.

Encouraged by this success, she extended her field of operations, and established schools at several other villages. The nearest of these was six miles from her home; the labor and fatigue of superintending the whole was therefore very great. But she declined an assistant, for reasons stated in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, who had offered to seek for one. "An ordinary person would be of no use; one of a superior cast, who might be able to enter into my views, and further them, would occasion an expense equal to the support of one or two more schools. It will be time enough to think of your scheme when I am quite laid by. This hot weather makes me suffer terribly; yet I have, now and then, a good day, and on Sunday was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown up lads had been tried at the last assizes; there were children of a person lately condemned to be hanged; many thieves; all ignorant, profane, and vicious, beyond belief. Of this banditti I have enlisted one hundred and seventy; and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also a magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or to punish in some way, he burst into tears."

Her plan was not limited to intellectual and spiritual instruction. The children were taught to sew, to spin and to knit. Nor were her labors confined to the advancement of the well-being of the young; she sought

to introduce branches of manufacture suitable to the strength and sex of the women, and she arranged with master manufacturers to buy the products of their labor. She sought to establish habits of economy, by getting up associations, in which each contributed a portion of her earnings, on condition of receiving a support in case she should be disabled from labor. This was a work of difficulty. Though the subscription was only three halfpence per week, yet many could not raise even this: such were privately assisted. Other inducements, besides considerations of providence, must be held out to the improvident. "An anniversary feast of tea was held, at which some of the clergy and better sort of people were present. The patronesses waited on the women, who sat and enjoyed their dignity. The journal and state of affairs was read. A collateral advantage resulted from this. The women, who used to plead that they could not go to church because they had no clothes, now went. The necessity of going to church, in procession, on the anniversary, raised an honest ambition to get something decent to wear, and the churches on Sunday were filled with very clean-looking women."

Similar machinery was brought into exercise to advance the cause of her schools. Two years after the first attempt, we find this apology for not sooner writing to a friend: "I have been too busy in preparing for a grand celebration, distinguished by the pompous name of *Mendip Feast*, the range of hills, you remember, in this country, on the top of which we yesterday gave a dinner of beef, and plum-pudding, and cider, to our schools. These were not six hundred children, for I would not admit the new schools, telling them they must be good for a year or two, to be entitled to so great a thing as a

dinner. Curiosity had drawn a great multitude, for a country so thinly peopled; one wondered whence five thousand people — for that was the calculation — could come. We all parted with the most perfect peace, having fed about nine hundred people for less than a *fine* dinner for twenty costs."

* * * *

In the year 1792, affairs wore a very gloomy and threatening aspect in England. French revolutionary and atheistical principles seemed to be spreading wide their destructive influence. Indefatigable pains were taken, not only to agitate and mislead, but to corrupt and poison, the minds of the populace. At this crisis, letters poured in upon Mrs. More, from persons of eminence, earnestly calling upon her to produce some little tract which might serve to counteract these pernicious efforts. The intimate knowledge she had shown of human nature, and the lively and clear style of her writings, which made them attractive, pointed her out as the proper person for such an effort. Though she declined an open attempt to stem the torrent, which she thought a work beyond her powers, she yet felt it to be her duty to try them in secret, and in a few hours com posed the dialogue of "Village Politics, by Will Chip." The more completely to keep the author unknown, it was sent to a new publisher. In a few days, every post from London brought her a present of this admirable little tract, with urgent entreaties that she would use every possible means of disseminating it, as the strongest antidote that could be administered to the prevailing poison. It flew with a rapidity almost incredible into the remotest parts of the kingdom. Government distributed many thousands. Numerous patriotic associ-

ations printed large editions; and in London only, many hundred thousands were distributed.

Internal evidence betrayed the secret of the authorship; and, when the truth came out, innumerable were the thanks and congratulations which bore cordial testimony to the merit of a performance, by which the tact and intelligence of a single female had turned the tide of misguided opinion. Many affirmed that it contributed essentially to prevent a revolution.

The success of "Village Politics" encouraged Mrs. More to venture on a more extensive undertaking. The institution of Sunday-schools, which had enabled multitudes to read, threatened to be a curse instead of a blessing; for while no healthy food was furnished for their minds, the friends of infidelity and vice carried their exertions so far as to load asses with their pernicious pamphlets, and to get them dropped, not only in cottages and in the highways, but into mines and coal-pits. Sermons and catechisms were already furnished in abundance; and the enemy made use of the alluring vehicles of novels, tales and songs, and she thought it right to meet them with their own weapons.

She therefore determined to produce three tracts every month, written in a lively manner, under the name of the "Cheap Repository." The success surpassed her most sanguine expectations. Two millions were sold in the first year, a circumstance perhaps new in the annals of printing. But this very success, she tells us, threatened to be her ruin; for, in order to supplant the trash, it was necessary to undersell it, thus incurring a certain loss. This, however, was met by a subscription on the part of the friends of good order and morals.

The exertion which it required to produce these tracts,

to organize her plans, and to conduct a correspondence with the committees formed in various parts of the kingdom, materially undermined her health. She continued them, however, for three years. "It has been," she writes, "no small support to me that my plan met with the warm protection of so many excellent persons. They would have me believe that a very formidable riot among the colliers was prevented by my ballad of 'The Riot.' The plan was settled; they were resolved to work no more; to attack the mills first, and afterwards the gentry. A gentleman gained their confidence, and a few hundreds were distributed, and sung with the effect, they say, mentioned above, a fresh proof by what weak instruments evils are now and then prevented. The leading tract for the next month is the bad economy of the poor. You, my dear madam, will smile to see your friend figuring away in the new character of a cook furnishing receipts for cheap dishes. It is not, indeed, a very brilliant career; but I feel that the value of a thing lies so much more in its usefulness than its splendor, that I think I should derive more gratification from being able to lower the price of bread, than from having written the Iliad."

How admirable are the sentiments here expressed! and how much gratitude does Mrs. More deserve from us for her many excellent works! She could not have bestowed a greater benefit upon society than in the admirable lessons which remain from her gifted pen. It is gratifying to find, that even the noblest in the land appreciated her worth in her own times: and that when the education of the Princess Charlotte became a subject of serious attention and inquiry, the advice and assistance of Mrs. More were requested by the queen. This worthy lady was strongly recommended to that important

office by Bishop Porteous, but it being her own wish in this case to have the *entire* direction of her Royal Highness' education, those who were in power at the time thought it would be placing in her too great a confidence, so that Mrs. More declined any engagement in a subordinate capacity, and the negociation ended. Her ideas on the subject were given to the world under the title of "Hints for forming the Character of a Young Princess," a book which subsequently was a great favorite with her for whose benefit it was intended, and doubtless contributed to the formation of those virtues and principles which made her death so much lamented.

THE REFORMATION OF NEWGATE.

"Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

SHAKSPEARE.

"THE benevolent Mrs. Fry, being induced to visit Newgate by the representations of its state made by some persons of the Society of Friends, found the female portion of its inmates in a situation which no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women, sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in the two wards, and two cells which are now appropriated to the untried alone, and are found quite inadequate to contain even the diminished number. Every one, even the governor, was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even his presence would not prevent its being torn from her. She saw enough to convince her

that the wretched inmates of the prison were engaged in every species of wickedness. 'In short,' said she to her friend, Mr. Buxton, in giving him this account, 'all I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality: the filth, the closeness of the room, the ferocious manners, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are quite indescribable.'

"Circumstances rendered any attempt on Mrs. Fry's part to reform these wretched beings impossible at that time; but about Christmas, 1816, she resumed her visits, and succeeded in forming a ladies' committee, consisting of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan which they had conceived of restoring the degraded portion of their sex confined within the walls of Newgate to the paths of knowledge and of virtue. The committee professed their willingness to suspend every other engagement and avocation, to devote themselves to Newgate, and they faithfully performed their promise; for, with no interval of relaxation, and with but few intermissions from the calls of other and more imperious duties, they literally *lived* among the prisoners. It was predicted, and by many too whose wisdom and benevolence added weight to their opinions, that those who had set at defiance the law of the land, with all its terrors, would very speedily revolt from an authority which had nothing to enforce it, and nothing more to recommend it than its simplicity and gentleness. That these ladies were enabled to resist the cogency of these reasons, and to embark and to persevere in so forlorn and desperate an enterprise, in spite of many a warning without, and many an apprehension within, is

not the least remarkable circumstance in their proceedings: but intercourse with the prisoners had inspired them with a confidence which was not easily to be shaken; and feeling that their design was intended for the good and for the happiness of others, they trusted that it would receive the guidance and protection of Him, who is often pleased to accomplish the highest purposes by the most feeble instruments.

"A school being thus established by these ladies within the prison, for the purpose of teaching these unhappy women to read and work, their next care was to provide employment. It occurred to one of the committee, that Botany Bay might be supplied with stockings, and indeed all articles of clothing, manufactured by the prisoners. She therefore called upon Messrs. Richard Dixon and Co., of Fenchurch-street, and candidly told them, that she was desirous of depriving them of this branch of their trade, and, stating her views, begged their advice. They said, at once, that they would not in any way obstruct such laudable designs, and that no further trouble need be taken to provide work, for they would engage to do it.

"During the first month, the ladies were anxious that the attempt should be secret, that it might meet with no interruption; at the end of that time, as the experiment had been made and had succeeded even beyond their expectations, it was deemed expedient to apply to the corporation of London. It was considered that the school would be more permanent, if it were made a part of the prison system of the city, than if it merely depended on individuals. In consequence, a short letter, descriptive of the progress already made, was written to the sheriffs. The next day an answer was received, proposing a meeting with the ladies at Newgate.

"In compliance with this appointment, the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and several of the aldermen, attended. The prisoners were assembled together, and it being requested that no alteration in their usual practice might take place, one of the ladies read a chapter in the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their various avocations. Their attention during the time of reading; their orderly and sober deportment; their decent dress; the absence of everything like tumult, noise, or contention; the obedience and the respect shown by them; and the cheerfulness visible in their countenances and manners, conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors.

"The magistrates, to evince their sense of the importance of the alterations which had been effected, immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate, empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron, and loaded the ladies with thanks and benedictions.

"The effect wrought by the advice and admonitions of the ladies may, perhaps, be evinced more forcibly by a single and slight occurrence, than by any description. It was a practice of immemorial usage for convicts, on the night preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and to break everything breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting, with the most hardened effrontery. When the period approached, every one dreaded this night of disturbance and devastation. To the surprise of the oldest turnkey, no noise was heard, not a window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors: the next day, they entered their conveyances without any

tumult; and their departure, in the tears that were shed, and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral procession; and so orderly was their behavior, that it was unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort."

"'It will naturally be asked,' says Mr. Buxton, 'how and by what vital principles was the reformation in Newgate accomplished? How were the few ladies, of no extraordinary influence, unknown even by name to the magistrates of the metropolis, enabled with such facility to guide those who had baffled all authority, and defied all the menaces of the law?—how was it that they

"Wielded at will this fierce democracy?"

How did they divest habit of its influence? By what charm did they transform vice into virtue, not into order? A visit to Newgate explained all. I found that the ladies ruled by the law of kindness, written in their hearts, and displayed in their actions. They spoke to the prisoners with affection, mixed with prudence. These had long been rejected by all reputable society. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion, or seen the example of real virtue. They had steeled their minds against the terrors of punishment; but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeeds; and that virtue which discovered itself in such amiable exertions for them recommended itself to their imitation with double attractions.'

"Queen Charlotte, being informed of the laudable exertions of Mrs. Fry, expressed a wish to see her; and in an interview which took place, testified in the most flattering terms the admiration which she felt for her conduct.

"The grand jury of the city of London also marked their approbation of Mrs. Fry's meritorious services, in their report to the court at the Old Bailey, on visiting Newgate the 21st of February, 1818, in the following handsome manner:

"'The grand jury cannot conclude this report without expressing, in an especial manner, the peculiar gratification they experience in observing the important services rendered by Mrs. Fry and her friends, and the habits of religion, order, industry and cleanliness, which her humane, benevolent and praiseworthy exertions have introduced among the female prisoners; and that, if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males as well as females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world (as is now too generally the case) hardened in vice and depravity, they would be restored to it repentant, and probably become useful members of society.'

"The grand jury repeated the same sentiments in a letter which they wrote to Mrs. Fry herself, enclosing a donation for her Benevolent Fund."

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

"A soul more spotless never claimed a tear;
A heart more tender, open, and sincere;
A hand more ready blessings to bestow;
Beloved, lamented, and without a foe;
How prized in life, say ye who knew her well;
How wept in death, a nation's tears may tell."
Epitaph on H. R. H. the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

MANY instances have been recorded of the benevolence of the lamented Princess Charlotte, whose compas-

sionate disposition was ever directed in some act of beneficence for the consolation of the distressed.

"During the residence of her Royal Highness at Bognor, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, an officer of long standing in the army was arrested for a small sum, and being at a distance from his friends, and unable to procure bail, he was on the point of being torn from his family, to be conveyed to Arundel gaol. The circumstance came to the knowledge of the princess, who, in the momentary impulse of generous feeling, exclaimed, 'I will be his bail!' Then, suddenly recollecting herself, she inquired the amount of the debt; which being told her, 'There,' said she, handing a purse with more than the sum, 'take this to him; it is hard that he who has exposed his life in the field of battle should ever experience the rigors of a prison.'

"During the last illness of an old female attendant, formerly nurse to the Princess Charlotte, she visited her every day, sat by her bedside, and with her own hand administered the medicine prescribed. When death had closed the eyes of this poor woman, instead of fleeing in haste from an object so appalling to the young and gay in general, the princess remained and gave utterance to the compassion she felt on viewing the remains in that state from which majesty itself cannot be exempt. A friend of the deceased, seeing her Royal Highness was much affected, said, 'If your Royal Highness would condescend to touch her, perhaps you would not dream of her.' 'Touch her,' replied the amiable princess, 'yes, poor thing! and kiss her too; almost the only one I ever kissed, except my poor mother!' Then bending her graceful head over the coffin of her humble friend, she

pressed her warm lips to the clay-cold cheeks, while tears of sensibility flowed from her eyes.

"When, on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, she retired with her consort to Claremont, she found a poor old woman, Dame Bewly, who had formerly lived with several families who had successively occupied the estate; but who, worn down with age and infirmity, was unable to labor any longer. She was now living on the occasional charity of the mansion, and the small earnings of her aged husband. No sooner did the benevolent princess hear of this, than she visited Dame Bewly, whom she found endeavoring to read an old Bible, the small print of which, to her enfeebled eyes, was almost undistinguishable.

"The next day, the princess sent her a new prayer-book and a Bible of the largest print; her shattered cottage was rebuilt, and she no longer lived on the precarious bounty of the successive Lords of Claremont.

"The Princess Charlotte's acts of beneficence were alike distinguished for their liberality and judiciousness. Her bounty was invariably preceded by inquiry, and never, with her knowledge, did it fall but on merit and virtue. Her Royal Highness carried this habit of discrimination even into the choice of her tradesmen. More than one of these were indebted for the preference they obtained to the honorable anxiety of the princess to indemnify them for the losses which they had sustained through other less opulent branches of the royal family. In the majority of cases, however, the motive for selection was of a more unmixed kind, the pure desire of doing the most good with the money which she expended.

"Finding that all who had applied for the honor of serving her household with meat were opulent, her Royal

Highness inquired if there were no other butchers in Esher. The steward at first replied he believed there was no other; but on recollection, he said there was one man, but that he was in such low circumstances that it would be impossible for him to undertake the contract. 'I should like to see this man,' said the princess. He was, of course, though very unexpectedly, summoned to Claremont; when he candidly confessed that his poverty was such as to make it impossible for him to send in such meat as he would wish to supply to the royal household; he never even thought of offering himself as a candidate for the contract. 'What sum,' inquired the princess, 'would be necessary to enable you to go to the market upon equal terms with your more opulent fellow-tradesmen?' The poor man was quite embarrassed at such a prospect before him, and overwhelmed with the royal condescension. At length he named a sum. 'You shall have it,' said the amiable princess, 'and shall henceforth supply my household.'

"This noble act of generosity rescued a deserving man from the struggles of poverty, and enabled him to make a comfortable provision for his family.

"In one of her Royal Highness' walks with Prince Leopold, in November, 1816, she addressed a decent-looking person, who was employed as a day-laborer, and said, 'My good man, you have seen better days.' 'I have, your Royal Highness,' answered the laborer: 'I have rented a good farm, but the change in the times has ruined me.' At this reply, she burst into tears, and observed to Prince Leopold: 'Let us be grateful to Providence for his blessings, and endeavor to fulfil the important duties required of us, to make all our laborers happy!' On her return home, she desired the steward

to obtain a list of all the deserving objects of charity employed in the house and park, and in the village of Esher, with the number of each family, &c.

"A communication was then made to the household, that it was the wish of their Royal and Serene Highnesses to make them happy and comfortable, yet that there should be no waste of a single article of provisions at the several tables; but that all the remnants should be delivered to the clerk of the kitchen, who was appointed to distribute food to the several applicants who had tickets in proportionate quantities. This regulation was cheerfully obeyed; and for nineteen months scarcely a crust of bread was wasted throughout the whole establishment. Instead of festivities on the prince's birthday, in December, 150*l.* was expended in supplying the honest and poor laborers with clothing; and on the birthday of the Princess Charlotte, in January, her Royal Highness expended the same sum in clothing the poor women.

"The Princess Charlotte always exerted her utmost influence to promote the trade and commerce of her native country. Being informed of the distressed state of the weavers in Spitalfields in the year 1817, she immediately ordered from a manufactory there a suit of elegant rich furniture, and a variety of rich silks for dresses, to the value of 1000*l.*, which were sent as presents to her continental connections. She explicitly announced to her establishment, that she expected they would wear dresses of British manufacture only; and at the same time her Royal Highness insisted that her dress-makers should not introduce anything foreign into the articles she ordered, on pain of incurring her displeasure, and ceasing to be longer employed. On one occasion, an India shawl, of the most exquisite workmanship,

the value of which was estimated at three thousand guineas, being handed to her Royal Highness, the princess having ascertained that the shawl had been clandestinely brought into the country, severely rebuked the person who had tendered it to her, and said, 'In the first place, I cannot afford to give three thousand guineas for a *shawl;* and in the second, a Norwich shawl, of the value of half-a-crown, manufactured by a native of England, would become me better than the costliest article which the loom of India ever produced.'"

AMIABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That privates have not too, save ceremony,—
Save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol, Ceremony?
* * * * *
Art thou aught else, but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing." — SHAKSPEARE.

UPON the elevation of her husband, Josephine discovered that the state and ceremony of the Consulship greatly interfered with the pleasures of domestic intercourse: she felt herself placed alone, above the kindly glow of equal affections;—a wretched condition for one "whose first desire was to be loved." She sought, however, by increased kindness, to lessen the distance between herself and her old friends and companions. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception which she gave to those who came to take the oaths of fidelity on receiving appointments in her household. She took care to remove all ostentatious ceremony,

talked to them on familiar topics, and sought to make the whole pass as an agreement between two friends to love each other. This condescension extended even to her humble domestics, yet never degenerated into undignified familiarity, or absence of self-possession, as the following little incident will show. On the first occasion of her leaving St. Cloud for a distant excursion as empress, she traversed a whole suite of apartments to give directions to a very subaltern person of the household. The grand steward ventured to remonstrate on her thus compromising her dignity. The empress gayly replied, " You are quite right, my good sir; such neglect of etiquette would be altogether inexcusable in a princess trained from birth to the restraints of a throne; but have the goodness to recollect that I have enjoyed the felicity of living so many years as a private individual, and do not take it amiss if I sometimes venture to speak kindly to my servants, without an interpreter."

Charlemagne had received the holy unction from the hands of the head of the Catholic Church: Napoleon aspired to the same distinction, but with this difference, — instead of going to Rome to receive it, the Pope was brought to Paris to administer it. He suffered much from the climate of France, which was too severe for his delicate health. The solicitude of the empress to provide for his comfort was extreme. The orders of the emperor had provided everything that could be deemed necessary; but the observant delicacy of the empress supplied many wants which might else have been overlooked. Every day she sent to inquire after his welfare, frequently visited and sometimes corresponded with him. The following letter, addressed to him, does equal credit to her head and to her heart: —

The Empress to His Holiness Pius VII.

"Whatever experience of human change the knowledge of our religion may have taught, your Holiness will view, doubtless, not without astonishment, an obscure woman ready to receive from your hands the first among the crowns of Europe. In an event so far beyond the ordinary course, she recognizes and blesses the work of the Almighty, without daring to inquire into his purposes. But, holy father, I should be ungrateful, even while I magnified the power of God, if I poured not out my soul into the paternal bosom of him who has been chosen to represent his providence — if I confided not to you my secret thoughts. The first and chief of these is the conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I can do nothing, or, to speak more correctly, the little I can do is derived from that extraordinary man with whom my lot is cast. . . . How many are the difficulties which surround the station to which he has raised me! I do not speak of the corruption which, in the midst of greatness, has tainted the purest minds; I can rely upon my own so far as, in this respect, not to fear elevation. But from a height whence all other dignities appear mean, how shall I distinguish real poverty? Ah, truly do I feel that, in becoming Empress of the French, I ought also to become to them as a mother. But of what avail are intentions? Deeds are what the people have a right to demand of me, and your Holiness, who so well replies to the respectful love of your subjects by continual acts of justice and benevolence, more than any other sovereign is qualified to instruct me. Oh! then, holy father, may you, with the sacred unctions poured upon my head, not only awaken me to the truth of these precepts, which my heart

acknowledges, but also confirm the resolution of applying them to practice!"

That these precepts, acknowledged by Josephine, were acted up to during her subsequent career, the history of her life abundantly testifies; but what greater memorial of her benevolence could have been afforded, than the fact that her funeral procession, which was headed by representatives of the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, and was composed of princes, marshals, and generals, the most celebrated in Europe, was closed by two thousand *poor*, who had voluntarily come to pay their last tribute to the memory of their benefactor and friend?

UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE OF WOMAN.

"We are to relieve the distressed, to put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry, which is but the doing of good to ourselves; for we are only several members of one great body." — SENECA.

THE celebrated traveller, Ledyard, paid the following handsome tribute to the female sex: "I have observed," he says, "that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and, to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation

of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

"Thus, in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.
Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear." — CRABBE.

FORTITUDE.

JOANNA OF NAPLES. — ANNE BOLEYN. — LADY JANE GREY. — MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. — MADAME DE MALEZEY. — FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY. — MADAME ROLAND.

"Through trials hard as these, how oft are seen
The tender sex, in fortitude serene." — ANNA SEWARD.

"Fortitude is the guard and support of all the other virtues."
LOCKE.

"Nothing can be above him that is above fortune."
SENECA.

"FORTITUDE is alone excited by exposure to those evils which are usually productive of the emotion of fear. This firmness of the mind resists dangers and sufferings, and is founded on a resolution of the will to counteract or surmount those cowardly impressions which terrific objects will infallibly make upon inferior minds, and to meet boldly the greatest dangers to which it may be exposed."

"Stones are hard," said Lord Bolingbroke, "and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the good or the bad events which fortune brings upon us are felt according to the qualities that *we*, not *they*, possess. They are, in themselves, indifferent and common accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness. Fortune can dispense neither felicity nor infelicity, unless we coöperate with her."

HEROIC CONDUCT OF JOANNA OF NAPLES.

"But inborn worth that fortune can control
New strung and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assumed the woman's place,
Confirmed her mind and fortified her face." — DRYDEN.

JOANNA, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence, who was equally celebrated for her beauty and misfortunes, sustained the disastrous circumstances of her fate with singular fortitude and resolution.

"This queen had appointed Charles of Durazzo to be her successor to the throne of Naples. From his infancy, the prince had been treated with maternal kindness by Joanna, but scarcely had he attained years of maturity, when he had the ingratitude to enter into the service of Louis of Hungary, her greatest enemy, and, in union with him, invaded the kingdom of Naples with a powerful army. The Neapolitans, headed by Otho, their king, made a vigorous resistance; but Charles and his army, having made that prince their prisoner, succeeded in forcing their way into the capital. Everything within the walls of the city was confusion and tumult: the party of the queen vainly strove against the forces of Charles; and such of the minor gentry and nobility as could effect their escape fled to the surrounding country. Almost at the same moment that intelligence was brought to the queen of the capture of her husband and entrance of the enemy, a crowd of noble ladies and their children, a number of the clergy, and of the most esteemed of the elder nobility, who had spent their best days in her service, appeared before Castel Novo, in which she resided, imploring admittance.

"The ever-generous queen could not steel her heart against their supplications, and bid them retire to certain

death, or horrors still more dreadful from the ferocity of the soldiery; but, trusting to the speedy arrival of ten galleys from Provence, which were hourly expected, she admitted all to share her last asylum, expecting soon to be enabled to take them with her beyond the oppressor's reach.

"Thus, by what some might call an excess of compassion, the provisions which would have lasted the garrison and the royal suite four months were consumed in one; had they held out four days longer, Joanna would, in the words of Boccaccio, have again reigned triumphantly.

"Castel Novo was too strong for Durazzo to reduce it by force; but patiently waiting for his prey, like the crouched tiger of the forest, he trusted to the effects of famine alone.

"All the hopes of Joanna were now placed on the expected galleys from Provence, which would have borne her away to present security; but, delayed by some unlucky accident, they were vainly looked for with straining eyes, from the first dawn of day till the last ray of the sun sunk beneath those waves which promised the only means of escape.

"With the queen were her two nieces, Joanna of Durazzo, and Agnes, Princess of Verona; the former inherited a large revenue, and had accumulated considerable wealth by her parsimonious habits. Previous to the siege of Naples, she had refused the queen a portion of her wealth for their mutual defence, though she was in the utmost want of money. But now, when, pinched with want and reduced to feed on carrion, they were on the verge of destruction, she too late repented of her avarice, and filling an immense vase with gold and jew-

els, laid it at Joanna's feet. The unfortunate queen smiled sweetly but mournfully at the sight of this ill-seasoned liberality, and gently rejecting the useless offering, said to the duchess, 'A sack of wheat were more precious to me now, my fair niece, than all this treasure, which you have reserved only to fall into the hands of our common enemy.'

"When reduced to the last extremity, Joanna sent Hugh Sanseverinesco, grand prothonotary of the kingdom, to Durazzo, to treat for some truce or accommodation. Charles, feeling an assurance that the queen must shortly fall into his hands, would grant no further delay than five days, at the end of which time she was to surrender the castle to him, if not relieved; and that period having expired, and no succors yet appearing from Provence, Joanna sent Hugh Sanseverinesco to tender her surrender to Charles.

"Durazzo, shortly after, entered the castle, followed by his guards, and found the queen walking in the gardens. His heart was not as yet sufficiently hardened in crime to permit him to behold, without some emotion, the generous princess who had cultivated his growing faculties in youth, and had proffered him the inheritance of the crown she wore. A momentary feeling of shame abashed him in her presence; and such was the force of habit, that though they had changed their relative situations since they had last met, he knelt at her feet with the same marks of respect as in the plenitude of her glory. 'I will not enumerate the benefits I have conferred on you,' said Joanna, addressing the ungrateful prince; 'it would ill become a captive to humiliate her conqueror neaven and earth behold us, and will judge between us. Remember only my regal dignity, (if anything sacred

can still find place in your memory,) and treat my husband with the respect due to a prince of his rank.'

"Durazzo eagerly renewed his hollow protestations of love and reverence, assuring the queen he would never have dispossessed her of a throne he rather wished her to keep, had he not seen that Otho was preparing to dispute it with him in case of her death—an excuse as shallow as false, as the queen and her husband were of the same age, and nature, prodigal of her favors, had endowed the former with a strength of constitution that promised length of days.

"The feelings of Joanna, on receiving these professions, may easily be imagined; but commanding her indignation, with her usual majesty and eloquence, she again enjoined him to respect the memory of Prince Otho, and besought his mercy for the captives in the castle.

"On the first news of Durazzo's rebellion, Joanna had altered the succession to her dominions in favor of Louis of Anjou; and although he had forcibly seized the kingdom of Naples, the rich inheritance of Provence and Piedmont was not to be obtained, unless Joanna could be deluded or intimidated into nominating him her heir; and, in this hope, her life was, for a time, respected.

"On the fourth day after her capture, the arrival of the long-expected Provençal galleys, as unavailing now as the ill-timed gifts of the Duchess de Durazzo, added a fresh pang to the anguish of her feelings. On their arrival, Charles once more stooped to flatter and to fawn on the woman whom his treachery had undone. He repaired to the queen, and with that smooth speech and placid demeanor for which he was distinguished, renewed all his professions, and humbly supplicated her to nominate him the heir, not only to that kingdom of which he

had possessed himself by force, but of Provence, and entreated her to command the Provençal troops to land as friends.

"The disposition of Joanna had originally been confiding, almost to a fault, in those she loved; but the perfidy of Durazzo had been too flagrant, his ingratitude too monstrous, for her now to place any reliance on his promises. She knew that any instrument she might sign in his favor would consign her to endless captivity, if not to more welcome death. The experience of all history had shown her that the prison of princes was but the vestibule of their tomb, and, magnanimously awaiting her inevitable fate, she resolved to remain firm to her engagement with Louis of Anjou.

"Deceived by the composure of her manner and countenance, and hoping all he wished from the timidity that he believed was inherent in her sex, Charles acceded to her request to grant a safe conduct to a few deputies from the French ships.

"On the entrance of the Count of Caserta and the Provençal barons, Joanna addressed them in the following words: 'Neither the conduct of my ancestors, nor the oaths of fidelity I myself received with my crown from the county of Provence, should have permitted you to delay so long to succor me; that, after having suffered the extremity of want and hardships, not only grievous to weak women, but difficult to be endured by the most robust soldier—after having been reduced even to feed on the putrescent flesh of the vilest animals, I have been constrained to deliver myself into the hands of a cruel enemy.

"'But if this has happened, as I believe it has, from negligence, and not from malice, I here conjure you, if

any spark of affection remain in your hearts for me, any reverence for your oaths of allegiance, any remembrance of benefits received from me, never, in any manner, or at any distance of time, to acknowledge as your lord that ungrateful robber, who, from a queen, has made me a captive slave.

"'If ever it shall be told you that I have constituted him my heir, believe it not; any writings that may be shown you, hold them false, or forced from me against my consent.

"'My will is, that you own for your lord Louis, Duke of Anjou, not only in Provence and other ultramontane states, but in this kingdom also, where I have appointed him my heir and champion, to revenge this treason and violence. To him, then, go and render obedience. Take no more thought for me, but to perform my funeral service and pray for my soul. And whosoever of you has most remembrance of my love for your nation, most pity for a queen fallen into such great calamity, let him avenge my death in arms, or address himself to God in prayer for my soul. This I not only entreat you, but, as you are even at this moment still my vassals, I command you.'

"The Provençals, with bitter tears, excused their seeming negligence, and showing intense grief at her captivity, promised to obey her commands, and returned to their galleys. The Count of Caserta returned with them, resolved as faithfully to follow her last injunctions as he had followed her fortunes in every vicissitude.

"On the departure of the French barons, Durazzo returned to the queen to hear the result of their conference, when she herself informed him that she had performed her last act of sovereignty as honor de-

manded. The melancholy forebodings of the unfortunate Joanna were speedily realized, for Charles, finding that he had failed in deluding her into his measures, résolved to try the effect of harsh treatment, and sent her, under a strong guard, to the Castle of Muro,—a place which, from its situation, was out of the reach of all those who might wish to befriend her in her fallen fortunes.

"During eight months, all the miseries of a harsh captivity were inflicted on Joanna, in hopes that the privations she suffered might compel her to purchase some amelioration of her condition by the cession of Provence; but, constant to her resolution, the only fruits of these measures was a new testament made in prison, confirming her former grant to Louis of Anjou. The cruel murder of the unfortunate queen terminated this melancholy period of suffering, and closed an existence which must have become infinitely worse than death."

TRIAL AND DEATH OF ANNE BOLEYN.

"Oh! world, thy slippery turns!"—SHAKSPEARE.

THE unfortunate Queen Anne Boleyn having become the bar to the felicity of the capricious Henry the Eighth, whose affections had been suddenly transferred to Jane Seymour, was committed to the Tower, impeached, brought to trial, condemned without evidence, and executed without remorse. "History affords no reason to call her innocence in question; and the king, by marrying her known rival the day after her execution, made the motives of his conduct sufficiently evident, and left the world in little doubt of the iniquity of her sentence.

"If further arguments should be thought necessary in support of the innocence of the unfortunate Anne, her serenity, and even cheerfulness, while under confinement and sentence of death, ought to have its weight, as it is perhaps unexampled, and could not well be the associate of guilt. 'Never prince,' says she, in a letter to Henry, 'had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace had been so pleased; neither did I at any time so forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object.'

"In another letter she says: 'You have raised me from a private gentlewoman to a marchioness; from a marchioness to a queen; and since you can exalt me no higher in this world, you are resolved to send me to heaven, that I may become a saint!'

"After her condemnation, no dejection was visible in Anne's deportment; even in hearing of her brother's death she betrayed no violent emotions. When her days were numbered, she seemed to have lost sight of care and sorrow; much of her time was spent in devotion; at intervals she conversed with her wonted grace and animation, occasionally quoting her favorite passages of poetry. She had no personal communication with her parents; it is possible she did not wish for the pain of bidding them an eternal farewell; but she must have passionately desired to behold once more the face of her beloved child, for whose future welfare she continued to

feel the most tender solicitude. On the evening previous to her execution, she prostrated herself before Lady Kingston, deploring the rigor with which she had sometimes treated the Princess Mary, and conjuring that lady, in her name, to supplicate forgiveness of the step-daughter whom she had offended. In making this solicitation, her mind was probably impressed with apprehensions for Elizabeth, over whom Jane Seymour was so soon to assume maternal authority. Till midnight she communed with her almoner. At an early hour she rose, with a serene aspect, conversing with as much ease as if she had been indifferent to the approaching event. Kingston himself was astonished at her deportment, declaring that he had seen many die, but never before saw any who rejoiced in death. In the course of the morning, she even rallied on her approaching execution; but this occasional pleasantry did not suspend her serious reflections; and she requested Kingston to be present when she received the sacrament, that he might attest her protestations of innocence. She afterwards expressed her regret that she had yet some hours to live, declaring 'that she longed for the happy moment of emancipation and triumph.' Nor did her resolution falter as that time approached; when, by a prudent precaution of Kingston, strangers were dismissed from the Tower, and not more than thirty persons admitted to witness the catastrophe. By one of those few spectators, Anne Boleyn is stated to have approached the fatal spot with perfect composure; that her countenance was cheerful, and retained all its wonted preëminence and beauty. At this moment superior to selfish fears or unavailing regrets, she advanced, surrounded by weeping attendants, whom she vainly attempted to reconcile to her destiny. Among

these, the most cherished was Wiatt's sister, with whom Anne continued in earnest conversation, and, at parting, presented to her, with a benignant smile, a small manuscript prayer-book, which the afflicted friend was ever after accustomed to wear in her bosom as a sacred relic of imperishable attachment. To her other companions she made the same bequest, beseeching them not to grieve because she was thus doomed to die, but to pardon her for not having always addressed them with becoming mildness; then ascending the scaffold, she thus addressed the witnesses of her death, with a calm and even smiling countenance:—

"'Friends, and good Christian people, I am here in your presence to suffer death, whereto I acknowledge myself adjudged by law,—how justly, I will not say; I intend not an accusation of any one. I beseech the Almighty to preserve his Majesty long to reign over you: a more gentle or mild prince never swayed sceptre. His bounty towards me hath been special. If any one intend an inquisitive survey of my actions, I entreat them to judge favorably of me, and not rashly to admit any censorious conceit; and so I bid the world farewell, beseeching you to commend me in your prayers to God.' This speech she uttered with a smiling countenance; then uncovering her neck, she knelt down, and fervently ejaculated, 'To Jesus Christ I commend my soul!' But though her head was meekly submitted to the axe, the intrepidity with which she refused the bandage for some time delayed the accomplishment of her sentence; the touching expression of her eyes disarmed even her executioner, and it was at length by stratagem that he seized the moment for giving the stroke of death. An exclamation of anguish burst from the spectators,

which was quickly overpowered by the discharge of artillery announcing the event, — the last royal honor offered to the memory of Anne Boleyn.

"Although her remains were left to neglect, her charities could not be consigned to oblivion; her munificence was her monument; her expanded sympathies, her open-handed bounty, her enlightened beneficence, all conspired to fix on Henry's ferocious despotism an indelible stain of infamy; and the enthusiasm which accompanied Elizabeth to the throne was, in part at least, a tribute of gratitude and tenderness to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn."

EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

SHAKSPEARE.

"LADY JANE GREY, having unhappily been persuaded to accept the crown of England, settled on her by a deed of Edward the Sixth, became, with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, to whom she had only been married a few months before, the innocent victims of the unrelenting Mary. When that princess was seated on the throne which her unfortunate cousin had retained but for a few days, she sent orders to Lady Jane to prepare for death. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, above all, tenderly attached to her husband, whose amiable qualities had deservedly gained her affections, Lady Jane nevertheless heard her sentence with composure, and prepared to meet her fate with magnanimity.

"On the day of execution, her husband desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, inform-

ng him by a message that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would so much unmind their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them. 'Their separation,' she said, 'would be only for a few moments, and they would soon again each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their felicity.' The queen had given directions for executing Lady Jane and her husband together, but the council, dreading that the compassion of the people might be excited by their youth, beauty, and innocence, gave directions that Lady Jane should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. From her window she beheld Lord Guildford conducted to execution, when, having given him some token of her remembrance, she awaited her own fate with tranquil firmness. On her way to the scaffold, whether through malice or inadvertence, she was met by his lifeless body. She stopped a few moments to gaze upon it, then, heaving a deep sigh, bade the bearers proceed, expressing herself more confirmed by the reports of the constancy of his last moments, than shaken by the melancholy spectacle. Even at the scaffold, her fortitude did not forsake her, and she addressed the weeping multitude with great composure. She confessed herself guilty, not of usurping the crown, but of not more firmly refusing it, and she mildly hoped her death would restore tranquillity to the state. She then meekly laid her head on the block, and one blow terminated her sufferings, and the power of her enemies over her.

"Thus perished an innocent and accomplished female, of eighteen years of age, who for simplicity of

manners, purity of heart, and extensive learning, was scarcely ever equalled in any age or country. As Fuller justly observes, she united the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life, and the gravity of old age. 'She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; and yet suffered the death of a malefactor for the offences of her parents.'

"In the apartment in which Lady Jane was confined in the Tower, the following Latin lines were found inscribed by her on the wall with a pin, or some other sharp instrument.

"Non aliena putes, homini quæ obtingere possunt:
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi." — JANE DUDLEY

PARAPHRASED.

"Think not, O mortal! vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drank by thee!"

"Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus;
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis;
Post tenebras spero lucem." — JANE DUDLEY.

PARAPHRASED.

"Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day!"

DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a prison."

"THE beautiful and ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, received her sentence of death with great composure; saying to those by whom it was announced, 'The news

you bring cannot but be most welcome, since they announce the termination of my miseries. Nor do I account that soul to be deserving of the felicities of immortality, which can shrink under the sufferings of the body, or scruple at the stroke that sets it free.' On the evening before her execution, for which, on the succeeding morn, she prepared herself with religious solemnity and perfect resignation, she ordered all her servants to appear before her, and drank to them. She even condescended to beg their pardon for her omissions or neglects; and she recommended it to them to love charity, to avoid the unhappy passions of hatred and malice, and to preserve themselves steadfast in the faith of Christ. She then distributed among them her money, her jewels, and her clothes, according to their rank or merit. She wrote her will with her own hand, constituting the Duke of Guise her principal executor; and to the King and Queen of France she recommended her son, provided he should prove worthy of their esteem. Mary was beheaded in the Castle of Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1587, in the 45th year of her age, after a close imprisonment of nineteen years, during which, under a most unparalleled complication of misfortunes, she preserved the magnanimity of a queen, and practised with sincerity the duties of a Christian. Her body, after being embalmed and committed to a leaden coffin, was buried with royal pomp and splendor in the cathedral in Peterborough. Twenty years afterwards, her bones were, by order of her son and only child, King James the First, removed to Westminster, and deposited in their proper place among the Kings of England."

FORTITUDE OF MADAME DE MALEZEY.

"With affections warm, intense, refined,
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look." — CAMPBELL.

IN the midst of the dreadful scenes of the French Revolution, women submitted to their melancholy fate with unshaken fortitude, and by the examples of courage and resignation they displayed, animated with a similar heroism their unfortunate companions in affliction.

"Madame de Malezey, with her father, mother, and sister, was engaged in reading Seneca on the shortness of life, when she was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She saw the act of accusation delivered also to her parents and sister, and having embraced them, she courageously led the way to a gallery where a number of accused persons were assembled, waiting their call before the tribunal. The attention of Madame de Malezey was instantly attracted by an old man, who, yielding to the desire of life and a horror of his impending destruction, shed torrents of tears. 'What!' said Madame de Malezey, 'are you a man, and do you weep? I have not less reason for affliction than you; I am the mother of a family, and am separated from my children till we meet in a better world. Yet, behold! these are my father, my mother, and my sister; they are going also to death; and shall I weep for an event that leads me from this scene of misery and injustice, to unite us where sorrow and parting shall be no more?'

"All the persons in the gallery now crowded round Madame de Malezey, eager to receive the consolation which her resignation and fortitude could not fail to inspire. The old man, in particular, dried his tears,

and regarded her as an angel sent from Heaven to save him from the bitterness of despair.

"Madame de Malezey continued to possess her courage, and to give the same lively instances of affection towards her parents, after their mutual condemnation. While they waited in the apartment from whence they were to be conducted to the scaffold, she produced a pair of scissors which she had kept concealed, and approaching her mother, said, 'Allow me to cut off your hair, madam; such an office better suits a daughter than an executioner.' She rendered the same service to her father and sister, and then presenting the scissors to the latter, entreated she would perform the like friendly act for her, as the last token of their attachment.

"With equal firmness and intrepidity of soul, Madame de Malezey approached the place of execution, ascended the scaffold, and yielded herself to the stroke of death."

A MIND SUPERIOR TO MISFORTUNE.

"Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich:
And, as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?"

SHAKSPEARE.

THE conduct of a French woman at this disastrous period, when the Revolution involved hundreds of families in misery and ruin, displayed much strength of mind and fortitude.

"Her family, consisting of her husband and five children, pined in want, in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. They had formerly been opulent, and the

father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident, he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbors, she knew would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient; and she knew that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she expressed to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity.

"'All is not lost,' she said; 'I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labor to support their father.' She added, that if their labor was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated a while over this proposition, and took his resolution with a constancy worthy of the honorable life he ever after led.

"'No,' he said, 'I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it.'

"He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse attire of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and, continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose: in the neighborhood of which, he hired a cabin, with a field, and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools, to cultivate the land, for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a person to teach him.

"A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children, and acquiring a competence from its labor and constancy, originating in the courage and fortitude of this virtuous woman, the whole family lived from that time in perfect peace and domestic union."

COURAGE AND FORTITUDE OF MADAME ROLAND.

"It is a masterpiece to draw good out of evil, and by the help of virtue to improve misfortunes into blessings."

SENECA.

THE extraordinary fortitude Madame Roland, wife of the ex-minister of that name, displayed during the series of her misfortunes, deserves to be mentioned here; for it is, perhaps, more by her courage than any other quality that this celebrated woman has merited the eulogiums

which have been lavished upon her. The following is the account she has herself given of her first imprisonment: —

"When I found myself enclosed within four dirty walls, saw a miserable bed, without curtains, and a doubly grated window, and was assailed also with that disagreeable smell which a person accustomed to cleanly apartments always finds in those that are dirty, I felt, indeed, that I was in a prison: yet, resolved to accommodate myself as much as possible to my circumstances, I derived some pleasure from observing that my chamber was sufficiently roomy; that it had a fire-place; that the covering of the bed was tolerable; that I was supplied with a pillow: I forbore to make comparisons, and deemed myself not badly accommodated. In this temper I went to bed, and resolved to remain in it as long as I found myself at ease: I had not even left my bed at ten the next morning, when my counsellor arrived. He was still more affected by my situation than on the preceding evening, and he surveyed my deplorable chamber, — with which I was already satisfied, because I had slept well, — with visible agitation.

"The commotion among the people was, at that time, very great; the drums were frequently beating to arms, and I was ignorant of what was passing out of doors.

"'The tyrants shall not,' said I to myself, 'prevent my making the most of my life, to my last moment; more happy in the satisfaction of my own conscience than they can be in the enjoyment of their fury. If they come to put me to death, I will go forward to meet them; and I shall quit life as one who enters a state of repose.'

"When I went down to the apartment of the keeper's wife, I found my faithful nurse; she threw herself into

my arms, drowned in tears, and choked in sobs; I myself melted into sorrow, reproaching myself for the tranquillity I had enjoyed, while those who were attached to me were afflicted with the most anxious alarms; and, picturing to myself successively the anxiety of one person and another, I felt an indescribable oppression at my heart.

"I never was accustomed to be expensive in what regards my personal enjoyments, and I have even a pleasure in exercising my courage in any accidental privation. A passion seized me now to make an experiment, to discover in what degree the power of the mind can narrow the wants of man. At the end of four days, I began to reduce the quality of my breakfast, and, instead of coffee or chocolate, to take bread and water: I ordered a small plate of some simple dish, with vegetables, for my dinner, and in the evening a few vegetables, without any dessert. I first drank small beer in lieu of wine, and then I discontinued the beer. As this economy had a moral object, and as I equally disliked and despised a frugality that had no other end than to save, I appropriated a sum for the poorer sort in the prison, that I might have the pleasure, while I ate my dry bread in the morning, to reflect that they would have a better dinner for my privations."

"When Madame Roland arrived at the Conciergerie," says the author of the "Memoirs of a Prisoner," "the blood of the twenty-two deputies still flowed on the spot. Though she well comprehended the fate which awaited her, her firmness did not forsake her. Although past the prime of life, she was a fine woman, tall, and of an elegant form: an expression infinitely superior to what is usually found in women was seen in her large black

eyes, at once forcible and mild. She frequently spoke from her window to those without, with the extent and greatness of mind of a man of the first order of talent. Sometimes, however, the susceptibility of her sex gained the ascendence, and it was seen that she had been weeping, no doubt at the remembrance of her daughter and husband. This mixture of delicate feeling and heroic fortitude rendered Madame Roland still more interesting. As she passed to her examination, we saw her with that firmness of deportment which usually marked her character: as she returned, her eyes were moistened with tears, but they were tears of indignation. She had been treated with the grossest rudeness, and questions had been put to her insulting to her honor. The day on which she was condemned, she had dressed herself in white, and with peculiar care; her long black hair hung down loose to her waist. After her condemnation, she returned to the prison with an alacrity that was little short of pleasure. By a sign that was not mistaken, she gave all to understand she was condemned to die. Associated in the same death with her, was a man who had not her fortitude; yet she infused a portion of her courage into his mind, in a manner so attractive and irresistible, that he was seen more than once to smile!

"When she came to the place of execution, she bowed to the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these memorable words:—'Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'"

There are on record innumerable instances of fortitude displayed by the female martyrs, but rendered so revolting by the details of unparalleled cruelty and

"If further arguments should be thought necessary in support of the innocence of the unfortunate Anne, her serenity, and even cheerfulness, while under confinement and sentence of death, ought to have its weight, as it is perhaps unexampled, and could not well be the associate of guilt. 'Never prince,' says she, in a letter to Henry, 'had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace had been so pleased; neither did I at any time so forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object.'

"In another letter she says: 'You have raised me from a private gentlewoman to a marchioness; from a marchioness to a queen; and since you can exalt me no higher in this world, you are resolved to send me to heaven, that I may become a saint!'

"After her condemnation, no dejection was visible in Anne's deportment; even in hearing of her brother's death she betrayed no violent emotions. When her days were numbered, she seemed to have lost sight of care and sorrow; much of her time was spent in devotion; at intervals she conversed with her wonted grace and animation, occasionally quoting her favorite passages of poetry. She had no personal communication with her parents; it is possible she did not wish for the pain of bidding them an eternal farewell; but she must have passionately desired to behold once more the face of her beloved child, for whose future welfare she continued to

feel the most tender solicitude. On the evening previous to her execution, she prostrated herself before Lady Kingston, deploring the rigor with which she had sometimes treated the Princess Mary, and conjuring that lady, in her name, to supplicate forgiveness of the step-daughter whom she had offended. In making this solicitation, her mind was probably impressed with apprehensions for Elizabeth, over whom Jane Seymour was so soon to assume maternal authority. Till midnight she communed with her almoner. At an early hour she rose, with a serene aspect, conversing with as much ease as if she had been indifferent to the approaching event. Kingston himself was astonished at her deportment, declaring that he had seen many die, but never before saw any who rejoiced in death. In the course of the morning, she even rallied on her approaching execution; but this occasional pleasantry did not suspend her serious reflections; and she requested Kingston to be present when she received the sacrament, that he might attest her protestations of innocence. She afterwards expressed her regret that she had yet some hours to live, declaring 'that she longed for the happy moment of emancipation and triumph.' Nor did her resolution falter as that time approached; when, by a prudent precaution of Kingston, strangers were dismissed from the Tower, and not more than thirty persons admitted to witness the catastrophe. By one of those few spectators, Anne Boleyn is stated to have approached the fatal spot with perfect composure; that her countenance was cheerful, and retained all its wonted preëminence and beauty. At this moment superior to selfish fears or unavailing regrets, she advanced, surrounded by weeping attendants, whom she vainly attempted to reconcile to her destiny. Among

these, the most cherished was Wiatt's sister, with whom Anne continued in earnest conversation, and, at parting, presented to her, with a benignant smile, a small manuscript prayer-book, which the afflicted friend was ever after accustomed to wear in her bosom as a sacred relic of imperishable attachment. To her other companions she made the same bequest, beseeching them not to grieve because she was thus doomed to die, but to pardon her for not having always addressed them with becoming mildness; then ascending the scaffold, she thus addressed the witnesses of her death, with a calm and even smiling countenance:—

"'Friends, and good Christian people, I am here in your presence to suffer death, whereto I acknowledge myself adjudged by law,—how justly, I will not say; I intend not an accusation of any one. I beseech the Almighty to preserve his Majesty long to reign over you: a more gentle or mild prince never swayed sceptre. His bounty towards me hath been special. If any one intend an inquisitive survey of my actions, I entreat them to judge favorably of me, and not rashly to admit any censorious conceit; and so I bid the world farewell, beseeching you to commend me in your prayers to God.' This speech she uttered with a smiling countenance; then uncovering her neck, she knelt down, and fervently ejaculated, 'To Jesus Christ I commend my soul!' But though her head was meekly submitted to the axe, the intrepidity with which she refused the bandage for some time delayed the accomplishment of her sentence; the touching expression of her eyes disarmed even her executioner, and it was at length by stratagem that he seized the moment for giving the stroke of death. An exclamation of anguish burst from the spectators,

which was quickly overpowered by the discharge of artillery announcing the event, — the last royal honor offered to the memory of Anne Boleyn.

"Although her remains were left to neglect, her charities could not be consigned to oblivion; her munificence was her monument; her expanded sympathies, her open-handed bounty, her enlightened beneficence, all conspired to fix on Henry's ferocious despotism an indelible stain of infamy; and the enthusiasm which accompanied Elizabeth to the throne was, in part at least, a tribute of gratitude and tenderness to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn."

EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

SHAKSPEARE.

"LADY JANE GREY, having unhappily been persuaded to accept the crown of England, settled on her by a deed of Edward the Sixth, became, with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, to whom she had only been married a few months before, the innocent victims of the unrelenting Mary. When that princess was seated on the throne which her unfortunate cousin had retained but for a few days, she sent orders to Lady Jane to prepare for death. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, above all, tenderly attached to her husband, whose amiable qualities had deservedly gained her affections, Lady Jane nevertheless heard her sentence with composure, and prepared to meet her fate with magnanimity.

"On the day of execution, her husband desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, inform-

ing him, by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbind their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them. 'Their separation,' she said, 'would be only for a few moments, and they would soon regain each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their felicity.' The queen had given directions for executing Lady Jane and her husband together, but the council, dreading that the compassion of the people might be excited by their youth, beauty, and innocence, gave directions that Lady Jane should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. From her window she beheld Lord Guildford conducted to execution, when, having given him some token of her remembrance, she awaited her own fate with tranquil firmness. On her way to the scaffold, whether through malice or inadvertence, she was met by his lifeless body. She stopped a few moments to gaze upon it, then, heaving a deep sigh, bade the bearers proceed, expressing herself more confirmed by the reports of the constancy of his last moments, than shaken by the melancholy spectacle. Even at the scaffold, her fortitude did not forsake her, and she addressed the weeping multitude with great composure. She confessed herself guilty, not of usurping the crown, but of not more firmly refusing it, and she mildly hoped her death would restore tranquillity to the state. She then meekly laid her head on the block, and one blow terminated her sufferings, and the power of her enemies over her.

"Thus perished an innocent and accomplished female, of eighteen years of age, who for simplicity of

manners, purity of heart, and extensive learning, was scarcely ever equalled in any age or country. As Fuller justly observes, she united the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life, and the gravity of old age. 'She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; and yet suffered the death of a malefactor for the offences of her parents.'

"In the apartment in which Lady Jane was confined in the Tower, the following Latin lines were found inscribed by her on the wall with a pin, or some other sharp instrument.

"Non aliena putes, homini quæ obtingere possunt:
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi." — JANE DUDLEY

PARAPHRASED.

"Think not, O mortal! vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drank by thee!"

"Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus;
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis;
Post tenebras spero lucem." — JANE DUDLEY.

PARAPHRASED.

"Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day!"

DEATH OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a prison."

"THE beautiful and ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, received her sentence of death with great composure; saying to those by whom it was announced, 'The news

you bring cannot but be most welcome, since they announce the termination of my miseries. Nor do I account that soul to be deserving of the felicities of immortality, which can shrink under the sufferings of the body, or scruple at the stroke that sets it free.' On the evening before her execution, for which, on the succeeding morn, she prepared herself with religious solemnity and perfect resignation, she ordered all her servants to appear before her, and drank to them. She even condescended to beg their pardon for her omissions or neglects; and she recommended it to them to love charity, to avoid the unhappy passions of hatred and malice, and to preserve themselves steadfast in the faith of Christ. She then distributed among them her money, her jewels, and her clothes, according to their rank or merit. She wrote her will with her own hand, constituting the Duke of Guise her principal executor; and to the King and Queen of France she recommended her son, provided he should prove worthy of their esteem. Mary was beheaded in the Castle of Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1587, in the 45th year of her age, after a close imprisonment of nineteen years, during which, under a most unparalleled complication of misfortunes, she preserved the magnanimity of a queen, and practised with sincerity the duties of a Christian. Her body, after being embalmed and committed to a leaden coffin, was buried with royal pomp and splendor in the cathedral in Peterborough. Twenty years afterwards, her bones were, by order of her son and only child, King James the First, removed to Westminster, and deposited in their proper place among the Kings of England."

FORTITUDE OF MADAME DE MALEZEY.

"With affections warm, intense, refined,
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look." — CAMPBELL.

IN the midst of the dreadful scenes of the French Revolution, women submitted to their melancholy fate with unshaken fortitude, and by the examples of courage and resignation they displayed, animated with a similar heroism their unfortunate companions in affliction.

"Madame de Malezey, with her father, mother, and sister, was engaged in reading Seneca on the shortness of life, when she was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She saw the act of accusation delivered also to her parents and sister, and having embraced them, she courageously led the way to a gallery where a number of accused persons were assembled, waiting their call before the tribunal. The attention of Madame de Malezey was instantly attracted by an old man, who, yielding to the desire of life and a horror of his impending destruction, shed torrents of tears. 'What!' said Madame de Malezey, 'are you a man, and do you weep? I have not less reason for affliction than you; I am the mother of a family, and am separated from my children till we meet in a better world. Yet, behold! these are my father, my mother, and my sister; they are going also to death; and shall I weep for an event that leads me from this scene of misery and injustice, to unite us where sorrow and parting shall be no more?'

"All the persons in the gallery now crowded round Madame de Malezey, eager to receive the consolation which her resignation and fortitude could not fail to inspire. The old man, in particular, dried his tears,

and regarded her as an angel sent from Heaven to save him from the bitterness of despair.

"Madame de Malezey continued to possess her courage, and to give the same lively instances of affection towards her parents, after their mutual condemnation. While they waited in the apartment from whence they were to be conducted to the scaffold, she produced a pair of scissors which she had kept concealed, and approaching her mother, said, 'Allow me to cut off your hair, madam; such an office better suits a daughter than an executioner.' She rendered the same service to her father and sister, and then presenting the scissors to the latter, entreated she would perform the like friendly act for her, as the last token of their attachment.

"With equal firmness and intrepidity of soul, Madame de Malezey approached the place of execution, ascended the scaffold, and yielded herself to the stroke of death."

A MIND SUPERIOR TO MISFORTUNE.

"Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich:
And, as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?"

SHAKSPEARE.

THE conduct of a French woman at this disastrous period, when the Revolution involved hundreds of families in misery and ruin, displayed much strength of mind and fortitude.

"Her family, consisting of her husband and five children, pined in want, in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. They had formerly been opulent, and the

father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident, he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbors, she knew would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient; and she knew that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she expressed to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity.

"'All is not lost,' she said; 'I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labor to support their father.' She added, that if their labor was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated a while over this proposition, and took his resolution with a constancy worthy of the honorable life he ever after led.

"'No,' he said, 'I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it.'

"He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse attire of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and, continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose: in the neighborhood of which, he hired a cabin, with a field, and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools, to cultivate the land, for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a person to teach him.

"A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children, and acquiring a competence from its labor and constancy, originating in the courage and fortitude of this virtuous woman, the whole family lived from that time in perfect peace and domestic union."

COURAGE AND FORTITUDE OF MADAME ROLAND.

"It is a masterpiece to draw good out of evil, and by the help of virtue to improve misfortunes into blessings."

SENECA.

THE extraordinary fortitude Madame Roland, wife of the ex-minister of that name, displayed during the series of her misfortunes, deserves to be mentioned here; for it is, perhaps, more by her courage than any other quality that this celebrated woman has merited the eulogiums

which have been lavished upon her. The following is the account she has herself given of her first imprisonment: —

"When I found myself enclosed within four dirty walls, saw a miserable bed, without curtains, and a doubly grated window, and was assailed also with that disagreeable smell which a person accustomed to cleanly apartments always finds in those that are dirty, I felt, indeed, that I was in a prison: yet, resolved to accommodate myself as much as possible to my circumstances, I derived some pleasure from observing that my chamber was sufficiently roomy; that it had a fire-place; that the covering of the bed was tolerable; that I was supplied with a pillow: I forbore to make comparisons, and deemed myself not badly accommodated. In this temper I went to bed, and resolved to remain in it as long as I found myself at ease: I had not even left my bed at ten the next morning, when my counsellor arrived. He was still more affected by my situation than on the preceding evening, and he surveyed my deplorable chamber, — with which I was already satisfied, because I had slept well, — with visible agitation.

"The commotion among the people was, at that time, very great; the drums were frequently beating to arms, and I was ignorant of what was passing out of doors.

"'The tyrants shall not,' said I to myself, 'prevent my making the most of my life, to my last moment; more happy in the satisfaction of my own conscience than they can be in the enjoyment of their fury. If they come to put me to death, I will go forward to meet them; and I shall quit life as one who enters a state of repose.'

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my arms, drowned in tears, and choked in sobs; I myself melted into sorrow, reproaching myself for the tranquillity I had enjoyed, while those who were attached to me were afflicted with the most anxious alarms; and, picturing to myself successively the anxiety of one person and another, I felt an indescribable oppression at my heart.

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There are on record innumerable instances of fortitude displayed by the female martyrs, but rendered so revolting by the details of unparalleled cruelty and

superstition which accompany them, that they have been purposely suppressed here. Such examples are unnecessary in the present enlightened state of society, as there is no danger of the recurrence of similar persecutions; but in passing silently over the sufferings and unshaken constancy of these heroic women, it is a consolation to know that, for those who remain "faithful unto death" is reserved the "crown of life," as an imperishable and eternal portion.

COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

TELESILLA. — ARTEMISIA. — CLŒLIA. — COUNTESS OF MONTFORT. — MARZIA. — MARGARET OF ANJOU. — SOLDIER'S WIDOW. — DURGAUTTI. — DUCHESS OF FERRARA. — CONSTANCE DE CEZELLI. — MADEMOISELLE D'ORLEANS. — MADEMOISELLE DE CHEVREUSE. — MADAME DE VERCHERES. — MADAME DESHOULIERES. — MISS BAILLY. — COURAGEOUS FRENCH WOMAN. — FAITHFUL NEGRESS. — FAITHFUL DOMESTIC. — AUGUSTINA "SARRAGOSSA." — PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GERMAN GIRL. — ENGLISH HEROISM. — QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. — HON. MISS EDEN. — THE MILLER'S MAID.

"Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success."

"COURAGE is active fortitude; it meets dangers, and attempts to repel them. This virtue is alone excited by exposure to those evils which are usually productive of the emotion of fear."

Although this valuable quality of the mind is not in the present day so remarkable a feature in the female character as formerly, there are not fewer opportunities for its display. Women are not now, indeed, called upon, like the heroines of past ages, to lead armed troops to the field of battle; but many trying circumstances of life might be enumerated, where courage is indispensably necessary to enable them to fulfil their duty with becoming fortitude and heroism.

Presence of mind is equally desirable, and although, like courage, hard to be obtained, inevitably bears with it a permanent reward. Both these virtues are most easily acquired by those who are already possessed of

their firm basis, health; for when the body is enervated, the mind becomes enfeebled, torpid, and incapable of exertion: thus the invalid is rendered a prey to nervousness and fear, and trembles at the remotest symptoms of danger; while the person in health looks with an intrepid eye on difficulties, sufferings and death, remaining undaunted and undismayed by the appalling spectacle.

TELESILLA SAVES THE CITY OF ARGOS.

"This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory." — SHAKSPEARE

"TELESILLA, a lyric poetess of Argos, rendered her country illustrious by her writings, and saved it by her courage.

"The city of Argos was on the point of falling into the hands of the Lacedæmonians; it had lost six thousand men, among whom were the flower of its youth.

"Telesilla collected the women most proper to second her designs, furnished them with arms, which she provided from the temples or houses of individuals, placed herself with them on the walls, and finally repulsed the enemy, who, from fear of being reproached either with victory or defeat, retired from before the city. The most signal honors were rendered to these female warriors, some of whom fell in the contest; and a statue was erected in gratitude to Telesilla, and placed in the temple of Venus."

HEROIC CONDUCT OF ARTEMISIA.

"Xerxes boasts
His ablest, bravest counsellor and chief
In Artemisia, Caria's matchless queen."
GLOVER'S *Leonidas.*

THE celebrated Artemisia, Queen of Caria, was remarkable for her courage and patriotism. She assisted Xerxes, in his expedition against Greece, with a fleet; her wisdom was very conspicuous, from the excellent advice she gave that monarch, and her valor was eminently distinguished above that of all the men in the battle of Salamis. She is honorably mentioned by a variety of writers, and Herodotus gives the following interesting account of her. He says, "It is impossible not to speak, and with admiration, of Artemisia, who, though a female, served in this Grecian expedition. On the death of her husband, she enjoyed the supreme authority, for her son was not yet grown up, and her great spirit and vigor of mind alone induced her to exert herself on this occasion. She was the daughter of Lygdamis; by her father's side of Halicarnassus, by her mother of Cretan descent. She had the conduct of those of Halicarnassus, Cos, Nisiros, and Calydne. She furnished five ships, which, next to those of the Sidonians, were the best in the fleet. She was also distinguished among all the allies for the salutary counsels which she gave the king. The people I have recited as subject to Artemisia were, I believe, all of them Dorians. The Halicarnassians were originally of Trœzene, the rest of Epidaurus."

Prior to the famous battle of Salamis, "Xerxes visited his fleet in person, to confer with the leaders, and to acquaint himself with their sentiments. On his arrival,

he presided at a council, where the princes of the different nations, and the several commanders, were placed according to the rank which Xerxes had given them. The Prince of Sidon first, the Prince of Tyre next, and the rest in order. The king then commissioned Mardonius to inquire of them individually whether they were willing to engage the enemy. Mardonius began with the Prince of Sidon, and from him went to the rest; and they were all of opinion that the battle should be fought; but Artemisia thus delivered her sentiments: 'Mardonius, deliver this my opinion to the king, whose exertions in the battle of Eubœa were neither the meanest nor the least; I think myself, therefore, justified in declaring what I consider it will be most to your interest to pursue. I would advise you to spare your ships, and not risk a battle. These men, by sea, are as much superior to yours, as men are to women; but, after all, what necessity is there for your hazarding an engagement? You are already in possession of Athens, the avowed object of this expedition; the rest of Greece is already your own, and no one resists you. They who opposed you have met the fate they merited. I will now tell you how the affairs of your adversaries are circumstanced: if you do not urge a naval engagement, but will order your vessels either to remain here, or sail to the Peloponnese, all your wishes will infallibly be accomplished. The Greeks will not long be able to oppose you; you will oblige them to separate, and retire to their respective homes. I am well informed, that in the island where they are they have no supply of provisions; and if you shall enter the Peloponnese, it is not to be supposed that these remaining here will risk a battle for the sake of the Athenians. But if you determine to fight them by sea,

I seriously fear that a defeat of your fleet will be added to that of your land forces. Let this also be impressed upon your mind, that the best of men have sometimes the worst of servants; and that bad men are frequently served with fidelity. You, O king, are one of the best of men; but you have among your dependants Egyptians, Cyprians, Cilicians, and Pamphylians, from whom no good can be expected.'

"They who wished well to Artemisia were apprehensive that her speaking thus decisively to Mardonius against risking a battle would bring upon her some mark of the king's indignation; her enemies, on the contrary, who wished to see her disgraced, and who were jealous of her favor with the king, were delighted in the confident expectation that her freedom of speech would prove her ruin; but Xerxes, after hearing the opinions of the council, was particularly pleased with that of Artemisia: he had esteemed her before, but he was on this occasion lavish in her praise. He nevertheless determined to comply with the decision of the majority; and as he imputed the former ill success at Eubœa to his being absent, he resolved to be a spectator of the battle of Salamis."

In the memorable engagement which followed, the conduct of Artemisia increased her favor with the king. "When the greatest disorder prevailed in the royal fleet, the vessel of Artemisia was pursued by an Athenian, and reduced to the extremest danger. In this perplexity, having before her many vessels of her allies, and being herself the nearest to the enemy, the following artifice succeeded. As she retreated from the Athenian, she commenced an attack upon a ship of her own party; it was a Calyndian, and had on board Damasithymus, the

Calyndian prince. Whilst they were in the Hellespont, she was involved in some dispute with this man, but it is still uncertain whether her conduct in the present instance was the effect of design, or accidentally happened from the Calyndian's coming first in her way. This vessel Artemisia attacked and sunk, by which she obtained a double advantage. The Athenian commander, seeing the vessel he pursued attack a barbarian, supposed that it was either a Grecian ship, or one that had deserted the barbarians, and was now assisting the Greeks; he was thus induced to direct his attack elsewhere.*

"Artemisia by this action not only avoided the impending danger, but also made herself more acceptable to the king at the time she was doing him an actual injury. It is asserted that the king, as he viewed the engagement, observed her vessel bearing down upon the other. At this period, some attendant remarked to him, 'Observe, sire, the prowess of Artemisia; she has now sent to the bottom a vessel of the enemy.' The king was earnest in his inquiry whether the ship which attracted his attention was really that of Artemisia. Those about him, knowing exactly the figure which distinguished her ship, assured him that it was; at the same time, they had no doubt but the vessel she had attacked belonged to the enemy. It happened, among the other fortunate occurrences which Artemisia met with, that not a single person of the Calyndian vessel survived to accuse her. Xerxes is said to have replied to what they told him, 'The men have behaved like women, the women like men.'" †

* Polyænus informs us that Artemisia first ordered her Persian ensign to be taken down; a circumstance omitted by Herodotus, but which adds much to the probability of the story.

† Herodotus.

The king afterwards sent a complete suit of Grecian armor to Artemisia as a reward for her bravery, and to the commander of his own fleet *a distaff and spindle!*

Aminias of Pallene, brother of the great poet Æschylus, was the person who had pursued Artemisia, and he "would not have desisted till he had taken the enemy, or been taken himself, if he had conceived her to have been on board the vessel which he chased. The Athenian commanders had received particular orders with respect to her, and a reward of ten thousand drachmæ was offered to whoever should take her alive; it being thought a most disgraceful circumstance that a woman should fight against Athens. She, however, escaped, as we have before described, as also did many others, to Pha lerum."

When, after this signal defeat at Salamis, Xerxes remained yet undecided as to the conduct he should pursue in future, whether to remain in Greece, or return into Persia, and Mardonius advised that he should endeavor to complete the subjugation of the Greeks, the king told him that after taking advice on the subject, he would give him an answer. Having consulted with some Persians whom he assembled, he determined to send for Artemisia, whose superior wisdom he had before had reason to approve. On her arrival, Xerxes ordered his councillors and guards to retire, whilst he thus addressed her: "Mardonius advises me to continue here, and make an attempt on the Peloponnese, urging that my Persians and land-forces have not been at all accessory to the injuries we have sustained, of which they desire to give me future testimony. If I should disapprove of this, he himself engages, with three hundred thousand

troops, to stay and reduce Greece to my power, recommending me to retire, with the rest of the army, to my native country. Do you, therefore, who with so much wisdom endeavored to dissuade me from risking an engagement at sea, tell me which of these measures you would have me pursue?" The reply of Artemisia was to the following purport: "In a situation like the present, O king, it is not easy to say what measures will be best; but as far as I am able to discern, I would recommend your return. Let Mardonius remain here with the number of forces he requires, as it is his own voluntary proposal to effect with these the accomplishment of your wishes. If he shall subjugate the country, and perform what he promises, the glory will be yours, for your troops must be his instruments; if he should be disappointed and vanquished, while you are safe, and your family and fortunes secure, no great calamity can ensue. The Greeks, as long as you survive, and your family remain, must be involved in many contests. If Mardonius shall fail in his attempts, and perish, the Greeks will have no great advantage to boast from the misfortunes or death of one of your slaves. You have burned Athens, which was the proposed object of your expedition, and may therefore return without dishonor."

Herodotus, who gives us the preceding relation, remarks, "Xerxes was delighted with advice so consonant to the secret wishes of his heart; for my own part, I am of opinion his terror was so great that no persuasions could have prevailed on him to stay. Artemisia was dismissed most graciously from his presence, and directed to retire with the royal children to Ephesus, for some of the king's natural sons had accompanied him."

Such was the respect paid to this royal heroine by the Persian monarch, who, had he followed the advice she gave, would have infallibly been the conqueror of Greece.

HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF CLŒLIA.

True nobility is exempt from fear;
More can I bear than you dare execute." — SHAKSPEARE.

IN the early part of the history of Rome, the inhabitants of that city having concluded a peace with Porsenna, King of Etruria, in order to render their treaty more lasting, sent their daughters to that monarch as hostages.

Upon their arrival at the camp of the Etrurians, one of these virgins, named Clœlia, considering that their chastity was not secure among so many warriors, exhorted her companions to deliver themselves from this just apprehension, telling them that it would be better to expose their lives than their honor. Having succeeded in bringing her companions to entertain the same opinion, they unanimously adopted the courageous resolution of escaping from their enemies by swimming across the Tiber to Rome. This extraordinary feat they actually performed in safety, and, under the guidance of Clœlia, arrived at their native city: but, although their parents could not fail to applaud their adventurous enterprise, they would not thus suffer the public faith to be violated, and, with true Roman severity, they sent them back to the king, that he might punish them if he thought proper.

Brought into the presence of Porsenna, the monarch inquired who first proposed so dangerous an enterprise? The Roman virgins, imagining that this question was put with a view of punishing the author of the project,

remained silent; but they were spared the pain of betraying their leader by the candid avowal of Clœlia, who informed Porsenna that she alone had been the author of their offence; and that, in consequence, no one but herself deserved punishment. Porsenna was so charmed with this frank acknowledgment, that he could not refrain from bestowing on the courage of the captive maiden the admiration it so justly merited: he immediately granted her her own liberty and that of her companions, presenting her, at the same time, with a cataphractery horse, which was the recompense of a brave man who had signalized himself in battle; as much as to say, that her action equalled that of the most brave. He also permitted Clœlia to choose, among the other hostages, those whom she would most like to set at liberty: she immediately selected all the young children, as she considered their situation most exposed to fatigue and danger.

Accompanied by the Roman virgins and the children whose freedom she had obtained, Clœlia returned to Rome with all the magnificence of a triumph, where she was received with a joy equal to her own by its citizens, who were justly proud of their alliance with so illustrious a female. A statue on horseback was afterwards erected in a public market-place to commemorate the virtue and boldness of Clœlia and the generosity of Porsenna.

JANE, COUNTESS OF MONTFORT.

"Be great in act as you have been in thought;
* * * So shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution."—SHAKSPEARE.

IN the time of Edward the Third, of England, lived Jane, Countess of Montfort, who was remarkable for her courage and presence of mind.

"The count, her husband, had seized upon his inheritance, the Duchy of Brittany, in opposition to the claims of Charles of Blois, who had married a grand-daughter of the late duke. Edward the Third, of England, had engaged to support the pretensions of the count, but when De Montfort was taken prisoner by the enemy shortly after, it appeared very unlikely that he would be much benefited by this royal alliance. The affairs of Brittany, however, were very unexpectedly retrieved by the conduct of the Lady Jane, wife of the imprisoned count. Roused by the news of her husband's captivity from those domestic cares to which she had hitherto entirely confined herself, she boldly resolved to support the falling fortunes of her family. On receiving the fatal intelligence, instead of giving way to despair, she instantly assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where she then resided, and, taking her infant son in her arms, conjured them to extend their protection to the last male heir of their ancient sovereigns: expatiated on the resources to be derived from England, and entreated them to make one daring effort against a usurper, who, being allied to France, would sacrifice their ancient liberty as the price of assistance.

"The bold and pathetic appeal of the countess so

affected those whom she addressed, that they were inspired with the same enthusiastic ardor, and resolved to defend her with their lives and fortunes.

"Jane then made a progress through all the other fortresses of the duchy, and induced them to adopt similar measures; she visited the garrisons, and provided everything necessary for sustenance and defence; thus having secured the whole province from any surprise of the enemy, she sent her son over to England, and shut herself up in Hennebonne, there to await the arrival of some troops from that country.

"Charles of Blois, thinking that a war conducted by a woman would soon be terminated, opened the campaign, and speedily gained possession of Rennes, whence he proceeded to Hennebonne, where the brave countess commanded in person. Animated by the presence of so courageous a leader, the garrison made a vigorous defence. Jane, on her part, performed prodigies of valor: clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach, sustained the most violent assaults, and, flying with active vigilance from post to rampart, encouraged her troops, and displayed skill that would have done honor to the most experienced general. One day, perceiving that the besiegers, while engaged in a general attack, had left their camp unguarded, Jane sallied forth by a postern with five hundred men, set fire to their baggage and magazines, and created so universal an alarm, that the besiegers desisted from the assault, to cut off her communication with the town. Finding it impossible to return, Jane galloped towards Auray, which she reached in safety. She, however, returned at the expiration of five days at the head of her little army, cut her way through part of the camp, and entered

the town in triumph. By this time, however, so many breaches had been made in the walls, that the place was considered no longer tenable; and the Bishop of Leon, disregarding the prayers and remonstrances of the countess, had determined to capitulate: he was, indeed, engaged in a conference with Charles of Blois, when Jane, who had ascended a lofty tower, and was casting an eager look towards the sea, descried a fleet at a distance. She instantly ran into the streets, crying out, in a transport of joy, 'Succors! succors! the English succors! no capitulation!' She was right in her conjectures; the English fleet speedily entered the harbor, and the troops, headed by Sir Walter de Manny, sallied from the city, attacked the camp of the besiegers, and reduced it to ashes.

"Unfortunately, however, the count, who was soon afterwards set at liberty by a treaty, was slain in the defence of his rights. The hopes of the people of Brittany being thus transferred to his infant heir, King Edward warmly espoused his cause. At a subsequent period, Charles of Blois, hastening to assist a fortress which Jane had reduced, was attacked in his intrenchments, dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner by the intrepid countess."

NOBLE COURAGE OF MARZIA.

"Fortune may often defeat the purpose of Virtue, yet Virtue in bearing affliction can never lose her prerogative."
PLUTARCH.

A FEW years after the beautiful display of the chivalric character in France afforded by Jane, Countess of Montfort, the gloom of war in Italy was illuminated by a noble trait of female heroism.

Marzia, a lady of the family of the Ubaldini, so celebrated for its virtue and noble gests, was the wife of Francesco d'Ordelaffi, Lord of Forli, the only prince in Romagna who maintained his independence against the tyranny of the Papal power. Knowing her firmness and spirit, he intrusted the defence of the town of Cesena to his wife, while he himself maintained the more important position of Forli. In the beginning of the year 1357, Marzia tore herself away from her husband, and, throwing aside the gorgeous robe of peaceful power, donned the casque and the cuirass. She stationed herself in Cesena with two hundred soldiers, equipped like knights, and the same number of ordinary troops. She was accompanied also by her son and daughter, and that sage counsellor of the Ordelaffi family, Sgariglino de Pétragudula. An army ten times more numerous than all the defenders of Cesena soon beleaguered the place. At the end of April some of the terrified burgesses opened the gates of the lower part of the town to the enemy; but in that moment of peril Marzia remembered that her husband had declared that, unless the Pope would treat with him on honorable terms, he would sustain a siege in every one of his castles; and when he had lost them, he would defend the walls of Forli, and then its streets, its squares, his palace, and the last tower of his palace, rather than give his consent to surrender that which was his own. Marzia retreated into the upper part of the town, with such of the soldiers and citizens who continued faithful to her. She now discovered that Sgariglino had been a traitor. Justice then had her due, and the head of him whom no feelings of honor or gallantry could preserve in the path of virtue was rolled from the battlements among the besieging army. Marzia relied entirely on her own wisdom and

courage; she took on herself all the duties of governor and captain, and, wearing her cuirass both by night and day, she braved all those hardships which, in former moments of happiness and ease, she would have thought herself incapable of supporting. But the besiegers smiled with indifference at her courage, for their miners were slowly and surely effecting her ruin. She was compelled to retreat to the citadel with four hundred soldiers and citizens, who vowed to be faithful to death. The miners persevered, and at length the citadel almost hung in air. The father of Marzia at that moment reached Cesena, and his passage had been facilitated by the legate. He entreated his heroic daughter to surrender, as bravery had accomplished its utmost, and still the besiegers were gradually prevailing. Her reply was simple and firm,—that her husband had given her a duty to perform, and that she must obey, without forming any opinion on the nature of his command. Her heroism was not supported by the people, for they unanimously declared the folly of further resistance. Compelled, then, to surrender, she herself opened the negociations; and so skilfully did she act, so much dreaded was the despair to which she might be tempted, that she obtained from the legate a treaty, whereby it was agreed that all the soldiers who had bravely supported her might return home with their arms and equipments. On the 21st of June she opened the gate of the citadel: she disdained to ask any favor for herself; and the legate, untouched by any chivalric sympathy for female heroism, cast her and her children into prison.

Italy has not many romantic associations, and there are now no remains of Cesena to awaken the admiration of the traveller to the heroism of Marzia.

PRESENCE OF MIND OF QUEEN MARGARET.

"Courage alone can save us."—SOUTHEY.

"IN the chivalrous ages, women not only attacked and defended fortifications, but even commanded armies and obtained victories.

"Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, by her uncommon genius and courage, supported her feeble husband under the most trying circumstances, teaching him how to conquer, by her example: she replaced him on the throne, and twice relieved him from prison. Oppressed by misfortunes of every description, her courageous spirit did not forsake her, till she had in person decided twelve battles. This queen displayed a remarkable presence of mind on many occasions, but more particularly once when she had escaped with great difficulty from the field of battle, where she had sustained a defeat; and, carrying her infant son in her arms, was seeking for shelter in a neighboring forest: wandering about in this forlorn situation, she lost her way, and was stopped by some robbers, who, after plundering her of her jewels, began to quarrel concerning the division of the booty. Margaret took advantage of this favorable opportunity to make her escape, which she had scarcely effected, when, breathless and ready to faint with fatigue, she encountered another robber, sword in hand. The maternal affection and never-failing presence of mind of the queen suggested the following expedient at this critical moment. 'Here, my friend!' she exclaimed, (as she advanced and presented her child to the robber,) 'to your care I commit the safety of your king's son.' The ruffian, overcome with astonishment and delight at the confidence so unexpectedly reposed in him, afforded

the royal fugitives all the protection and assistance which their situation demanded, and finally procured them a safe passport to Flanders."

While we admire the wonderful presence of mind of Margaret, we must bestow on the conduct of the robber the esteem it so truly deserves, and regard it as a remarkable instance of great virtues being obscured, yet not obliterated, by circumstances. Had the robber been placed in another situation, it is probable that he would have become a virtuous member of society, while, as an outlaw, his conduct to his unfortunate sovereign has attached to his memory an honor which even the noble and titled might be proud to share.

INSTANCE OF FEMALE RESOLUTION.

"I now feel courage in the world at once
To rush, and bear its every joy and grief;
To battle with the tempests, and to stand
Undaunted 'midst the shipwreck's dreadful crash."
Translation of GOETHE.

A MEMORABLE instance of courage was displayed on the occasion of the defence of Erlau, during the period of the last and most arduous campaign of Castaldo, Count of Piadena, against the Turks in Hungary, under the Emperor Charles V.

In respect of fortifications, the town of Erlau was scarcely competent to resist the feeblest enemy; but its deficiency in this point was supplied by the constancy and valor of its garrison and inhabitants. The very women displayed an enterprise that the more vigorous sex can seldom boast to have exhibited. In one instance, a heroine of this sort was seen fighting in the presence of her mother and her husband. Her husband fell dead

by her side. "Let us, my daughter," said the mother, "remove the body, and devote the rest of our care to its honorable funeral." "May God," returned the impassioned widow, "never suffer the earth to cover my husband's corse, till his death has been amply revenged: this is the hour of battle, not a time for funeral and for tears!" So speaking, and seizing the sword and shield of the breathless champion, she rushed upon the enemy; nor did she quit the breach, till, by the slaughter of three Turks who were ascending the scaling-ladders, she had appeased the fury in her breast, and the ghost of her departed husband. Then raising the corpse, and pressing it to her bosom, she drew it to the great church of the city, and paid to it the last honors with all possible magnificence.

HEROISM OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.

"Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."—COLERIDGE.

"WHEN Asaph Chan was made an Omrah of five thousand, and obtained the government of Kurrah and Maneckpoor, the history of Hindostan informs us that he obtained permission of King Mahummed Akbar to subdue a country called Gurrah or Kattuck, lying between the provinces of Ruttimpore, Malava, Behar, and the Decan. At that time, the kingdom of Gurrah* was governed by a queen, whose name was Durgautti, famous for her beauty and accomplishments: her dominions

* Now part of Orissa and Bundel-cund.

were about one hundred and fifty crores in length, and about fifty in breadth: yet so flourishing was the country, that in this small tract, there were about seventy thousand towns and villages, well inhabited; which had the good fortune never to have fallen under the dominion of foreigners.

"Asaph Chan, having heard of the riches of this country, disturbed the peaceable inhabitants, unaccustomed to the sound of war, with constant depredations; he at length marched against them with six thousand horse, and about double that number of infantry. The queen, with fifteen hundred elephants, eight thousand horse, and some foot, prepared to oppose him. Like a bold heroine, she led on her troops to action, clothed in armor, with a helmet upon her head, mounted in a howdar, on an elephant, with her bow and quiver lying by her side, and a burnished lance in her hand. Though her troops had not been accustomed to action, the love of liberty, and the example of their queen, inspired every breast with a lion's courage. Their eagerness to engage made them march in disorder towards the enemy, which the queen observing, commanded them to halt, and forming her line anew, gave her troops strict orders to march on slowly, as compact as possible, and to observe the signal to engage, when it should be displayed from the elephant of the royal standard.

"In this manner she received the enemy, whom she quickly repulsed, and pressing upon them, laid six hundred Mahommedan horsemen dead on the field; she pursued the rest till the evening, with great slaughter. When night came on, the queen halted with her army, and gave them orders to wash and refresh themselves, that they might be prepared for a night attack upon the

enemy, before they could recover from their consternation. But her vizier, and the rest of her chiefs, less daring, and consequently less prudent than this heroine, opposed this salutary measure, and seditiously insisted on returning to the field of battle to bury their friends. She, accordingly, returned unwillingly; and, after the dead were burnt, again addressed her chiefs, and solicited them, one by one, to accompany her to storm the Mahommedan camp: none of them, however, had the spirit to second her in this daring enterprise. They vainly imagined that the enemy would of their own accord evacuate the country.

"The Omrahs of Gurrah soon found that they were fatally frustrated in their hopes. Asaph Chan, to wipe away the disgrace which he sustained the day before, and finding what enemy he had to deal with, advanced in the morning towards the queen with his artillery; which, in the preceding action, he had left behind him, on account of the badness of the roads. The queen, upon Asaph's approach, advanced to a narrow pass and prepared to oppose him. The Mogul, scouring the pass with his artillery, soon opened to himself a way into the plain beyond it, where the queen's army was drawn up in order of battle. Raja Bier Shaw, the queen's son, a young prince of great hopes, as soon as the Mahommedan army came into the plain, made a resolute charge, and exhibited prodigies of valor. He repulsed the enemy twice, but in the third attack, being wounded, he became faint with loss of blood. When he was just falling from his horse, his mother, who was mounted on an elephant, in the front of the battle, observed her son ready to expire. She immediately called to some of her people to carry him back to the rear: many of them accordingly crowded

around him, some with a friendly intention to serve him, but more to have an opportunity to quit the field. The loss of the Raja, in short, together with the retreat of so many of his body, struck a panic into the rest, so that the unfortunate queen was left with only three hundred men in the field. The heroine, however, seemed in no way affected by her desperate situation; she stood her ground with her former fortitude, till she received an arrow in her eye; she endeavored to extricate it from the wound, but as she tugged it, part of the steel broke short, and remained behind. In the mean time, another arrow passed through her neck, which she also drew out; but nature sinking under the pain, a dimness swam before her eyes, and she began to nod from side to side of the howdar.* She, however, recovered from her fainting by degrees: and a brave officer of her household, by name Adhar, who drove her elephant, and singly repulsed numbers of the enemy whithersoever he turned the outrageous animal, begged permission, as the day was now irretrievable, to carry the queen from the field. She rejected the proposal with a noble disdain: 'It is true,' said she, 'we are overcome in war, but shall we ever be vanquished in honor? Shall we, for the sake of a lingering ignominious life, lose that reputation and virtue which we have been so solicitous to acquire? No: let your gratitude now repay that service for which I lifted up your head, and which I now require at your hands. Haste, I say; let your dagger save me from the crime of putting a period to my own existence.'

"Adhar burst into tears, and begged, that as the elephant was swift of foot, he might be permitted to leave the field, and carry her to a place of safety. In

* A wooden tower on the back of the elephant.

the mean time, the queen, finding that the enemy crowded fast around her, and that she must be taken prisoner, suddenly leaning forward, seized the dagger of Adhar, and plunging it into her bosom, expired. The death of Durgautti rendered Asaph Chan's victory complete. Six Hindoo chiefs, upon their elephants, still stood firm: and ashamed of being outdone by a woman, dedicated their lives to revenge the death of the queen."

COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF THE DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

"Faithful friend,
Amidst the many faithless!"

"THE Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, distinguished herself by her presence of mind and heroism.

"The first Prince of Condé had been imprisoned through the intrigues of the Duke of Guise, but his consort, having gained admittance to his prison, changed dresses with him, and, thus attired, the prince effected his escape, while his faithful wife remained a prisoner in his stead. The prince fled for refuge to the fortress of Montargis which belonged to the Duchess of Ferrara, who had interested herself greatly in his behalf. The Duke of Guise, being unable to discover his retreat, set the Princess of Condé at liberty, concluding, naturally enough, that she would join her husband, and thus afford his emissaries an opportunity of discovering his asylum. The duke was right in his conjectures; the princess hastened to her husband, and thus innocently betrayed his retreat. The Duke of Guise, on learning that it was the Duchess of Ferrara who had afforded

shelter to the prince, despatched orders for her to deliver him up; but on an absolute refusal being returned from the duchess in answer, the king, Francis the Second, was so much irritated, that he directed all the troops in the neighborhood of Montargis to assemble, under the Count de Malicourt, whom he ordered to invest the castle, and bring him the prince, dead or alive.

"In obedience to these commands, the count suddenly appeared before Montargis with a large body of troops and a formidable train of artillery. A trumpeter was despatched to the duchess, with threats of instantly laying the castle in ashes if she did not put the troops in possession of her illustrious guests. The alarm of the guards and dependants of the duchess, on learning this terrific intelligence, was such, that they crowded round the duchess, and earnestly besought her to acquiesce in the count's demand. She repelled them with indignation; but the gallant Condé, who had overheard their entreaties, rushed from his chamber, and addressing himself to the duchess' followers, said, 'You tremble, and Condé is at your head! since you have not courage to defend him, his death shall relieve you from your apprehensions.' While he spoke, he proceeded to mount the ramparts, determined to stand the fury of the first charge of cannon. With a loud voice, he called to the officer who commanded the artillery under the walls, 'Behold,' said he, 'the object of your search; direct your vengeance upon him alone, and let him die, as he has lived, with honor.' The officer, astonished at this unexpected circumstance, sent to the Count de Malicourt, who was at a little distance, for his instructions. The latter, riding up, ordered him to fire, according to the prince's request, when the Duchess of Ferrara, appearing on the

walls, took the prince by the hand, and threw herself before him. 'Turn your fury upon me,' said she to the count, 'and destroy at one instant the illustrious Condé, and the daughter of your long-lamented king.'

"The memory of Louis the Twelfth was idolized by the soldiers, and almost with one voice they called to the engineer, who was putting the match to the cannon, to stop, and then bade the count to respect the daughter of nim who had been the father of his people; and, with the utmost astonishment, Malicourt beheld them afterwards turn their backs on the castle, and march to their different quarters.

"The generous duchess was amply repaid for her exertions by the safe escape of the prince, who departed from his benefactress the same night with a few friends, and having joined a large body of the Huguenots, afterwards defeated the king's troops in several battles."

NOBLE RESOLUTION OF CONSTANCE DE CEZELLI.

> "Who shall find a valiant woman? The price of her is as things brought from afar off, and from the uttermost coast. The heart of her husband trusteth in her."—PROVERBS.

THE town of Leucates, in Languedoc, being besieged by the faction of the League in 1590, M. de Barri, who was the governor, was taken prisoner, under pretence of demanding an interview with him. He, however, contrived at the moment to write to Constance de Cezelli, his wife, whose talents and courage he was well acquainted with. He begged her to take the command of the town, and to defend it to the last extremity. Not losing a moment's time, she obeyed him, maintaining order, and showing herself often upon the walls with a

pike in her hand, encouraging the garrison by her example. When the assailants perceived her plans and intrepidity, they sought to intimidate her by threatening to put her husband to death, if she did not give up the place. She had large possessions, and offered all willingly to ransom him; but said she would not buy even his life by an act of perfidy at which he would blush. They put him likewise to the most cruel tortures, that he might be thus induced to command his wife to open the gates to them; but he braved their menaces, and, being obliged to raise the siege, they put their cruel threat into execution, and strangled him.

On receiving this news, the unfortunate Constance was struck with grief and horror; but, feeling that a Christian must not give way to vengeance, she opposed the wishes of the garrison to make reprisals on some gentlemen who were their prisoners, and, in the hour of anguish, exerted herself to save their lives.

Henry the Fourth, who knew how to recompense great actions, sent Constance a commission to continue governor of Leucate, an office which she held twenty-seven years, with a reversion in favor of her son.

INSTANCES OF FEMALE COURAGE, IN FRANCE.

"Nor com'st thou but by Heaven; nor com'st alone;
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarred,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard."

POPE'S HOMER.

AT the eventful period of the Fronde, many French ladies distinguished themselves by acts of courage and heroism.

"Mademoiselle d'Orleans, known better by the name

of Montpensier, accompanied the royal army to Orleans, opened herself a passage into the city, and, by her resolution and eloquence, prevailed on the wavering inhabitants to espouse the cause of the Fronde. Soon after, she rescued the great Condé, who had been defeated by the Marshal Turenne, by hastening with the citizens of Paris to his aid, opening the gates of the city, and causing the guns of the Bastile to be fired on the troops of the king."

"Not less bold was the determination of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, who, when the great Condé, the Prince di Conti, and the Dukes de Beaufort and de Nemours, were assembled in the library of the Duke of Orleans, adopted the ingenious expedient of turning the key on them, and thus made them her prisoners."

A FORTRESS DEFENDED BY WOMEN.

"Courage our greatest failings does supply!"

Lord Kames, in his "Sketches of the History of Man," relates an extraordinary instance of presence of mind united with courage.

"Some Iroquois, in the year 1690, attacked the fort de Vercheres, in Canada, which belonged to the French, and had approached silently, hoping to scale the palisade, when some musket-shot forced them to retire; on their advancing a second time, they were again repulsed, in wonder and amazement that they could perceive no person, excepting a woman, who was seen everywhere. This was Madame de Vercheres, who conducted herself with as much resolution and courage as if supported by a numerous garrison. The idea of storming a place wholly undefended, except by women, occasioned the Iroquois to attack the fortress repeatedly, but, after two

days' siege, they found it necessary to retire, lest they should be intercepted in their retreat.

"Two years afterwards, a party of the same nation so unexpectedly made their appearance before the same fort, that a girl of fourteen, the daughter of the proprietor, had but just time to shut the gate. With this young woman there was no person whatever, except one soldier; but not at all intimidated by her situation, she showed herself sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, frequently changing her dress, in order to give some appearance of a garrison, and always fired opportunely. In short, the faint-hearted Iroquois once more departed without success. Thus, the presence of mind of this young girl was the means of saving the fort."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF MADAME DESHOULIERES.

"I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you."
SHAKSPEARE.

"MADAME DESHOULIERES, the celebrated French poetess, was at one time on a visit at the Chateau of the Count and Countess de Luneville. Upon her arrival, she was requested to make her choice of all the bedrooms in the mansion, one only excepted, which no one was permitted to enter, as a report had been circulated that it was a haunted apartment, and, from the strange noises that had been frequently heard at night in it, it was generally believed to be the case, by the inhabitants of the chateau. Madame Deshoulieres was no sooner made acquainted with this circumstance, than, to the surprise and terror of her friends, she declared her inten-

tion of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The count looked aghast, as she disclosed this determination, and, in a tremulous voice, entreated her not to be so rash, since, however brave curiosity might, at present, make her, it was probable that she would pay too dearly for its gratification.

"The countess, observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high-spirited Madame Deshoulieres, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from the enterprise, from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. All the arguments that could be urged were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage was superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they must owe their coloring to superstition, acting upon weak minds: she entertained no faith in the fleshy arm of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulieres found it grand and spacious, — the windows dark, from the thickness of the walls, — the chimney antique, and of cavernous depth. As soon as madame was undressed, she stept into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in the bracket, which stood in a stand near it, and enjoining her femme-de-chambre to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book, according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, and then sunk to repose. She was soon roused by a noise at the door; it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulieres immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and, therefore, addressed it with the

assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose, of detecting the impostor which had excited such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent upon penetrating and exposing it, at all hazards. No answer was returned; the threat was reiterated, but all to no purpose. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that, getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on the rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that one under the influence of fear would have taken it for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit; but madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor, whom she suspected to be one of the domestics; but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for now it ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. At length, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself at the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulieres, still retaining her self-possession, immediately exclaimed, 'Ah! now I shall ascertain what thou art!' at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two ears, soft as velvet, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain her hold until the morning should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Day at length released her from the awkward and painful position in which she had remained for many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhab

itants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulieres had so long kept him, he licked her hands, while she enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end of an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced every nerve.

"In the mean time, the count and countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself grew more terrible to their imagination, the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings, they proceeded, as soon as it was light, to the apartment of Madame Deshoulieres; scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so.

"From this state of petrifaction they were relieved by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliment of the morning, with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed, with an impressive solemnity; and, having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she said, 'Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. There (pointing to Gros Blanc) is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;' for such the count had concluded it to be, from his mother having been the last person who died at the chateau. 'I will now,' continued the heroic lady, 'complete my task, and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes.' Madame arose, and made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render

the locking of it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been, evidently, the cause of Gros Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for; Gros Blanc smelt and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which, he committed all the blunders, and caused all the noises, which had disturbed the silence of the night; and he would have taken possession of the bed also, if he had not given the lady an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural agency, while the conduct of Madame Deshoulieres affords one example, among many others, of the superiority which presence of mind and courage possess over superstition and credulity."

PRESENCE OF MIND OF MISS BAILLY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies." — Pope.

A few days before the battle of Falkirk, so disastrous to the English army, Lord Loudon made a bold attempt to seize the Pretender, at Moy, the account of which is thus narrated by the Chevalier Johnstone: —

"On the 16th of February, the prince slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan of Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the sevice of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness, with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to await the arrival of the other columns before approaching nearer to that town. In the mean time, Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of

the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security at Moy; and his lordship would have succeeded in this design, but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chooses to manifest his power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards, and a chain of sentinels, all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

"While some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and from certain expressions dropped from them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the prince with

difficulty escaped, in his robe-de-chambre, nightcap, and slippers, to the neighboring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but, by the care and attentions she experienced, her health was reëstablished."

NOBLE TRAIT OF INSTINCTIVE COURAGE.

"If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death."

SHAKSPEARE.

DUMONT, in his Narrative of a Thirty-four Years' Slavery and Travels in Africa, relates the following anecdote: —

"During the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, the Count d'Artois came to St. Roch, to visit the place and works. While his highness was inspecting the lines, in company with the Duke de Crillon, they both alighted with their suite, and all lay flat upon the ground, to avoid the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks where a French woman had a canteen. This woman, who had two children on her arm at the time, rushed forth with them, and having seated herself, with the utmost *sang-froid*, on the bomb-shell, she put out the match, thus extricating from danger all that were around her, many of whom witnessed this courageous and devoted act. His highness rewarded this intrepid female by bestowing on her a pension of three francs a day, and engaged to promote her husband after the siege; while the Duke de Crillon, imitating the generous example of the prince, insured to her, likewise, a daily payment of five francs."

FAITHFUL ATTACHMENT OF A NEGRESS.

"Oh, Heaven! the deep fidelity of love!"

A MELANCHOLY example of the faithful affection of a foster-mother for the infant intrusted to her care occurred in the year 1770, at the time of the dreadful earthquake which made such ravages in the island of St. Domingo.

"A negress of Port-au-Prince found herself alone, in the house of her master and mistress, with their youngest child, whom she nursed. The house shook to its foundation. Every one had taken flight; she alone could not escape, without leaving her infant charge in danger. The faithful negress flew to the chamber, where it lay in the most profound sleep; at that moment the walls of the house fell in: anxious only for the safety of her foster-child, she threw herself over it, and, serving as a sort of arch, saved it from destruction. The child was indeed saved; but the unfortunate negress died soon after, the victim of her fidelity."

UNEXAMPLED ACT OF SELF-DEVOTION.

"All like the purchase; few the price will pay,
And this makes friends such miracles below.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run,
'Poor is the friendless master of a world;
A world in purchase for a friend, is gain.'" — YOUNG.

AN unexampled instance of self-devotion and presence of mind was manifested by a maid-servant, during the war in La Vendee.

"The wife of Lepinai, a general in the Vendean army, was imprisoned at Nantes, and attended by a young girl, a native of Chatellerault. so faithfully attached to the

service of her mistress, that she had followed her to prison. One day the soldiers arrived, to summon the prisoners who were destined to death: this faithful girl heard Madame Lepinai called, who had but an instant before retired to her chamber. Glad of such an opportunity to save the life of her beloved mistress, she presented herself, and answered to the name. The affectionate creature was instantly led away with the other prisoners, and precipitated among the waves of the Loire, in the place of Madame Lepinai."

THE MAID OF SARRAGOSSA.

"Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed." — COWPER.

"Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread."
LORD BYRON.

"AT the siege of Sarragossa, in the year 1809, Augustina, a handsome woman about twenty-two years of age, of the lower class of people, distinguished herself in the eyes of her countrymen by her undaunted courage. She was carrying refreshments to the gates, and arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers, for the moment, hesitated to re-man the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a

twenty-six pounder, — then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow-citizens, by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy.

"For her heroism on this occasion, Augustina afterwards received the surname of 'Sarragossa,' a pension from the government, and the daily pay of an artilleryman; and, at the time Lord Byron was at Seville, the Maid of Sarragossa walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta."

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED BY ITS NURSE.

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed."

SHAKSPEARE.

"A SERVANT-MAID, at Munich, signalized herself by her singular presence of mind. She was in a garden, with a child of nine months old, and had set it down on the ground, when suddenly an eagle darted from the air, to seize upon it as a prey. This young woman, who was fortunately close by, with extraordinary courage and presence of mind, threw a shawl at the bird, which covering his eyes, not only prevented him from seizing the infant, but even from escaping: she boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles, held him fast, till some persons came to her assistance. His Majesty amply rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the prisoner to the menagerie at Nymphenburg."

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A SERVANT-GIRL.

"Courage, prove thy chance once more!"

In the Monthly Magazine of the year 1819 may be seen recorded the following extraordinary instance of courage, which does infinite credit both to the head and heart of its heroine.

"A half-idiot, who was employed by a grocer residing at Woodstock or Whitney, was told, on the morning of the 5th of November, to go to a coffer where the gunpowder was kept, and bring some down, and put it into the drawer, to supply the consumption of the evening. The man forgot the order till it grew dusk, when he took a lighted candle in his hand, which he inserted in the loose powder, and, filling the measure, walked away.

"He could not speak intelligibly, although he understood what was said to him; he was accustomed to make his meaning known by signs. Scarcely had he emptied the powder into the drawer, when suddenly recollecting what had been done, the terrified creature made the most frightful noise, displaying every mark of horror and dismay; and soon made his master and the family clearly understand that he had left a burning candle fixed in the gunpowder.

"The danger was so appalling that most of the inmates fled: but the servant-girl entreated her master not to alarm his sick wife; and, going direct to the chamber as gently as possible, approached the burning candle. Closing the fingers of her hands, she formed a kind of candlestick, and lifting the candle safely out of the powder, returned with it to her master, fainting away the moment she reached the shop."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

"She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars."
SHAKSPEARE.

AT the battle of Jena, a few minutes before the commencement of the attack, the Queen of Prussia, mounted on a superb charger, appeared on the field of battle, and accompanied by the *élite* of the youth of Berlin, rode along the front of the most advanced lines of the Prussian army. The flags which her own hands had embroidered to stimulate the troops, together with those which had been borne in the armies of Frederick the Great, and which were blackened with gunpowder, were lowered at her approach. Shouts of enthusiasm resounded through the Prussian ranks. The atmosphere was so clear, and the two armies were so close to each other, that the French could plainly discern the costume of the royal amazon. Her singular dress was, indeed, the chief cause of the danger she incurred in her flight. On her head was a helmet of polished steel, shaded by a superb plume. The rest of her dress consisted of a cuirass, glittering with gold and silver, and a tunic of silver brocade, reaching to her feet, on which she wore red boots, with gold spurs. When the Prussian army was routed, the queen remained on the field, attended by three or four men of her escort, who had defended her. However, a small party of hussars, who had fought gloriously during the battle, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group. Startled by this unexpected attack, the horse which her Majesty rode darted off at a furious gallop, and had he not possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair queen would infallibly have been captured by the French

hussars, who were several times very close upon her. The queen, thus pursued, arrived within sight of the gates of Weimar, when a strong detachment of dragoons was seen pursuing her at full speed. The commander of the detachment had orders to take the queen at all risks; but no sooner had she entered Weimar than the gates were closed, and the hussars and dragoons returned disappointed to the field of battle.

HUMANE ACT OF THE HONORABLE MISS EDEN.

"What cleaves the silent air,
So madly shrill — so passing wild?"

"The helpless innocent! And must he die?"
MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THE heroic conduct of the Honorable Miss Eden affords an admirable example of courage and presence of mind. Some years ago, several children were playing on the banks of the Thames at Hampton Court, when a fine boy, the son of a laborer named Adams, about five or six years of age, fell into the river. He was rapidly carried down the stream; the little fellow's clothes, however, kept him floating on the surface, and he occasionally uttered a piercing cry. This attracted the notice of the Honorable Miss Eden, one of her Majesty Queen Adelaide's maids of honor, who was walking in the palace gardens; and seeing the struggles of the child, she immediately leaped over the high wall, and, without a moment's consideration, dashed into the river. She had reached within a few feet of the child, when, having got beyond her depth, she was carried in a contrary direction. Luckily she again recovered her footing, but the child was now far beyond her reach. She then retraced

her steps to the banks of the river, calling, at the same time, to the little sufferer to keep its head up, and she would save it. Her cries at last aroused the ferryman at Thames Ditton, for by this time the child and Miss Eden had reached nearly opposite to that village, and she at length saw the child's body rescued from the flood. It was brought ashore, but was insensible. She had it, however, carried up to the palace, and, though wet to the crown of her head, gave every necessary direction for the medical gentlemen to be sent for. Notwithstanding every effort was persevered in for more than an hour, life was found to be extinct. At an inquest subsequently held on the body, and at which Miss Eden was unable, it was stated, to attend, in consequence of a severe cold under which she labored, the jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death;" they at the same time expressed the highest admiration at the conduct of Miss Eden, than whom no person, they said, was more worthy of the Humane Society's medal.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

"Oh! who would be a woman?—who that fool,
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?
She hath hard measures still where she hopes kindest,
And all her bounties only make ingrates."

Love's Pilgrimage.

"NEAR the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:—

"One Sunday morning, the miller and his family set out, as usual, to attend service at the nearest church, in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling-house was attached, in charge of his servant-

maid, Hänchen, a bold-hearted girl, who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was still too little to go to church, remained also under her care.

"As Hänchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew his character well, had forbidden him the house; but Hänchen could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion, she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat at once, but found time, in the midst of her business, to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare set before him. As he was eating, he let fall his knife, which he asked her to pick up for him; she playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, from all she heard, he did little enough work, and ought at least to wait upon himself. In the end, however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, when the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming; then, with an oath, he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demand. The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him; he still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die, or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him, or changing his purpose, and, with the full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage woke in her bosom. Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him, in a resigned tone, that what must be, must; only, if he carried off her master's

gold, he must take her with him too, for she could never stay to bear their suspicions and reproaches; entreating him, at the same time, to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid her, while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time, or the family would be returning from church. She then led the way to her master's bed-room, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money. 'Here,' she said, reaching to him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, 'you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here.'

"Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quick as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operations, first opening the box, and then disposing of the money about his person. In the mean while, Hänchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages, till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; and this done, she rushed out to the outer door of the mill, to give the alarm. The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child of five years old; to him she called, with all her might, 'Run! — run to meet your father, as he comes from church; tell him we shall all be murdered, if he does not come back!' The frightened child did as she bid him, and set off running on the road she pointed out.

"Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known, she sank down for a moment on the stone seat before the

door, and, full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears. But, at this moment, a shrill whistle aroused her attention; it was from her prisoner, Heinrich, who, opening the grated window above her head, shouted to some accomplice without, to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl. Hänchen looked round, in great alarm, but saw no one. The child still continued to run with all his might, and she hoped that it was but a false alarm, to excite her fear and overcome her resolution; when, just as the child reached a hollow in the next field, (the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and snatching up the child in his arms, hasten with him towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her danger, and formed her plan for escaping it.

"Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, every other means of obvious access being prevented by strong iron gratings fixed up against all the windows,—and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if, indeed, inevitable; for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robbers' hands. She had hardly had time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the screaming child in his arms, and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up, and bid her open the door, or he would break it down, adding many awful oaths and threats; to which her only answer was, that she put her

trust in God. Heinrich, who from his window was witness of this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes, if she still persisted in her refusal. Poor Hänchen's heart quailed at this horrible threat; for a moment her resolution failed, but only for a moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant; and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason, either, to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was to risk all against nothing; and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villain from without renewed his threats, saying, that if she would not open the door to him, he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head. 'I put my trust in God,' was still the poor girl's answer.

"In the mean while, the ruffian set down the child for a moment, to look about for combustibles to carry out his threat; in this search, he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hänchen. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel, and the other machinery of the mill; and it was a point entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter by so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child, to prevent its escape, and then stole back to the aperture, by which he intended to effect an entrance. The situation of the building prevented Hänchen from seeing anything of this; but a thought had meanwhile struck her. It was Sunday, when the mill was never at work; if therefore, the sails were seen in motion, the whole neighborhood would know that something unusual was

the matter; and her master, especially, would hasten home to know the meaning of anything so strange.

"Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment to set it all in motion: a brisk breeze, which sprung up, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as the machinery came into action; the mill was in full operation. It was at this moment that the ruffian intruder had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting himself safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable, when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from this perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror, he uttered shrieks and horrible imprecations. Astonished at the noise, Hänchen ran to the spot, and saw him caught like a rat in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotatory prison, without any rash attempt at escape; and that, even if he became insensible, he could not fall out of it.

"In the mean time, the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round he went with it, while sense remained, besieging Hänchen with entreaties, promises, and wild, impotent threats, which were all equally disregarded, till, by degrees, feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no one. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine,

but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before; for Hänchen did not dare trust appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

"At length she heard a loud knocking at the door, and flew to open it. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, all in the utmost excitement and wonder at seeing the mill-sails in full swing on a Sunday, and still more when they had found the poor child lying bound upon the grass, who, however, was too terrified to give them any account of what had happened. Hänchen, in a few words, told all; and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting in their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were, in a short time, sent bound, under a strong escort, to Bonn, where they soon after met the reward of their crimes.

"The story of this extraordinary act of presence of mind concludes by telling us that Hänchen, thus effectually cured of her *penchant* for her unworthy suitor, became, eventually, the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life on the scene of her imminent danger and happy deliverance."

HOSPITALITY.

ANACAONA. — DUCHESS OF FERRARA. — MRS. GAUNT. — HIGHLAND WIDOW. — MRS. GORDON. — AFRICAN HOSPITALITY. — MADAME BOUQUET. — FAITHFUL FRENCH WOMAN. — MADAME PAYSAC. — MADAME RUVILLY.

"Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast,
Ask who revived him? who the hearth began
To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and Woman name."

BARRETT.

HOSPITALITY has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of Woman; compassion not only graces the educated and polished European lady, but is equally inherent in the bosom of the wild, unlettered savage, and their distressed fellow-creatures find a ready home and shelter with both: thus the shipwrecked mariner and the wayworn traveller, surviving their perils, return to their native country to unite theirs to the many testimonies already received of the charity and hospitality of the female sex.

TREACHEROUS REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

"Haste, gentle lady, haste — there waits
A noble stranger at the gates." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his Life of Columbus, gives an interesting account of Anacaona, widow of Caonabo,

who, after the capture of her husband by the Spaniards, had taken refuge with her brother, the Cacique Behechio, who governed the province of Xaragua.

On the death of Behechio, Anacaona succeeded to the government. Her magnanimous spirit was evinced in her amicable treatment of the Spaniards, towards whom, notwithstanding the ruin in which they had involved her husband, who died their prisoner, she appears to have entertained no vindictive feeling.

Notwithstanding the friendly behavior of Anacaona, Ovando, the Spanish general, imagined that there was a deep-laid conspiracy among the Indians of Xaragua to rise upon the Spaniards; and he "set out for that province, at the head of three hundred foot-soldiers, armed with swords, arquebuses and crossbows, and seventy horsemen, with cuirasses, bucklers and lances. He pretended that he was going on a mere visit to Anacaona, and to make arrangement about the payment of tribute.

"When Anacaona heard of this intended visit, she sent to all her tributary caciques, and to all her principal subjects, to assemble at her chief town, that they might receive the commander of the Spaniards with becoming homage and distinction. As Ovando, at the head of his little army, approached, she went forth to meet him, according to the custom of her nation, attended by a great train of her most distinguished subjects, male and female. They received the Spaniards with their popular *areytos*, their national songs; the young women waving palm-branches, and dancing before them.

"Anacaona treated the governor with that natural graciousness and dignity for which she was celebrated. She gave him the largest house in the place for his

residence, and his people were quartered in the houses adjoining. For several days the Spaniards were entertained with all the natural luxuries that the province afforded. National songs, and dances, and games, were performed for their amusement, and there was every outward demonstration of the same hospitality, the same amity, that Anacaona had uniformly shown to white men.

"Notwithstanding all this kindness, Ovando, being persuaded that Anacaona secretly meditated a massacre of himself and his followers, resolved to anticipate the supposed plot by a counter-artifice, and to overwhelm this defenceless people in an indiscriminate and bloody vengeance.

"He accordingly invited the Indians, in return, to witness certain national games of his country; and amongst other diversions was to be a tilting match, or joust with reeds, and all the Spaniards were secretly instructed to arm themselves with weapons of a more deadly character, and to be in readiness for the signal of their commander."

Anacaona, with her daughter, attendants, and all the caciques, were assembled in a house which commanded a view of the square in which the joust was to take place. "Ovando, perceiving that everything was disposed according to his orders, gave the fatal signal. The house was surrounded, and no one permitted to escape. The Spaniards entered, and seizing upon the caciques, bound them to the posts which supported the roof. Anacaona was led forth a prisoner. The unhappy caciques were then put to horrible tortures, until some of them, in the extremity of anguish, were made to accuse the queen and themselves of the plot with which they were charged.

When this cruel mockery of judicial form had been executed, instead of preserving them for after-examination, fire was set to the house, and all the caciques perished miserably in the flames."

Meanwhile a most horrid massacre took place without; the armed horsemen, sparing neither age nor sex, put the defenceless throng to an indiscriminate slaughter, and the princess Anacaona was carried in chains to San Domingo. "The mockery of a trial," continues the historian, "was given her, in which she was found guilty, on the confessions which had been wrung by tortures from her subjects, and on the testimony of their butchers; and she was ignominiously hanged, in the presence of the people whom she had so long and so signally befriended."

HUMANE CONDUCT OF THE DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

"This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be Misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distressed,
No slaughter-house for shipwrecked guest."

"RENATA, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis the Twelfth and of Anne of Bretagne, after her conversion to the Protestant faith, and her retirement to the castle of Montargis, was distinguished by her hospitality and goodness. She displayed her kindness more particularly towards her countrymen: every Frenchman who, in travelling through Ferrara, was exposed to want or sickness, experienced her benevolence and liberality. After the return of the Duke of Guise from Italy, she saved, as the army passed through Ferrara, more than *ten thousand* of the French from perishing by want and hardships. Her steward representing to her the enor-

mous sums which her bounty thus expended, 'What,' replied she, 'would you have me do? These are my countrymen, who would have been my subjects but for the Salic law.' During the civil wars in France, she retired into her city and castle of Montargis, where she received and supported numbers of distressed persons, who had been driven from their homes and estates."

"I myself," says Brantome, "during the second period of these troubles, when the forces of Gascoigne, consisting of eight thousand men, headed by Messrs. De Ferrides and De Mousales, were marching towards the king, and, passing by Montargis, stopped, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to her. I myself saw, in her castle, above three hundred Protestants, who had fled thither from all parts of the country. An old steward, whom I had known at Ferrara and in France, protested to me that she fed daily more than three hundred people who had taken refuge with her."

CRUEL PUNISHMENT OF MRS. GAUNT.

"If a hope of safety rest,
'T is on the sacred name of guest."

HOSPITALITY has been too often dangerous to those by whom it has been exercised: during the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, it was considered a crime against the state to afford shelter to the outlawed fugitives, and punished by the extreme penalty of the law. Yet, in those as well as later times, women have been found who, with a courage superior to all hazard, have dared to acquit themselves of this first duty to society, and who have chosen to peril their lives and fortunes rather than violate its sacred ties. It is a painful reflection that

such self-devoted and heroic beings should have sometimes experienced the basest ingratitude from the objects of their bounty; yet it was by no means an unfrequent occurrence for those whose disinterested compassion had generously bestowed shelter and support upon the houseless wanderer, to be, in return for such favors, denounced as traitors, for the sake of the paltry reward offered for their apprehension.

An example of this occurred in the reign of James the Second. "During Monmouth's rebellion, one of his followers, knowing the humane disposition of a lady of the name of Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was concealed and maintained for some time. Hearing, however, of the proclamation which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harbored the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that the ungrateful wretch was pardoned, and recompensed for his treachery, while his benefactress was *burnt alive* for her charity towards him."

GENEROUS HOSPITALITY OF A POOR WIDOW.

"Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to simple servants' share."

POPE'S HOMER.

"AFTER the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the last hopes of the house of Stuart, Colonel Stuart, attended by his friend, Mr. Hamilton of Balgour, sought his personal safety in flight. They approached a lonely hut in the Highlands, to which Mr. Hamilton went to ask shelter for an unfortunate stranger. The good woman opened her wattled door, and by his looks comprehend-

ing at once that a poor refugee was in distress, though she did not understand one word of English, she followed Mr. Hamilton to the spot where he had left Colonel Stuart, who addressed her in her native tongue, and as his case was desperate, confided to her their names and their peril. She told him the cattle were pasturing near her cottage; but if he would wait a little, she would send the herds out of view, and get him removed without exciting suspicion. Having succeeded in this, she kept them concealed for several days; and when they at length quitted their humane preserver, she loaded them with provisions, accompanied them for several miles, pointing out the unfrequented paths, or where they might venture to ask for a lodging, refusing, at the same time, the slightest remuneration. What adds to the merit of the action is, that the poor widow had lost two sons in the king's cause, to which she was strongly attached."

ESCAPE EFFECTED BY MRS. GORDON.

"O, woman!
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!" — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE honorable and hospitable conduct of the Highlanders was well illustrated, at the same period, by the conduct of a clergyman and his wife, of the name of Gordon.

"After the battle of Culloden, immense numbers of officers and men received refreshments from Mrs. Gordon, and every part of the manse, except one room, was filled with the wounded. To guard against treachery, Mrs. Gordon lodged the fugitives in separate apartments. So cautiously did she conceal from each the condition

of the others, that the first request was, that they would not intrust her with their real names: she could serve them under a fictitious appellation. In this manner, a father and son were five months under her roof without knowing their proximity. Colonel Stuart, being a native of the neighboring country, was personally known, and, with his usual impetuosity, had introduced his friend, Mr. Hamilton, before Mrs. Gordon could ask him to give only a borrowed name. However, she said, the gentleman must, in future, assume the designation of Mr. Milton, and the colonel himself must be Mr. Grey. She gave separate chambers to each; and, as Colonel Stuart was the most obnoxious to government, the window of his room allowed a speedy retreat to the lake, where a boat was constantly in waiting to facilitate his escape to the upper district of Badenoch, in case of a close pursuit by the military stationed all around to intercept the outlaws. In a few days, Colonel Stuart found he must betake himself to his friends in the mountains; but the inquest in that quarter being more rigid, he returned to Alvey, and, hearing music and dancing, he got in at the window of his own room and went to bed. He had been two days and three nights without rest, sometimes hidden in caverns, sometimes even obliged to strip and plunge into a bog, covering his head with branches of birch, which he carried for the express purpose; and sometimes, like Charles the Second, he eluded his pursuers by ascending a tree. He was now disposed to sleep soundly, little suspecting that several officers were in the house. Mrs. Gordon had heard they were in search of Colonel Stuart. She hoped he was far off, but trembled for other guests; and the ready expedient of collecting some young people, and appearing heedlessly merry, she knew

would divert suspicion. The officers, in place of ransacking the manse, joined the merry dancers, and went away after supper, convinced that a family so jovial could have no concealments. Some of the company were to sleep at the manse. Mrs. Gordon had then no spare room, except that occupied by her daughter; but she made as many beds as the floor could contain, and the young lady with her cousin were removed to Mr. Grey's room. They undressed. One of them attempted to raise the bedclothes, when Colonel Stuart awoke. He had loaded pistols, and his sword unsheathed, always beside him when he lay down to rest. Providentially the sword came first to hand. The candle had been extinguished, but a gleam of the moon showed a female figure, in time to avert the fatal thrust. Had Colonel Stuart seized the pistol, it must have been too late to recognize the daughter of his benefactress. The shock of a bare possibility of taking her life, he said, was more overwhelming than all his past misfortunes. She was Mrs. Gordon's only child."

Colonel Stuart pays the following tribute to the female sex: "In all our wanderings," says he, "we have preferred applying to the gentler sex. They never rejected us; and, if they could contribute to providing for our safety, after separating from them, we found they had a quick and clear perception of the means, and sympathy to stimulate their exertions, and to render them effectual. Even ladies who were keen partisans of the house of Hanover spared neither trouble nor expense in our behalf."

HOSPITALITY OF A NEGRESS.

"'T is ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent."
POPE'S HOMER.

THE celebrated traveller, Mr. Mungo Park, experienced the hospitality of the female sex on many occasions. "In his first African journey, he had arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, and sought to obtain a passage across the river to that part of the town in which the king resided; but owing to the crowd of passengers, he was detained two hours; during which time his Majesty was apprised that a white man, poorly equipped, was about to pass the river to seek an audience. A chief was immediately sent, with an express order that the traveller should not cross without his Majesty's permission, and he pointed to a village at some distance, where it was recommended that the stranger should pass the night. Park, not a little disconcerted, repaired to the village; but as the order had not been accompanied with any provision for his reception, he found every door shut. Turning his horse loose to graze, he was preparing, as a security from wild beasts, to climb a tree and sleep among the branches, when a beautiful and affecting incident occurred, which gives a most pleasing view of the negro character. An old woman, returning from the labors of the field, cast on him a look of compassion, and desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she broiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing in fixed astonishment at the white

man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply through a great part of the night. They cheered their labors with a song, which must have been composed *extempore*, since Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said, in a strain of affecting simplicity, — 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. — *Chorus* — Let us pity the white man, no mother has he,' &c. Our traveller was much affected, and next morning could not depart without requesting his landlady's acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat."

HEROIC ACT OF MADAME BOUQUET.

"Is aught so fair,
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? As the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life?" — AKENSIDE.

"WHEN, at the period of the French Revolution, the chiefs of the Gironde party were fugitives in the south of France, and everywhere sought that asylum which was too often denied them by self-love and cowardice, Guadet found a place of succor and safety in a house of one of his female relatives, whose name was Bouquet, not only for himself, but for his friend Salles. The news of this unexpected relief being carried to three companions of those proscribed deputies, they determined to beg this courageous woman to permit them to share in the retreat

of their friends. A faithful messenger was found, and returned in a few hours with the answer. Madame Bouquet invited them to come; but, at the same time, recommended them not to approach her house till midnight, and to take every possible precaution not to be perceived by any one; their safety in her house, which was what occupied her thoughts, depended greatly on these preliminary conditions.

"They arrived at midnight. They found their friends lodged thirty feet under ground, in a large vault, the entrance to which was so concealed that it was impossible for a person ignorant of the circumstance to perceive it.

"The continual residence of five men in this cellar, although it was very spacious, rendered the air so corrupt, that, as it could not be renewed but with great difficulty, Madame Bouquet contrived, in another part of the house, a second asylum, more healthy, and almost as secure. A few days afterwards, Buzot and Petion informed them, by letter, that, having within fifteen days changed their place of retreat seven times, they were now reduced to the greatest distress. 'Let them both come,' exclaimed this generous woman.

"All this time, not a day passed without Madame Bouquet being menaced with a domiciliary visit, not a day in which the guillotine did not lay some heads in the dust. Too generous not to be liable to suspicion, this heroic woman each day heard the satellites of tyranny swear, as they passed her habitation, that they would burn alive in their houses all who gave shelter to the proscribed deputies.

"'Well,' said she, 'let these inquisitors come. I am contented, provided you do not take upon yourselves to

receive them; all that I fear is, that they will arrest me, and then — what will become of you?'

"Petion and Buzot arrived, and then there were seven of them. The difficulty to provide for them was great, provisions being extremely scarce in the department. Madame Bouquet's house was allowed by the municipality only one pound of bread per day; but, fortunately, she had a stock of potatoes and dried kidney-beans. To save breakfast, it was agreed that her guests should not rise till noon. Vegetable soup was their whole dinner. After the day had closed, the deputies silently and cautiously left their retreat, and assembled round their benefactress. She was in the midst of them as a mother among her children, for whom she devotes her life. Sometimes a morsel of beef, procured with great difficulty, an egg or two, some vegetables, and a little milk, formed the supper, of which the hostess ate but little, however entreated, the better to support her guests.

A month stole away in this peaceful security, with which was mingled the sweet enjoyment of generous affection and grateful friendship; when the deputies, having some unusual reason to fear for the safety of their benefactress, forcibly expressed to her their apprehensions. 'Have I not lived sufficiently long,' replied this admirable woman, 'having given you shelter? And is not death all that is to be desired when one has done all the good possible?'

"A circumstance which adds infinite value to this generosity was, that Madame Bouquet carefully concealed from her guests the uneasiness which secretly consumed her, occasioned by one of her relations, who had formerly been the intimate friend of Guadet. This man, having learned what passed in Madame Bouquet's house, set in

action every means which his mind could suggest, composed of falsehoods and artifices, the fruits of a pusillanimous temper and a miserable self-love, to induce her to banish the fugitives from her house. Every day he came to her with stories more terrible one than another. Sometimes he declared that he felt himself bound to denounce traitors put out of the sanction of the law; and then he would affect strong remonstrances in behalf of a family endangered by her imprudent conduct. He sometimes acted as if his mind was disordered by the terrors that, on her account, he indulged in; and, at length, fearing that he would take some sudden and desperate measure, endangering the lives of the deputies, she felt it justice to them to lay her situation before them. Her voice was almost stifled with grief, as she spoke to them.

"There was but one course for the deputies to take; they resolved to quit their happy and peaceful asylum, and the moment of their separation, so mournful to all, and so fatal and eternal to most of them, was fixed for the following night.

"Sad effects of civil dissension! Exemplary virtue passes for crime; and instead of an altar reared to their glory, those whom it actuates are sent to the scaffold!

"Suspected of having afforded an asylum to the fugitive deputies, it was not long before Madame Bouquet was arrested, together with the whole family of Guadet. It is well known with what tenderness and ingenuity the father of that deputy sought to save his son, who, with his friend Salles, had taken refuge under his roof. Carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Bourdeaux, his judges were too prudent to question this venerable man concerning the concealment of his son; even they

dreaded the touching voice of nature and the indignation of virtue. He was simply asked why he had given an asylum to Salles? to which the old man answered by clasping his hands, and raising them to Heaven. Witness of this afflicting scene, Madame Bouquet, as vehement in her indignation as she had been impassioned in her protection of the deputies, had not power to listen in silence to such an interrogatory.

"'Yes, monsters,' she cried, 'beasts of prey, fed with human blood! If humanity, if family affections, are crimes, we all merit death.' Throwing herself into the arms of the elder Guadet, she burst into tears, adding, as she pressed the old man to her bosom, 'We have now only to die!'

"The Tribunal, perceiving the increasing interest in the spectators of this affecting scene, hastily closed the trial by pronouncing the fatal sentence of death.

"Thus fell this admirable woman, whose magnanimity does as much honor to human nature as her execution disgraces the system under which she died."

FIDELITY OF A DOMESTIC.

"Ah! why should virtue dread the frowns of fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create;
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
A world, with memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The hope of happiness, an honest breast."—ROGERS.

"ANOTHER outlawed deputy, Lanjuinais, took refuge at Rennes, at a house belonging to his mother, and of which an old female domestic had the care. The fear of terrifying this poor woman caused him, at first, to conceal from her his real situation; but having learnt from the public papers the execution of Guadet at Bour-

deaux, and that the government had extended their inveterate proscriptions to those friends of the outlawed deputies who should give them shelter, and even to the domestics who would not reveal the places of their concealment, he determined immediately to declare himself, and prevail upon her to shun the impending danger, by instantly quitting the house. The declaration of his misfortunes, so far from influencing this affectionate creature to avoid a participation of them, only made her resolute not to abandon him in the hour of danger. 'It is nothing to die,' said she, 'but it is a great deal to save the life of one's master.'

"In vain Lanjuinais remonstrated, entreated, and even commanded that she should think of her own safety; it was enough, he assured her, that she kept the secret of his asylum; while, to remain near him, served but to endanger her own life, without adding to the security of his. She rejected his reasons, and persisted to demand, as a special favor, the privilege of remaining with him. She prevailed, and through the zeal and exertions of this worthy domestic, Lanjuinais finally escaped the researches of the government, until the fall of Robespierre, when his benefactress received, in the liberty and safety of her master, an ample reward for her toils and virtuous perseverance."

MADAME PAYSAC PUT TO DEATH.

"What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away." — KIRKE WHITE.

"RABAUD DE ST. ETIENNE also was compelled to fly from place to place, every moment in danger of falling

into the hands of his pursuers. Madame Paysac, an inhabitant of Paris, having learnt that he was concealed somewhere in that city, took every possible means to discover his retreat, that she might offer him a more secure asylum in her own house. The worthy St. Etienne refused to avail himself of a friendship that could scarcely fail to entail destruction on such a generous being, but Madame Paysac would admit of no denial.

"'What!' said she, 'because there is some danger to be hazarded in the attempt to save you, would you have me leave you to perish? What merit is there in benevolence that is exercised only when there is no need of it?'

"The scruples of St. Etienne were silenced by the perseverance of his friend; he was received into her house, and partook of every consolation that his miserable state would admit of. But the restless vigilance of the government soon discovered the retreat of the unfortunate St. Etienne, and the benevolent Madame Paysac speedily followed him to the guillotine, with the same intrepidity she had shown in confronting danger to perfect his safety."

MADAME RUVILLY AND HER SISTER.

"Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest
Affianced in my faith, a friendly guest." — POPE.

"IN the city of Brest, a stranger one day presented himself before a lady named Ruvilly, and besought her to grant him an asylum from the dangers of proscription. There was something in the appearance of this person that at once inspired respect and confidence; his

gray hairs, the traces that sorrow had left on his countenance, greatly affected Madame Ruvilly, whose compassionate heart was ever alive to the claims of humanity. She did not consider her own danger,—she did not even inquire who the person was to whom she was about to give a shelter that might involve her in utter ruin,—he was unfortunate, and Madame Ruvilly could not resist such a title. She concealed him, and sought to lessen the sense of his misfortunes by her kindness and attentions.

"At the expiration of two days, the stranger came to take leave of her. Madame Ruvilly, whose pity and delicacy had forbade her to question him, could not forbear expressing her astonishment at his abrupt departure. 'I am, madame,' said he, 'a priest; if I remain longer here, my proscription will extend its fatal consequences to you. Suffer me to depart instantly, while you are yet safe, that I may not have the additional misery of bringing you to destruction.'

"'But where will you go?' said Madame Ruvilly. 'God will direct me,' answered the stranger. 'What!' exclaimed Madame Ruvilly, 'know you not where to seek a retreat, and would you have me expose you to such danger? Ah no! I cannot consent to it. The more unprotected you are, the more it is my duty to shelter you. I beseech you to remain in this house, at least till a moment of less danger.'

"The old man resisted so strongly the humane entreaties of Madame Ruvilly, that he came off victor in the generous contest; but though no one but a sister of Madame Ruvilly witnessed the scene, the traces of such generous hospitality were too soon detected. When summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, Madame

Ruvilly avowed the service she had rendered to the old priest; her only regret was, the afflicting spectacle of her sister, who was condemned to death, for not having denounced her to the tribunal.

"Those two women submitted to death with a feeling of pride at having incurred, from such a government, the penalties attached to the performance of a generous action."

SELF-CONTROL.

CAMIOLA TURINGA.—LADY JANE GREY.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.—MADAME DE VILLECERF.

"Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse than foe;
But to bee lesser than himselfe doth marre
Both loosers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow."

SPENSER.

THE complete control over the passions is difficult to be obtained; perhaps no one ever possessed this to its fullest extent. The greatest heroes and philosophers have ever had their ruling passion: Alexander, who wished to govern the world, was in this respect himself a slave; and Peter the Great, of Russia, candidly acknowledged, that while he could conquer others, he could not subdue *himself*.

Alexander conquered, — so did Peter; and they both obtained the name of "Great:" how much more deserving of that title those who have gained a victory over *themselves!* Love, the most powerful of all human passions, is most difficult to subdue, even when the object has ceased to be that which first excited the passion; but to love that object when he or she is no longer virtuous, would tend to degrade us in our own estimation; therefore, self-control is under such circumstances one of the highest species of human virtue.

RESOLUTION OF CAMIOLA TURINGA.

"Wronged in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceived for once, I trust not kings again:
Ye have my answer — what remains to do!"
POPE'S HOMER.

"TOWARDS the close of the reign of Robert, grandson of Charles the First, of Sicily, Prince Orlando, of Arragon, rashly encountering the Neapolitan fleet, was made captive and imprisoned in one of the castles of Naples. His brother, Peter, King of Sicily, refused to ransom him, as he had occasioned the loss of the Sicilian armament by his temerity in engaging the Neapolitans contrary to his express commands. The young and handsome prince, unfriended and almost forgotten, remained long in prison, and would have been doomed for life to pine away in hopeless captivity, had not his wretched fate excited the pity of Camiola Turinga, a wealthy lady of Messina, distinguished for every feminine grace and virtue. Desirous of procuring his liberty without compromising her fair fame, and perhaps actuated by sentiments still more powerful than compassion, she sent a trusty messenger to his dungeon at Naples, to offer to pay his ransom on condition of his marrying her on his return to Messina. Orlando, overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, willingly sent her a contract of marriage; but she had no sooner purchased his liberty, than he denied all knowledge of her, and treated her with scorn.

"The slighted maiden carried her cause before the royal tribunal, and Peter of Arragon, convinced of the necessity of governing the Sicilians with justice, as his empire depended solely on the affections of the people, adjudged Orlando to Camiola, as he was, in fact, according to the custom of the times and the laws of war, a

slave whom she had purchased with her treasure. In consequence of this decree, a day was appointed for their marriage, and Orlando, accompanied by a splendid retinue, repaired to the house of Camiola, whom he found decked out in the customary magnificence of silk and jewels. But Camiola, instead of proffering the vows of love and obedience which the haughty prince expected to hear, told him she scorned to degrade herself by a union with one who had debased his royal birth and his knighthood by so foul a breach of faith, and that she could now only bestow on him, not her hand, of which he had proved himself unworthy, but the ransom she had paid, which she esteemed a gift worthy a man of a mean and sordid soul; herself, and her remaining riches, she vowed to dedicate to Heaven.

"No entreaties availed to change her resolution, and Orlando, shunned by his peers as a dishonored man, too late regretted the bride he had lost, and falling into a profound melancholy, died in obscurity and neglect."

THE ROYAL POWER DECLINED.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE unfortunate Lady Jane Grey afforded a noble instance of self-control, in refusing to accept the crown of England, which had been bequeathed to her by her cousin, Edward the Sixth.

"On the death of that amiable young monarch, the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland repaired to Dur-

ham House, where the Lady Jane resided, with her husband. There the Duke of Suffolk, with much solemnity, explained to his daughter the disposition the late king had made of his crown; the clear sense the privy council had of her right; the consent of the magistrates and citizens; and, with Northumberland, paid her homage as Queen of England. Greatly astonished by their discourse, but not at all persuaded by their reasons, or elevated by such unexpected honors, Jane returned them an answer to this effect: 'That the laws of the kingdom, and the natural right, standing for the king's sisters, she would beware of burdening her weak conscience with a yoke that did belong to them; that she understood the infamy of those who had permitted the violation of right to gain a sceptre; that it were to mock God, and deride justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling, and not at the usurpation of a crown.' 'Besides,' said she, 'I am not so young, nor so little read in the smiles of fortune, to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject of her spoil: if she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruins; what she adored but yesterday, to-day is her pastime; and if I now permit her to adorn and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my place for honorable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious fetters; and if you love me sincerely, and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition, exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall.'"

Overcome, at length, by the pressing entreaties of her father, mother, and Northumberland, but above all influenced by the earnest wishes of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, Lady Jane's firmness yielded to their request. In a fatal moment, she relinquished her peaceful and happy abode, to enter on the cares of royalty; and, with a heavy heart, suffered herself to be conveyed to the Tower, which she entered with all the state of a queen, and was speedily proclaimed, with every due solemnity. She retained the crown, however, but for ten days; at the end of which time, her cousin Mary being universally acknowledged by the people, the Duke of Suffolk waited upon his daughter, and informed her that he came to require her to lay aside the state of a queen, and content herself with the condition of a subject. Lady Jane, not at all discomposed, told him that she was much better pleased with this news than when she ascended the throne, purely in obedience to himself and her mother. Mary, however, could not easily forgive her rival; on her accession, the unfortunate Lady Jane was imprisoned, with her husband; and the melancholy fate of this youthful and interesting couple proved the truth of Lady Jane's prediction, which was amply fulfilled in her unhappy destiny.

MAJESTIC REPLY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does." SHAKSPEARE.

THE following honorable anecdote of Queen Elizabeth characterizes that high majesty which was in her

thoughts as well as her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm, who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, expecting to be sent to the Tower. She replied, mildly, "Do you not know that we are descended of the lion, whose nature is not to harm or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?"

NOBLE SENTIMENTS OF A DYING LADY.

"When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on!"

SHAKSPEARE.

MADAME DE VILLECERF, brought to death in the flower of her age by the unskilfulness of her surgeon, comforted him thus: "I do not look upon you," she said, in dying, "as a person whose error has cost me my life, but as a benefactor, who advances my entry into a happy immortality. As the world may judge otherwise, I have put you in a situation, by my will, to quit your profession." Such a nobleness of soul is not to be acquired in an instant; it is the consequence of a long practice of goodness; and the life of such a woman, well understood, will furnish more useful lessons than the history of battles, and the famous massacres, celebrated by so many writers.

GRATITUDE.

GRATEFUL SCOTCH WOMAN.—PORTUGUESE LADY.

"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower
The bee's collected treasure 's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude:" — GRAY.

"GRATITUDE is the powerful reaction of a well-disposed mind, upon whom benevolence has conferred some important good. The grateful person is impatient of a silent and passive reception of the blessing, and considers himself bound, in honor and justice, either to repay or acknowledge the debt by a bond that cannot be cancelled."

OFFERING OF ELIZABETH WILCOX.

"A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burthen then?"
MILTON.

AMONG the persons liberated by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, on his ascending the throne, was a British sailor of the name of John Duncan. His mother, a poor woman in Scotland, thinking it her duty to acknowledge this act of justice on the part of his imperial Majesty, sent him the following artless epistle:—

"Unto the most excellent Alexander Emprore of that grat dominion of Russia, and the teratorys there unto belonging, &c. &c. &c.

"Your most humble servant most humbly beges your most gracious pardon for my boldness in approaching your most dreed sovring for your clemency at this time.

"My sovring, the candour of this freedom is on account of your sovring's goodness in the serving and inlarging of my son, whose name is John Duncan, aged twenty-six years, who was on a prentice, who was prisoner with Robert Spittle, his master, Captaen of the Han, Spittle, of Alloa, at the time of the British embargo in your sovring's dominions in Russia, who is the only seport of me, his mother, and besaid I have no other friend for my seport; and on the account of your gracious benevallence, be pleased to accept of this small present from your ever well-wisher, whilst I have breath.

"The small present is three pairs of stockings, for going on when your sovring gos out a hunting; I would a have sent your sovring silk stockings, if that my son could go in search for it, but the press being so hot at this time, that he cannot go for fear of being pressed.

"If your sovring will be pleased to axcept of this, and faveur me with an ansueur of this, by the bearer, and let me kno what famely of children your sovring has, I will send stockings for them for the winter, before winter comes on, as also what sons and daughters you might have.

"Most dreed sovring, I am your most obedient and humble servant, till death,

"ELIZABETH WILCOX.

"ST. NEUNSONS, by STERLING,
"*April* 2, 1804.

"Please to direct to me, to the care of Robert Raunce, in St. Neunsons, by Sterling."

So far was his imperial Majesty from despising the humble token of the gratitude of the writer, that he ordered her a remittance of £100, which was paid her through the Russian ambassador in London. Unfortunately, some busy man of letters took upon himself to correct her second letter to the emperor, and has robbed it of that originality which renders the preceding specimen so truly *piquant*.

GRATITUDE OF A PORTUGUESE LADY.

"Years of service past,
From grateful souls exact reward at last." — DRYDEN.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions." — SHAKSPEARE.

"WHEN the late Emperor Don Pedro was one night at the opera, during the war with the Argentine Republic, a woman, in deep mourning, threw herself at his feet, and told him, that from a state of comparative affluence she was reduced, nearly at one blow, to complete destitution; in addition to which, she had just lost her favorite son, who had been killed in a recent battle in the Banda Oriental. With the news of his death, she was also informed that a brig, in which her husband, who was at Oporto, had risked all he was worth, had been taken by one of the enemy's privateers; and by an almost incomprehensible fatality, on the very night she received this disastrous intelligence, her house, which was not insured, was burnt to the ground, her youngest child perished in the flames, and not a single article of her property was saved. 'Her heart,' she added, 'was almost broken.' The emperor, in the course of his reply, said, 'We have all our trials and tribulations — in this world none are

exempt; but the sun sometimes shines out from behind the darkest clouds:' then telling her he would see what could be done, desired a gentleman of the bed-chamber, Senor P—, and, if it must be told, the minister of his private pleasures, to give her immediately such relief as her accumulated misfortunes entitled her to; adding, in the same breath, 'Hand her whatever money you have about you.' Now, it so happened that P— had been gambling in the course of the evening, and had then not less than 600 milreis, in notes, in his pocket; and by way of a joke, which he knew he could play off upon his Majesty with impunity, he determined to obey him to the very letter, and when the emperor retired, said, 'My good dame, I am very sorry, for your sake, that all the money I have with me is but 600 milreis; nevertheless, I hope it will suffice for your present necessities;' and placing the notes in her hands, he walked away, leaving her speechless with wonder at Don Pedro's munificence. When, however, the emperor was duly informed of the sum which had thus been disbursed on his account, he flew into a great passion, and after reproaching P— with indifference to his interests, told him, with great displeasure, that he would not have been so lavish of his own money. Here the matter rested. Among the first who flocked to congratulate Don Pedro, on his entering Oporto, was this very woman, who, it appeared, left the Brazils, to join her husband, soon after the events related above; since when, she had succeeded, through the death of a relation, to a very considerable property, which her husband had preserved from Miguel's rapacity, by effectually concealing his real principles.

"On the day when Pedro's troops landed, however, he could contain himself no longer, but mixing with a body

of the Constitutionalists, attacked a party of the retreating enemy, and, *miserabile dictu!* lost his life in the conflict.

"Having presented her sons to the emperor, (prior to their joining a regiment as volunteers,) and expressed her heartfelt gratitude for his former goodness, the widow returned to her house, and the same day transmitted to him betwixt 10,000 and 12,000 dollars for the public service. That this sum had been lent to the government, by a rich widow, was currently reported at the time, but the above facts were only known to a few in his Majesty's suite."

LOYALTY.

LADY OF SYRACUSE. — MEG FULLARTON. — COUNTESS OF BUCHAN. — LOYAL SCOTCH WOMAN. — LOYAL WIDOW. — MADAME LECLERC. — LADY CATHERINE DOUGLAS. — LADY FAIRFAX. — COUNTESS OF DERBY. — LADY ARUNDEL. — LADY MORTON. — LADY OGILVIE. — LOYAL COOK-MAID. — MRS. YATES. — MRS. LANE. — FLORA MACDONALD. — LOYALTY REWARDED.

"Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon." — HUDIBRAS.

IN momentous times, like the present, when each day affords fresh proofs of the increasing disregard of mankind for all constituted authorities, some examples of the enthusiastic reverence for regal dignity which formed one of the most distinguished features of other ages, may not be ill-timed: such records being well calculated to inspire in the mind a sentiment of respect and awe towards that authority which we are commanded, not only by the Scriptures, but by the laws of our land, to honor and obey.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

"Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE history of Syracuse presents an example of singular fortitude and magnanimity in two women, each endowed with a resolution rarely witnessed in their sex.

Of all the family of Gelo, there remained only one daughter, named Harmonia: the rest had perished in the civil contests which had distracted the city. This young woman's life was now the chief aim of the seditious. Her nurse, compassionating her situation, in order to avert her threatened destruction, made choice of a young lady, who resembled her not only in person but in stature, and attiring her in the habit of a princess, presented her to the points of their yet bleeding weapons: such was the constancy and noble resolution of the young maiden, that, notwithstanding she beheld instant death before her, she was neither affrighted with the terror of her situation, nor would reveal her name or condition. Harmonia, perceiving this heroism, and admiring her loyalty and faith, called out to the murderers, and discovering herself to preserve her attendant, offered her own bosom to their swords, saying, "that she whom they sought was present." Thus a concealed falsehood on the one side, and open truth on the other, as well as an admirable and undaunted constancy in both, was the cause of their death.

LOYAL RECOGNITION OF MEG FULLARTON.

"Fair seasons yet will come, and hopes as fair."
WORDSWORTH.

IN Ayrshire there is a tradition, that the family motto of De Bruce — "We have been," originated from a lady named Fullarton, married to a cadet of the family of Cassilis. They had been gained to favor England during the chivalrous achievements of Wallace, and still continued zealous partisans of Edward. Before Bruce avowed his purpose to emancipate his country, he came, disguised as a palmer, to acquaint himself how far he could rely on aid from the people. A storm compelled him, and a few faithful adherents, to take shelter on the coast of Ayrshire. Extreme darkness, and the turbulence of the billows, deprived them of all knowledge where they landed; and as, in those unhappy times, the appearance of a few strangers would create alarm, the chiefs dispersed in different directions. Brucè chanced to go into the house of Mr. Kennedy, where the servants treated him with great reverence. The lady had gone to bed, and the prince wished they would not disturb her, but permit him to sit by the fire till day; however, one damsel had given her immediate notice of the holy guest. He was ushered into her hall. She eyed him with scrutinizing earnestness. "We hae been — we hae been fause," said she, in the Scottish dialect, "but a royal ee takes me back to haly royalty. I seid ye, mes royal de Bruce, I ken ye weel. We hae been baith untrue to Scotland, but rest ye safe: and albiet a' that's gane, Meg Fullarton wad dee in your cause."

CRUEL FATE OF THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.

"Hope withering fled — and mercy sighed farewell."
LORD BYRON.

"THE coronation of Robert Bruce was performed at Scone, on the 25th of March, 1306. It had been customary, since the days of Macbeth, for one of the family of Fife to put the crown on the king's head; and Bruce found the prepossession of the Scots in favor of this circumstance so strong, that he was obliged to seek for an expedient to satisfy them. Macduff, the Earl of Fife, was at that time in England, where he had married a near relation of Edward. His sister was wife to the Earl of Buchan, one of the heads of the family of Comyn, and consequently the determined enemy of Robert. By an uncommon effort of female patriotism, she postponed all private quarrels to the good of her country, and in her husband's absence repaired, with all his warlike accoutrements, to Bruce, to whom she delivered them up, and placed the crown upon his head.

"Shortly afterwards, King Robert sustained a most disastrous defeat, and, with a few faithful adherents, was compelled to retire to the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, placed in great danger, and underwent many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. At length, however, King Robert was obliged to separate himself from the ladies and his queen; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life, when the frost and snow should arrive. So he left them, with his youngest brother,

Nigel Bruce, as their defender, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, and retired to the coast of Ireland for the winter.

"The English closely besieged the castle of Kildrummie, and obtaining possession of it, put Nigel Bruce, a brave and handsome young man, to a cruel death, and placed the queen and her ladies under strict confinement, treating them with the utmost severity.

"The unfortunate Countess of Buchan was, by the command of King Edward, shut up in a wooden cage in one of the towers of Berwick Castle; and Mary, sister to Bruce, was imprisoned in the same manner, in the Castle of Roxburgh. The order to the Chamberlain of Scotland, or his lieutenant in Berwick, for making the cage for the Countess of Buchan, was by writ of privy seal; by which he was directed to make, in one of the turrets of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which he should find the most convenient, a strong cage of lattice-work, constructed with posts and bars, and well strengthened with iron. This cage was to be so contrived that the countess might have therein the necessary convenience, proper care being taken that it did not lessen the security of her person; that the said countess, being put in this cage, should be so carefully guarded that she should not by any means go out of it; that a woman or two of the town of Berwick, of unsuspected character, should be appointed to administer her food and drink, and attend her on other occasions; and that he should cause her to be so strictly guarded in the said cage, as not to be permitted to speak to any person, man or woman, of the Scottish nation, or any other, except the woman or women assigned to attend her, and her other guards."

Matthew of Westminster, a contemporary writer, says, that "the king declared, that as she did not strike with the sword, she should not die with the sword, but ordered her to be shut up in an habitation of stone and iron, shaped like a crown, and to be hung out at Berwick in the open air, for a spectacle and everlasting reproach, while living and dead, to all that passed by."

Such was the disgraceful treatment bestowed on a female, whose active loyalty was entitled to the respect and admiration even of her enemies.

A MOTHER PRESENTS HER SONS TO THE KING.

"Heaven witness,
I have been to you ever true and humble."
SHAKSPEARE.

On a subsequent occasion, when King Robert had narrowly escaped with his life, he sought shelter at a farm-house, where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was nearly night when the king, who was wholly unattended, arrived at the place of rendezvous. He walked boldly into the house, and found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered, that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our lawful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with

hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise, "and wherefore are you thus alone?—Where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death." So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

THE WIDOW'S CONTRIBUTION.

"Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave."—BROOME.

KING Edward the Fourth, having summoned a rich widow to appear before him, demanded of her what sum she would willingly give in support of his great expenses. The woman, a portly dame, well stricken in years, gazing on the handsome monarch with undisguised pleasure, exclaimed, "By my troth, for thy lovely countenance, thou shalt even have twenty pounds." The royal applicant, charmed with this honest effusion of sentiment, and the equally unlooked-for gift which accompanied it, thanked the bounteous donor with a kiss; and, overcome by her sovereign's unexpected

courtesy, the good woman instantly doubled the amount of her contribution.

SUBSTANTIAL PROOF OF LOYALTY.

"A jewel in a ten-times barred up chest
Is — a bold spirit in a loyal breast." — SHAKSPEARE.

"AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry the Fourth, of France, being very much in want of money, inquired of one of his trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier mentioned a rich merchant's wife, who was a zealous royalist. The monarch, in disguise, immediately accompanied his courtier on his visit to the lady, (Madame Le Clerc,) who received them with great hospitality, and congratulated them on the success of the king's arms. 'Alas! madame,' replied the courtier, 'to what purpose are all our victories? We are in the greatest distress imaginable. His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt and join the League. Mayenne will triumph at last.' 'Is it possible?' exclaimed Madame Le Clerc; 'but I hope that will not afflict my sovereign, and that he will find some new resources in the loyalty of his subjects.' She then quitted the room, but soon returned with several bags of gold, which she presented to them, saying, 'This is all I can do at present; go and relieve the king from his anxiety, wish him all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal.'

"The king could no longer conceal his incognito. 'Generous woman!' he cried, 'my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellence of your heart;

here he stands before you, and is a witness to it. Be assured, that the favor will be indelibly engraved on the heart of your prince.'

"From that time, success attended the king; and when he was master of the capital, and safely seated on the throne, he sent for Madame Le Clerc, and presenting her to a full and brilliant court, said, 'You see this lady, who is a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me money to carry on the war, when the troops threatened to abandon me.'

"This public and deserved acknowledgment of Madame Le Clerc's conduct confers much lustre on the memory of the monarch, whose prosperity did not erase the recollection of those friends who had been attached to his less brilliant fortunes."

SELF-DEVOTION OF CATHERINE DOUGLAS.

"Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours." — SHAKSPEARE.

THE death of James the First, of Scotland, was marked by an act of loyalty, the recital of which causes us to shudder with horror.

"James, having dismissed his army at the time, without even reserving to himself a body-guard, was supping in a Dominican convent, in the neighborhood of Perth.

"Sir Robert Grahame brought a party of outlaws, in the dead of the night, to that place, and posted them near the convent. Walter Straton, one of the king's cup-bearers, left the chamber in which the king was at sup-

of the Constitutionalists, attacked a party of the retreating enemy, and, *miserabile dictu!* lost his life in the conflict.

"Having presented her sons to the emperor, (prior to their joining a regiment as volunteers,) and expressed her heartfelt gratitude for his former goodness, the widow returned to her house, and the same day transmitted to him betwixt 10,000 and 12,000 dollars for the public service. That this sum had been lent to the government, by a rich widow, was currently reported at the time, but the above facts were only known to a few in his Majesty's suite."

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"Hope withering fled — and mercy sighed farewell."
LORD BYRON.

"THE coronation of Robert Bruce was performed at Scone, on the 25th of March, 1306. It had been customary, since the days of Macbeth, for one of the family of Fife to put the crown on the king's head; and Bruce found the prepossession of the Scots in favor of this circumstance so strong, that he was obliged to seek for an expedient to satisfy them. Macduff, the Earl of Fife, was at that time in England, where he had married a near relation of Edward. His sister was wife to the Earl of Buchan, one of the heads of the family of Comyn, and consequently the determined enemy of Robert. By an uncommon effort of female patriotism, she postponed all private quarrels to the good of her country, and in her husband's absence repaired, with all his warlike accoutrements, to Bruce, to whom she delivered them up, and placed the crown upon his head.

"Shortly afterwards, King Robert sustained a most disastrous defeat, and, with a few faithful adherents, was compelled to retire to the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, placed in great danger, and underwent many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. At length, however, King Robert was obliged to separate himself from the ladies and his queen; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life, when the frost and snow should arrive. So he left them, with his youngest brother,

Nigel Bruce, as their defender, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, and retired to the coast of Ireland for the winter.

"The English closely besieged the castle of Kildrummie, and obtaining possession of it, put Nigel Bruce, a brave and handsome young man, to a cruel death, and placed the queen and her ladies under strict confinement, treating them with the utmost severity.

"The unfortunate Countess of Buchan was, by the command of King Edward, shut up in a wooden cage in one of the towers of Berwick Castle; and Mary, sister to Bruce, was imprisoned in the same manner, in the Castle of Roxburgh. The order to the Chamberlain of Scotland, or his lieutenant in Berwick, for making the cage for the Countess of Buchan, was by writ of privy seal; by which he was directed to make, in one of the turrets of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which he should find the most convenient, a strong cage of lattice-work, constructed with posts and bars, and well strengthened with iron. This cage was to be so contrived that the countess might have therein the necessary convenience, proper care being taken that it did not lessen the security of her person; that the said countess, being put in this cage, should be so carefully guarded that she should not by any means go out of it; that a woman or two of the town of Berwick, of unsuspected character, should be appointed to administer her food and drink, and attend her on other occasions; and that he should cause her to be so strictly guarded in the said cage, as not to be permitted to speak to any person, man or woman, of the Scottish nation, or any other, except the woman or women assigned to attend her, and her other guards."

Matthew of Westminster, a contemporary writer, says, that "the king declared, that as she did not strike with the sword, she should not die with the sword, but ordered her to be shut up in an habitation of stone and iron, shaped like a crown, and to be hung out at Berwick in the open air, for a spectacle and everlasting reproach, while living and dead, to all that passed by."

Such was the disgraceful treatment bestowed on a female, whose active loyalty was entitled to the respect and admiration even of her enemies.

A MOTHER PRESENTS HER SONS TO THE KING.

"Heaven witness,
I have been to you ever true and humble."
SHAKSPEARE.

On a subsequent occasion, when King Robert had narrowly escaped with his life, he sought shelter at a farm-house, where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was nearly night when the king, who was wholly unattended, arrived at the place of rendezvous. He walked boldly into the house, and found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered, that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our lawful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with

hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise, "and wherefore are you thus alone?—Where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death." So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

THE WIDOW'S CONTRIBUTION.

"Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave."—BROOME.

KING Edward the Fourth, having summoned a rich widow to appear before him, demanded of her what sum she would willingly give in support of his great expenses. The woman, a portly dame, well stricken in years, gazing on the handsome monarch with undisguised pleasure, exclaimed, "By my troth, for thy lovely countenance, thou shalt even have twenty pounds." The royal applicant, charmed with this honest effusion of sentiment, and the equally unlooked-for gift which accompanied it, thanked the bounteous donor with a kiss; and, overcome by her sovereign's unexpected

courtesy, the good woman instantly doubled the amount of her contribution.

SUBSTANTIAL PROOF OF LOYALTY.

"A jewel in a ten-times barred up chest
Is — a bold spirit in a loyal breast." — SHAKSPEARE.

"AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry the Fourth, of France, being very much in want of money, inquired of one of his trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier mentioned a rich merchant's wife, who was a zealous royalist. The monarch, in disguise, immediately accompanied his courtier on his visit to the lady, (Madame Le Clerc,) who received them with great hospitality, and congratulated them on the success of the king's arms. 'Alas! madame,' replied the courtier, 'to what purpose are all our victories? We are in the greatest distress imaginable. His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt and join the League. Mayenne will triumph at last.' 'Is it possible?' exclaimed Madame Le Clerc; 'but I hope that will not afflict my sovereign, and that he will find some new resources in the loyalty of his subjects.' She then quitted the room, but soon returned with several bags of gold, which she presented to them, saying, 'This is all I can do at present; go and relieve the king from his anxiety, wish him all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal.'

"The king could no longer conceal his incognito. 'Generous woman!' he cried, 'my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellence of your heart;

here he stands before you, and is a witness to it. Be assured, that the favor will be indelibly engraved on the heart of your prince.'

"From that time, success attended the king; and when he was master of the capital, and safely seated on the throne, he sent for Madame Le Clerc, and presenting her to a full and brilliant court, said, 'You see this lady, who is a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me money to carry on the war, when the troops threatened to abandon me.'

"This public and deserved acknowledgment of Madame Le Clerc's conduct confers much lustre on the memory of the monarch, whose prosperity did not erase the recollection of those friends who had been attached to his less brilliant fortunes."

SELF-DEVOTION OF CATHERINE DOUGLAS.

"Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours." — SHAKSPEARE.

THE death of James the First, of Scotland, was marked by an act of loyalty, the recital of which causes us to shudder with horror.

"James, having dismissed his army at the time, without even reserving to himself a body-guard, was supping in a Dominican convent, in the neighborhood of Perth.

"Sir Robert Grahame brought a party of outlaws, in the dead of the night, to that place, and posted them near the convent. Walter Straton, one of the king's cup-bearers, left the chamber in which the king was at sup-

per, to bring him some wine; but perceiving armed men standing in the passage, he gave the alarm, and was immediately killed.

"Catherine Douglas, one of the queen's maids of honor, ran to bolt the outer door of the chamber; but she found the bar had been taken away, in order to facilitate the entrance of the murderers. Without hesitating a moment, this courageous woman thrust her arm into the staple; but alas! what could the slender arm of a delicate female avail against a numerous band of armed ruffians? They burst open the door, shattered in pieces the arm which generously strove to oppose their entrance, and rushed, sword in hand, upon the king. Patrick Dunbar, brother to the Earl of March, was killed in attempting to defend his sovereign; and the queen herself received two wounds, in vainly endeavoring to interpose betwixt her husband and the daggers of the assassins. James defended himself as long as he could, but at last expired under the repeated strokes of his murderers, after having received twenty-eight wounds."

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE ON KING CHARLES THE FIRST'S TRIAL.

"With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name, the king himself 's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond."

Verses written by Charles I. when a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

A REMARKABLE adventure happened during the trial of Charles the First; in calling over the court, when the crier pronounced the name of Lord Fairfax, which had been inserted in the number of his Majesty's judges, a voice from one of the spectators exclaimed, "He has

more wit than to be here." When the charge was read against the king "In the name of the people of England," the same voice cried, "Not a tenth part of them." Axtel, the officer who guarded the court, giving orders to fire into the box whence these insolent speeches came, it was discovered that Lady Fairfax was there, and that it was she who had had the courage to utter them. The husband of this noble lady had distinguished himself greatly in the command of the parliamentary armies, but was averse to the extreme measure of putting the king to death. "Lady Fairfax," says Clarendon, "having been educated in Holland, had little reverence for the Church of England, and so had unhappily concurred in her husband's entering into rebellion, never imagining what misery it would bring on the kingdom; and now abhorred the work in hand as much as anybody could do, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it. On this occasion, when it was found out who had uttered the speeches mentioned above, she was either persuaded or forced to leave the place, to prevent any disorder which might arise in consequence of her boldness."

CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

"Dream ye, my lords! that thus with open ears,
And gaping mouths and eyes, ye sit and drink
This curbless torrent of rebellious madness!
* * * *
For shame, my lords! all, all of ye, for shame!
Off, off with crown and sceptre! for there is
No loyalty in subjects; and in kings,
No king-like terror to enforce their rights."

Francis I., by Miss Kemble.

At the time of the civil wars in Great Britain, many women distinguished themselves by their loyalty. They

defended fortifications against the parliamentary troops with the most undaunted courage, adhering to the last to the fortunes of their unhappy king.

Among these heroines was Charlotte, Countess of Derby, whose exertions for her unfortunate sovereign merited a happier reward. During the space of two years, the countess defended a house in Lathom, Lancashire, with the greatest masculine courage and skill, against the troops of the Parliament.

A few interesting particulars, with which it is necessary to content ourselves, I shall extract from the account of this memorable siege published by Mr. Bohn, in his Standard Library, from the original MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, referring the reader to the work itself, as one of the most interesting and choice pieces of history connected with the annals of our country.

At the time when Lathom was besieged by the parliamentarian army, it appears that the Earl of Derby was absent, being employed by their Majesties in the Isle of Man. On the 27th of May, Mr. Holland, governor of Manchester, sent to the Lady Derby, "requiring her to subscribe to the propositions of the Parliament, or yield up Lathom House; but her ladyship denied both, —she would neither tamely give up her house, nor purchase her peace with the loss of her honor. But being then in no condition to provoke a potent and malicious enemy, and seeing no possibility of speedy assistance, she desired a peaceable abode in her own house, referring all her lord's estate to their disposal, with promise only to keep so many men in arms as might defend her person and house from the outrages of their common soldiers, which was hardly obtained.

"From this time, she endured a continued siege, being, with the exception of her gardens and walks, confined as a prisoner within her own walls, with the liberty of the castle yards, suffering the sequestration of her whole estate, besides daily affronts and indignities from unworthy persons, and the unjust and undeserved censures of some that wore the name and face of friends; all which she patiently endured, well knowing it to be no wisdom to quarrel with an evil she could not redress. Therefore, to remove all pretences of violence or force against her, she restrained her garrison soldiers from all provocation and annoyance of the enemy, and so by her wisdom kept them at a more favorable distance for the space of almost a year." It was, however, resolved, on the 24th of February, that three colonels of the Parliament should be despatched immediately against Lathom; which the countess hearing, "used all diligence and care to furnish her house with provisions and men; which was a hard work, considering that she had been debarred of her estate for a whole year. Yet in these straits she used not the least violence to force relief from any of her neighbors, though some of them were as bad tenants as subjects; but with her own small stock, by the charity of some few friends, and by the industry of her careful servant, Mr. Broome, she provided herself to bear the worst of a cruel enemy." On the 27th, the enemy stationed themselves around the house, within a mile or two. On the following day, "Captain Markland brought a letter from Sir Thomas Fairfax, and with it an ordinance of Parliament, the one requiring her ladyship to yield up Lathom House upon such honorable conditions as he should propose, and the other declaring the mercy of the Parliament to receive the Earl of Derby, if he would

submit himself, in which business Sir Thomas Fairfax promised to be a faithful instrument. To which her ladyship gave answer, 'She much wondered that Sir Thomas Fairfax should require her to give up her lord's house, without any offence on her part done to the Parliament; desiring that in a business of such weight, which struck both at her religion and her life, and that so nearly concerned her sovereign, her lord, and her whole posterity, she might have a week's consideration, both to resolve the doubts of conscience, and to have advice in matters of law and honor.'" The real object of the countess was to gain time; which being suspected by the knight, he denied her demand, praying her ladyship to meet Sir Thomas Fairfax and his colonels at New Park, a house of her lord's, about a quarter of a mile distant, for the further transacting the business. "This her ladyship flatly refused, with scorn and anger, as an ignoble and uncivil motion, returning only this answer: 'That, notwithstanding her present condition, she remembered both her lord's honor and her own birth, conceiving it more knightly that Sir Thomas Fairfax should wait upon her, than she upon him.'" A second embassy, brought in person by Colonels Ashton and Rigby, was equally unsuccessful. After this, Mr. Ashton waited upon the countess a second time, alone, to receive her propositions for General Fairfax; but these "being apprehended too full of policy and danger to be allowed," she was informed, in conclusion, that she should have all the time she desired, and permission to transport her arms and goods to the Isle of Man, except the cannon, which was to be left for the defence of the house, provided by ten o'clock next day she disbanded all her soldiers except her menial servants, and would receive

an officer and forty parliamentary soldiers for her guard. To this was returned the following spirited reply: "That she refused all their articles, and was truly happy that they had refused hers, protesting she had rather hazard her life than offer the like again. That, though a woman and a stranger, divorced from her friends, and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God both for protection and deliverance."

Both sides now prepared for action; but before hostilities were commenced, another overture was made to the countess, by which she was permitted to depart, with all her arms, &c., and all in the house, excepting one hundred persons, who should depart within ten days. To which the countess replied, "That she scorned to be a ten days' prisoner in her own house, judging it more noble, whilst she could, to preserve her liberty by her arms, than to buy a peace with slavery. And what assurance have I of liberty, or of the performance of any condition, when my strength is gone? I have received, under the hands of some eminent personages, that your general is not very conscientious in the performance of his subscriptions; so that from him I must expect an unsinewed and faithless agreement. It is dangerous treating when the sword is given into the enemy's hands;" and therefore her ladyship added, "that not a man should depart from her house; that she would keep it whilst God enabled her, against all the king's enemies; and, in brief, that she would receive no more messages without an express of her lord's pleasure, who, she now heard, was returned from the Isle of Man, and to whom she referred them for the transaction of the whole business, considering that frequent treaties are a dis-

couragement to the soldiers besieged, as exhibiting some want or weakness within, and so commonly become the first key that opens the gate to the enemy." The next day, to make good her words, a sally was made by about one hundred of the besieged, who slew about thirty of the enemy, took forty arms, one drum, and six prisoners. During the whole progress of this memorable siege, the countess displayed a heroism superior to her sex; and it is truly admirable to survey her conduct under such trying circumstances. "Her ladyship commanded in chief: whose first care was the service of God, which, in sermons and solemn prayers, she saw duly performed. Four times a day was she commonly present at public prayer, attended by the two little ladies her children, the Lady Mary and the Lady Catherine, for piety and sweetness truly the children of so princely a mother; and if daring in time of danger can add anything to their age and virtues, let them have this testimony, that though truly apprehensive of the enemy's malice, they were never startled by any appearance of danger." Sir Thomas Fairfax, after the siege had continued a few days, received a letter from the Earl of Derby, desiring an honorable and free passage for his lady and children, dreading the extremities to which they might be exposed; but when this was communicated to the countess, although she acknowledged the courtesy of Sir Thomas Fairfax, she replied, "She would willingly submit herself to her lord's commands, and therefore willed the general to treat with him; but till she was assured that such was his lordship's pleasure, she would neither yield up the house, nor desert it herself, but wait for the event, according to the good will of God." A similar communication she forwarded to her husband at Chester. The siege con-

tinued, of which it is impossible, in such narrow limits as these, to enter into particular details. On the 25th of April, Mr. Rigby, wearied with the resolute defence of the little garrison, sent another peremptory summons to the countess to surrender Lathom House, persons, goods, and arms, to the mercy of the Parliament, desiring her answer by two o'clock on that day. The indignant lady, on receipt of this message, bravely told the messenger "that 'a due reward for his pains is to be hanged up at her gates; but,' says she, 'thou art but the foolish instrument of a traitor's pride. Carry this answer back to Rigby,' (with a noble scorn, tearing the paper in his sight,) 'and tell that insolent rebel he shall neither have persons, goods, nor house; when our strength and provision is spent, we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby's; and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; and myself, children and soldiers, rather than fall into his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flame:' which, being spoken aloud, in her soldiers' hearing, they broke out into shouts and acclamations of joy, all closing with this general voice, 'We will die for his Majesty and your honor.—God save the king!'"

The siege continued to be carried on, and the garrison still maintained their defence with the utmost bravery and resolution, unanimous in their determination of resistance, and courageously supported by the brave lady, their commander; when, to their great joy, they learnt, on the 23d of May, that Prince Rupert was in Cheshire, marching to her ladyship's relief. The enemy, being also made aware of this fact, withdrew their forces, first to Eccleston Green, and afterwards to Bolton. Before this town, Prince Rupert drew up his army, and with

gallantry and resolution led on his men to an assault. "The Earl of Derby, desiring to be one of the first avengers of that barbarity and cruelty displayed to his lady, with a part of the prince's own horse, charged a troop of the enemy, which had bravely issued out of the town, to disorder and vex our foot in the assault. These he chased to the very walls, where he slew the cornet, and with his own hand took the colors, being the first ensign taken that day, and which he sent to his highness." * * On the 29th of May, the prince "not only relieved, but revenged the most noble lady, his cousin, leaving 1600 of her besiegers dead in the place, and carrying away 700 prisoners. For a perpetual memorial of his victory, as a brave expression of his own nobleness, and a gracious respect to her ladyship's sufferings, the next day he presented her ladyship, by the hands of the valiant and trusty noble, Sir Richard Crane, with twenty-two of those colors, which three days before were proudly flourished before her house, which gift will give honor to his highness and glory to the action, so long as there lives one branch of that ancient and princely family which his highness that day preserved."

The Countess of Derby now accompanied her husband and children to the Isle of Man, where, regarded "as patriarchal princes, they bade defiance to the fleets, the threats, and the persuasions, of Parliament." Trusting to a safe conduct from Fairfax, they sent their children into England to be educated, when they were seized as prisoners. Though repeated offers were made to restore them, and the whole of his estates, if the earl would give up his island, he remained firm to his royal master. He was one of the first to join the standard of Charles the Second, in 1651, and provided for the safety

of his sovereign, after the battle of Worcester, at the hazard of his own life. Being overtaken on the borders of Chester by his enemies, he was carried to his own town, Bolton-le-Moors, and there executed. His unfortunate countess, whom he had left governor of the Isle of Man, being, with her children, betrayed by a false friend into the hands of her enemies, was thrown into prison: and while there, two of her children fell victims to the small-pox. On the restoration of Charles the Second, she recovered her liberty, and returned, with her remaining children, to Knowsley Hall, in the neighborhood of Lathom House, where she departed this life in the year 1663.

Lathom House, which had been left to the care of Colonel Rawstone, at the time the earl and countess retired to the Isle of Man, maintained its defence against the Parliament, until the defeat of the royalists at Marston Moor prevented the king from further assisting it, and rendered a compromise necessary; this, however, was frustrated by the treachery of an Irish soldier, who surrendered it, upon bare terms of mercy, into the hands of the parliamentarian army; and a newspaper of the day thus notices the event: — "On Saturday, December 6th, after the house was up, there came letters to the Speaker of the Commons House, of the surrender of Lathom House, in Lancashire, belonging to the Earl of Derby, which his lady, the Countess of Derby, proving herself the better soldier of the two, hath above these two years kept in opposition to our forces."

DEFENCE OF WARDOUR CASTLE.

"Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great; and let not
A leaner action rend us."—SHAKSPEARE.

"BLANCHE, Lady Arundel, who was as much distinguished for her courage as for the splendor of her birth, bravely defended, in the absence of her husband, the castle of Wardour, with a spirit above her sex, for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it up, on honorable terms, to the parliamentary army.

"The following account of the transaction is given in the *Mercurius Rusticus*, a kind of newspaper of those times:—

"'On Tuesday, May 2, 1643, Sir Edward Hungerford, commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces in Wiltshire, appeared before Wardour Castle, a mansion of Lord Arundel, in the same county. Sir Edward, finding the castle prepared to stand a siege, and the inhabitants resolute in its defence, called in Colonel Strode to assist in the attack. The combined troops, amounting to about thirteen hundred men, commenced their operations by summoning the castle to surrender, under the pretence that it had served as a harbor and an asylum for the king's party, and that it contained men and arms, plate and money, which they had a commission from the Parliament to seize. Lady Arundel, who commanded the fortress in the absence of her husband, who was then at Worcester, refused to deliver it up, declaring, with magnanimity, that she had the orders of her lord to keep it, and those orders she was determined to obey. On this reply, the cannon were drawn up and the battery commenced, which continued, without intermission, from the Wednesday till

the following Monday. The castle contained but twenty-five fighting men. During the siege, two mines were sprung, by the explosion of which every room in the fortress was shaken and endangered. The besiegers offered more than once to give quarter to the women and children, on condition that the besieged should surrender their arms. But the ladies of the family, disdaining to sacrifice to their own safety their brave friends and faithful servants, with whom they chose rather to perish, rejected the proposals with honorable scorn. Oppressed with numbers, wearied with exertion, and exhausted by watching, the strength of the besieged at length began to fail: in this extremity, the ladies and female servants assisted in loading the muskets, and in administering refreshments to their intrepid defenders.

"'The enemy, having brought petards, applied them to the garden doors, which they endeavored to force, and open a passage to the castle; balls of wildfire were, at the same time, thrown in at the dismantled windows. In this distress, when every hope was cut off, the besieged demanded a parley, which was granted by the enemy. Articles of surrender were accordingly drawn up, by which it was first stipulated that the inhabitants of the fortress should be allowed quarter; secondly, that the ladies and servants should have their wearing apparel spared to them, and that six of the serving-men, nominated by themselves, should be allowed to attend on their persons, wherever they might be disposed to retire; thirdly, that the furniture should be saved from plunder, and that a person should remain in the castle for the purpose of taking an inventory of all that it contained, one copy of which was to be delivered to the commander-in-chief, and another given to the ladies.

"'The besiegers were, on these terms, allowed to take possession of the castle; but the first article of the capitulation, by which the lives of the inhabitants were spared, was the only one observed, while the remainder were violated without scruple.

"'The besieged had, in their defence, slain more than sixty of their adversaries, who had now their turn for vengeance. They destroyed and defaced, with savage fury, many valuable pictures, carvings, and works of art; and nothing was left to the defeated but the clothes which they wore. The ladies and children were led prisoners to Shaftesbury, whither five cart-loads of their richest furniture and hangings were carried in triumph. So much devastation and plunder were committed at the castle, that the loss of the Earl of Arundel, on this occasion, was computed at one hundred thousand pounds.

"'The victors, conceiving their prisoners insecure at Shaftesbury, proposed removing them to Bath, the air of which was, at that time, infected both by the plague and small-pox. Lady Arundel, dreading to expose her children to contagion, earnestly remonstrated against the barbarous purpose, which force only, she was determined, should effect. Her adversaries, afraid lest the people should be disgusted by so gross and brutal a proceeding, were induced, on reflection, to relinquish their design; but not without piercing the heart of a mother, by obliging her to separate from her children. Two sons, the elder only nine and the younger seven years of age, were torn from her arms, and carried captives to Dorchester.'

"Lady Arundel survived this event only five years, and, at her death, was buried with her husband in the chapel of Wardour Castle."

FIDELITY OF LADY MORTON.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And *make* the impossibility they *fear*." — ROWE.

"AFTER Queen Henrietta Maria's last parting from her husband, previous to the disastrous battle of Newbury, she retired to Exeter, there to await her approaching confinement, which took place at Bedford House, in that city, June 16, 1644.

"In less than a fortnight after, the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege Exeter, and, on the queen's asking permission to retire to Bath, for the completion of her recovery, he returned for answer, 'that it was his intention to escort her Majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to Parliament for having levied war against England.' On receiving this answer, the unfortunate queen resolved to hazard every danger rather than fall into his hands; and, rising from her bed of languor and suffering, she escaped in disguise from Exeter, accompanied by only three persons. Her flight was attended by such circumstances of peril and fatigue as made it wonderful that her delicate frame did not sink under them; but at length she reached Pendennis Castle in safety, having been joined on the road by the rest of her ladies and attendants.

"She had, however, been forced to leave her new-born infant behind, for the hardship of such a journey could hardly but prove fatal to its young life; and this precious charge she committed to the care of Lady Morton, who well redeemed her trust.

"Shortly after the queen's escape, Exeter was entered by the royal army; for Charles, on hearing of his beloved wife's danger, had made incredible efforts to join her,

and, fighting his way through every obstacle, entered that city in triumph within a fortnight of her sudden flight. His queen had, however, already found safe shelter in France; but here his infant daughter was presented to him by Lady Morton, and, for the first and the last time, he bestowed a paternal embrace on his child. Before this final separation, he caused it to be baptized, under the name of Henrietta Anne. Then, having relieved Exeter, and made some provision for the support of the young princess, he left it under the care of her governess, Lady Morton.

"This young lady was daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and wife of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton. She is spoken of, by contemporary writers, as one of the most admired beauties of the age, while the graces of her mind were not inferior to those of her person. She enjoyed the friendship of Clarendon, whose letters to her are expressive of strong esteem and regard, and was high in the queen's favor, a distinction she well deserved, by the fidelity of her attendance on her at Exeter, her subsequent care of her infant charge, and, above all, by the extraordinary coutage and ingenuity with which she effected the escape of the little princess from the hands of the Parliament.

"After remaining with her charge some time at Exeter, she had removed her to Oatlands, in Surrey, which had always been used as a nursery-palace for the royal children.

"The year after this change, all royal expenses were cashiered by the Parliament; and it was proposed to remove the Princess Henrietta from Lady Morton's protection, and place her, with her brothers and sisters, under the care of the Countess of Northumberland.

Lady Morton had, however, received her charge from the hands of the queen, and to her alone would she surrender her trust. She resolved, therefore, to escape with the princess to France; a scheme of no small difficulty, as the expedients she resorted to amply prove.

"She first disguised herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar; but the air and mien of 'one of the beautiful race of Villiers' could not be hidden under the homeliest attire. To conceal, therefore, the graceful proportions of her tall and elegant figure, she made up a hump for her shoulders with a bundle of linen; then, dressing the royal infant, now about two years old, in rags as a beggar-boy, she took her upon her back, and set out on foot towards the coast. She gave the poor, disguised child the name of Pierre, in case any one should ask its name, as being the sound most like the broken accents by which it called itself 'Princess;' and walked thus nearly all the way to Dover, carrying her precious charge on her back, who she gave out to be her own little boy. Though adding to her alarm and danger, she could not help feeling amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and miserable appearance, and the child's resolute endeavors to tell every one they met that she was not Pierre the beggar-boy, but the little princess. Happily for her, none understood her broken and imperfect utterance but her affectionate guardian. Lady Morton had arranged everything so well, that she crossed from Dover to Calais without exciting any suspicion; and, when once on the coast of France, she could release her little charge from the humiliation she had felt so deeply, and restore her to all her honors — no longer Pierre, but a princess once more. She carried her to Paris, and there was repaid

for all her late perils by witnessing the mother's joy at receiving her child once more to her arms, whom she had parted from, two years before, a helpless infant. 'Oh, the joy of that meeting!' says an eye-witness; 'oh, the consolation to the heart of the mother, when her little one, who was lost, was found again! How many times we saw her clasp her round the neck, kiss her, and kiss her again!'

"Lady Morton got no little fame amongst her friends, assembled in Paris, for this bold and successful adventure; and the poet Waller, who had before written in praise of her beauty, now celebrated her heroism in a poem, addressed to her, and presented to the queen, at the Louvre, on New Year's day, 1647, from which we extract a passage of some elegance.

"'But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From arméd foes to bring a royal prize,
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey —
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatched her fair charge, the princess, like a brand? —
A brand preserved to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.
* * * * *
This gallant act may cancel all our rage —
Begin a better and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time —
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape —
Where through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;

She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.' "

THE REGALIA SAVED BY LADY OGILVIE.

"In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well."
POPE'S HOMER.

"SIR DAVID OGILVIE, a staunch loyalist, was intrusted, at this period of civil dissensions, with the defence of Dunotter Castle, in Aberdeenshire, the ancient seat of the Earls Mareschal of Scotland, which is situated on a high perpendicular rock, almost surrounded by the sea. The regalia were deposited in this castle, on account of its being a place of great security. A party of Cromwell's army, aware that this treasure was lodged here, besieged the castle closely; and the want of water reducing the garrison to the greatest extremity, the loss of the coronation ornaments seemed inevitable: but Sir David's lady contrived an expedient that saved them from falling into the hands of the enemy. She gained permission from the English commander to quit the fortress, taking with her only her personal wardrobe, and the wool which she kept for spinning, an employment at that time universal among the ladies of Scotland. She left the garrison, driving before her an ass carrying two panniers, laden with the articles agreed upon; but, in the inner folds of the wool, she artfully concealed the highly valued regalia; and when at liberty, by the assistance of some friends, on whose honor she could rely, she buried it in a new made grave, till happier times afforded her an opportunity of presenting it to her sovereign."

KING CHARLES AND THE COOK-MAID.

"He must be told of it, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take it upon me:
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister."
SHAKSPEARE.

ABBOTS LEIGH, about three miles west from Bristol claims attention, not only for the singularity of the structure of its manor-house, but also for its having afforded protection to Charles II., who was so closely pursued, after the battle of Worcester, that he had only time, on entering the house, to disguise himself by throwing a carter's frock over his shoulders. Trusting his secret with the cook-maid, when his enemies rushed in, and inquired if he had been seen, she replied, "Anan;" and instantly applied a cudgel to the king's back, whom she had set to wind up the jack, at the same time scolding him loudly for his slowness. His pursuers, seeing her behave with so much apparent severity, interceded for the poor lad, and left the house, without suspecting the deception.

The block on which Charles performed this servile office, and the chair on which he sat, are still preserved, as relics of the merry monarch.

FIDELITY OF MRS. YATES.

"Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find." — SHAKSPEARE.

"AFTER the fatal battle of Worcester, so decisive of the royal cause, King Charles the Second could only find his safety in flight and concealment. It was at this trying juncture that he was preserved by the loyalty of a

family named Penderel, who resided at Boscobel. Richard Penderel, who had undertaken the office of guide, had but just left that house with the king, who was in disguise, when a troop of horse arrived at the place, in search of him. Richard conducted the royal fugitive into the obscurest part of an adjacent wood, belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from White Ladies. The rain poured in torrents, and no tree was sufficient to shelter the king from it: on this, Richard went to the house of a trusty neighbor, Francis Yates, who had married his sister, and borrowed a blanket, which he spread under a tree, for the king to lie upon; he also got Yates' wife to procure some victuals, and bring them to the wood, at a place which he appointed. She soon prepared a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to his Majesty in the wood; who, surprised to see the woman, said cheerfully to her, 'Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?'—'Yes, sir,' she replied; 'I will die rather than discover you.'

"After this narrow escape, Charles remained for some time under the hospitable roof of the Penderels. A reward was offered for his apprehension, accompanied with dreadful denunciations against those who should conceal him; but this did not shake the fidelity of this loyal family, who entertained their noble guest in the best manner they were able; the king, sometimes, choosing to dress his own victuals.

"From Boscobel, Charles escaped to Mosely, and from thence to Bentley, the house of Colonel Lane. After remaining there a short time, he rode behind Mrs. Lane to Bristol, where he was well received by several loyal subjects. He then went to Brighton, where he embarked, and arrived safe in France."

providing him with a suitable disguise for the new character he was to assume. He was now to personate the son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants, and to change his name from Will Jones, which he had hitherto borne, to William Jackson. To bear out this change, Colonel Lane provided him with a new suit and cloak of country gray cloth, as near as could be contrived like the holiday suit of a farmer's son, a disguise more convenient for their present intentions than that of a servant would have been. His dress being now complete, Colonel Lane took the king by a back way to the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting his part; then mounted him on a good "double horse," and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he did, with a fitting air of humility, carrying his hat under his arm. By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs. Lane, who knew nothing of this great secret, "would needs see her beloved daughter take horse;" and, as she was standing for this purpose, the colonel said to the young king, "Will, thou must give my sister thy hand." But he, unacquainted with such little offices, offered his hand the contrary way, — a piece of awkwardness which attracted the old lady's attention, who, laughing, remarked to her son, "What a goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her!" The party thus setting out consisted, besides the king and his young protectress, of Mr. Henry Lascelles, her cousin, who was admitted into the king's secret, and Mrs. Peters, a married sister of Jane Lane's, and her husband, both of whom were in entire ignorance of it. They were followed, in another route, by Colonel Lane and Lord Wilmot, with hawk and hounds as a disguise, who that night took up their lodging at the house of Sir

Clement Fisher, at Pockington, in Warwickshire, whose name we shall have occasion to mention hereafter in connection with Jane Lane. The colonel knew that at his house "they would both be as welcome as generosity, and as secure as fidelity, could make them."

When the royal party had gone about two hours on their journey, the king's horse cast a shoe; and he had to take it to the next forge to have it replaced. "As I was holding my horse's foot," says the king, in his own account of this unlucky accident, "I asked the smith, what news? He told me that there was no news, that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues, the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that that rogue Charles was taken, but some of the others were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him, that, if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, I spoke like an honest man; and so we parted."

Halting to refresh their horses at Wootton, within two or three miles of Stratford, they caught sight of a troop of cavalry. Mr. Peters, who had before experienced ill treatment from the soldiers, declared he would not pass through them to be beaten again, and was resolute in turning back; the very course to excite suspicion. The king, hearing him say so, whispered softly in the ear of his companion, that they might not turn back: "but all she could say in the world would not do." Mr. Peters resisted his sister-in-law's earnest persuasions, and turning back with his wife, entered Stratford another way. The king, however, by no means disconcerted, rode leisurely through the midst of them, without exciting

notice; and, if the heart of his young companion beat quicker in this peril, she betrayed no unworthy signs of it. Indeed, throughout, she well deserved the praise Mr. Whitgreave has left of her—"that, in all this journey, Mrs. Lane performed the part of a most faithful and prudent servant to his Majesty, showing her observance when an opportunity would allow it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much discretion."

At Stratford Mr. and Mrs. Peters left them, to pursue their journey to Windsor; and the royal party, now reduced to three, rested for the night at Mr. Tomb's, of Long-Marston, with whom Jane Lane was well acquainted, whence they proceeded next day, without any considerable accident, to Cirencester, a distance of four-and-twenty miles. The adventure of King Charles with the cook-maid, already related, is said by some to have occurred at Long-Marston, and not at Abbotsleigh; it certainly was not one of the least of the king's escapes, on this most perilous journey.

At Cirencester the royal party proceeded to the Sun, where they took up their lodging. After supper, a good bed was provided there for Mr. Lascelles, and a truckle-bed in the same chamber for Will Jackson; however, as soon as they were left to themselves, Mr. Lascelles made his Majesty take the best of the two, an observance he used whenever an opportunity permitted.

On the following day, Friday, they arrived at their destination—Mr. Norton's, of Abbotsleigh. It is related that "on their passing through Bristol, a place so well known to the king, he could not forbear gazing about to see the alterations; and coming near where the great fort had stood, he rode, with his mistress behind him, all round it. In the indulgence of this somewhat unseason-

able curiosity, he lost his way, and had to inquire for it of a passer-by.

"On their arrival at Abbotsleigh, after a thirty miles' journey, William walked with his mistress' horse to the stable, till she could make arrangements for his retreat. For this purpose, it had been agreed between them that they should feign he had been suffering under the ague, which would furnish an excuse for his retiring to his bed immediately, and also enable his mistress to secure a better diet for him,—an act of loyal duty which she seems to have had always at heart. The king's paleness, from recent fatigue and want of support, very conveniently carried out the notion of his having been ill.

"Mrs. Jane was very warmly and kindly welcomed by Mrs. Norton; but, though feeling the fullest and most deserved confidence both in her friend's and Mr. Norton's loyalty, she felt it best not to confide the important secret to them, lest their anxiety to show their respect and observance might create suspicion. Therefore she took an early occasion to lament to Mrs. Norton the condition of a good youth who came with her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague; and requested that a chamber might be provided for him and a good fire made; for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs. A pretty little chamber was, therefore, presently made ready, and a fire prepared; to which Pope, the butler, on Mrs. Lane's commending the youth to hir care, introduced him. When it was supper-time, there was broth at table; and Mrs. Jane, filling a dish with it, desired the butler, who was waiting at table, to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him he should have some meat sent him presently. The butler carried the porridge, as he

was desired, into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, 'who was willing to be eating.'

"The next morning, having, as he says, a pretty good stomach, William rose early, and went down to the buttery to get his breakfast, where he found Pope, the butler, and some other men. They all fell to eating bread and butter; the butler supplying them with ale and sack. As they were sitting, one of the men began giving an account of the battle of Worcester, where he had fought in the king's own regiment of guards. To test him, Charles asked for a description of himself. The man answered quite correctly of his dress and his horse: but said the king was three fingers taller than his questioner. In spite of this inaccuracy, Charles felt it wise to make what haste he could out of the buttery; fearing the man more when he knew him to be one of his own soldiers, than when he had supposed him a Roundhead, from his greater knowledge of his person. Pope and he retired together from the buttery, and entered the hall just as Mrs. Norton passed through it; on which, Charles, sustaining his assumed character, took off his hat, and stood with it in his hand till she had passed by. During this time he was aware that Pope was narrowly observing him; but, feigning to take no notice, he resumed his hat, and walked out into the fields. This man had, in fact, been a member of his household as Prince of Wales, and had afterwards served in the army of Charles I.; and his memory being probably refreshed by the conversation in the buttery, he now went at once to Mrs. Lane, and expressed his strong suspicion of its being the king. She put him off as well as she could; but informed her

cousin, Mr. Lascelles, and the king, of what he had said. Charles inquired of his character, and whether they knew him to be an honest man; and on Mr. Lascelles assuring him that he knew Pope to be so honest a fellow that he dare trust him with his life, the king decided on trusting him rather than leaving him in his present suspicion, and immediately sent for him, and told him he was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with his life, as an old acquaintance. Pope, in reply, answered that he thought it very fortunate he had recognized his Majesty; for, though his master and mistress were good people, yet there were at that time one or two in the house who were great rogues, and expressed his hope of being of real service. He was, in fact, found extremely useful; both in doing the king's errands to Bristol in search of a ship to carry him to Spain or France, and as a means of communication with Lord Wilmot, who might not venture by day to Abbotsleigh, where there were many well acquainted with his person. Pope contrived, however, to bring him to the king by night, who could thus hold consultations with him, in conjunction with Jane Lane and her cousin; for her thoughtfulness and discretion made her a valued adviser.

"Pope's mission to Bristol proved unsuccessful; he could hear of no ship leaving for either of the required countries within a month, a delay too long to be thought of. The king, therefore, held a council what had best be done next, as it was losing time to remain longer at Abbotsleigh; and it was suggested to him, that on the borders of Somersetshire there lived his very devoted adherents, the Wyndhams of Trent, beyond Sherborne. This was considered by all a very safe asylum; and the circumstance of one of the ladies of the family, Christa-

bella, wife of Knight Marshall Wyndham, having been his nurse, served to give the king additional confidence, and inclined him warmly to this counsel; and without delay, as he says, 'Frank Wyndham being my old acquaintance and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house.'

"So far all was settled, and Lord Wilmot was sent forward to prepare Colonel Wyndham for the reception of his guest; when, the night before they had decided on starting for this journey, a cross accident threw them into much consternation. Mrs. Norton, whom Jane Lane had come so far to visit, was taken extremely ill, and gave birth to a dead child; she was, indeed, in such an alarming condition, that they knew not how to devise an excuse for her friend leaving her in such a state, and yet this young lady was entirely necessary to the safety of the expedition.

"In this emergency, the king's quickness suggested the scheme of counterfeiting a letter from her home at Bentley, informing her of her father's sudden and dangerous illness, and urging her to return immediately if she would see him alive. All parties were employed to carry out this stratagem. Pope, the butler, delivered the letter during supper, and Mrs. Jane, though we may well suppose the nature of the deceit made it very painful to her, yet performed her part so dexterously that all were anxious to further her departure, and settled for her that she must set out on her journey early next morning, Tuesday, the 16th of September.

"It was arranged that the king's party should rest that night at Castle Cary, about six miles from Trent, so as to arrive there for breakfast next morning. When Lord Wilmot, who travelled in advance, over night, in-

formed Colonel Wyndham that the king would be with him next day, that loyal person was transported with joy; it having been rumored that the king had been killed at Worcester. That night he kept the secret; but next morning found it necessary to acquaint the ladies of his family of the perilous honor awaiting them. These were Lady Wyndham his mother, his wife, and his niece, Juliana Coningsby, who afterwards undertook the service Jane Lane had hitherto rendered the king. The recorder of this scene assures us that the relation Colonel Wyndham gave these ladies did not, through the weakness of their sex, bring upon them any womanish passion, but, surprised with joy, they most cheerfully resolved, without the least show of fear, to hazard all for the safety of the king. Charles, indeed, in the period of his adversity and greatest need, had little reason to talk of the weakness of the sex; for throughout his wanderings, his safety was secured and his needs supplied by women, who faithfully kept his secret, and were far more alive to the honor than the danger of entertaining such a guest. The ladies thus intrusted set about arranging how his Majesty might be brought into the house without any suspicion to their household, which consisted of about twenty persons. To this end, they confided the secret to two of the maids, Eleanor Withers and Joan Halsenoth, and one of the men-servants; all of tried faith and loyalty, and able to give efficient help in this emergency.

"Between nine and ten in the morning, Colonel Wyndham and his lady walked out in the fields in the direction whence they expected the king; and presently they perceived the approach of a lady, riding behind a pale and meanly-dressed young man, on a double horse,

with Mr. Lascelles in their company. 'Frank, Frank!' cried the king, 'how dost thou do?' and Colonel Wyndham joyfully recognized his sovereign, and 'perceived by this gracious pleasance, that, though his Majesty's habit and countenance were much changed, yet his heroic spirit was the same, and his mind immutable.'

"Apprehensive of the observation and suspicion of neighbors, the colonel hurried the king and his fair companion into Mrs. Wyndham's room, which had been prepared for his reception; when, the account says, 'the passions of joy and sorrow did a while combat in them who beheld his sacred person.' Presently the party was joined by Lord Wilmot, and the ladies withdrew with Mrs. Jane into the parlor; having previously agreed amongst themselves, in order to avoid suspicion, to address her as their cousin, and to treat her with a show of intimacy and familiarity becoming that relation; and, though strangers till now, how naturally would their feelings acknowledge and carry out this suddenly assumed friendship, — their hearts warm in one common cause, and all involved in one danger!

"Having thus conducted her king amongst old and faithful friends, Jane Lane had done her part; and next day, therefore, she humbly took her leave of him, and returned with Lascelles, by his Majesty's permission, into Staffordshire, where, though now her active service was no longer needed, she could still aid him by her prayers.

"It is well known how Charles, in the course of the next month, effected his escape to France; and about the middle of December following, Colonel Lane and his sister felt it necessary to take refuge there also, to avoid the consequences to which their loyalty might expose them.

"The manner of their flight and reception is given in a little book* published soon after the Restoration, the particulars of which are honorable to the good feeling of the king and his family: —

"'In December, 1651, arrived at Paris the gentlewoman who had been instrumental in his Majesty's deliverance after the overthrow of Worcester; of which fearing danger, by the discovery of some unfaithful confidants, she went on foot, in disguise, to Yarmouth, and there took ship for France. She was conducted to Paris with great honor; the king himself, with the queen his mother, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, going out to meet her. Upon the first sight, his Majesty took her by the hand, and saluted her with this obliging term: "Welcome, my life!" The French court also regarded her with much respect and honor, together with her brother, Colonel Lane, who accompanied her thither.'

"There is also a letter extant, from the king, the perusal of which will give pleasure, as proving his sense of what he owed to her. It is without date, and runs as follows: —

'MISTRESS LANE: — I hope you do not believe that hearing from a person that I am so much beholding to can be in the least degree troublesome to me, that am so sensible of the obligations I have to you; but, on the contrary, 't is a great satisfaction to me to hear from you; and for what Mr. Boswell is pleased to tell you concerning your giving me good counsel in a letter, and my making it public in my bed-chamber, is not the first lie he has made, nor will not be the last, for I am certain there was never anything spoken in the bed-chamber in my hearing to any such purpose, nor, I am confident,

* Boscobel Tracts.

when I was not there; for I believe Mr. Boswell's end is to show his frequent being in my bed-chamber, which is as true as the other. Your cousin will let you know that I have given orders for my picture for you; and if in this, as in anything else, I can show the sense I have of that which I owe you, pray let me know it, and it shall be done by

'Your most assured and constant friend,

'CHARLES R.

'*For Mrs. Lane.*'

"It is supposed that our heroine remained in France till the Restoration; shortly after which she married her brother's friend, Sir Clement Fisher, whose name has been already mentioned. A pension of a 1,000*l.* a year was settled upon her by the king; and this token of his gratitude was accompanied by the gift of a gold watch, which, by his express request, was to descend by succession to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being. In 1830, this relic was in the possession of the dowager Mrs. Lucy, of Charlecot Park.

"There is a portrait, by Lely, still in existence, of Jane Lane, the description of which gives the idea of great beauty. It is said strongly to resemble the portraits of Anne Boleyn, in its thoughtful expression, as well as in the features and color of the hair."*

HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF FLORA MACDONALD.

"Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers." SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the most heroic and devoted acts of the female sex, there can scarcely be found one more deserving of

* The above account is extracted from a delightful little volume recently published under the title of "Tales of Female [illegible]"

our admiration than that by which Flora Macdonald, a young, noble, and high-spirited maiden, preserved the life of her prince, Charles Edward Stuart, from destruction; nor can we record without the strongest feeling of sympathy the narrative of those perils which this heroic girl dared to encounter, under the influence of the sacred principle of loyalty,—perils from which the boldest of Prince Charles' adherents would have shrunk in despair; yet it is in such moments of danger that the noble and self-devoted spirit of woman shines forth in its greatest purity, and we discover of how much the weakest and most gentle are capable; and such were the circumstances which brought the name of Flora Macdonald from the quiet obscurity of private life, and linking it by a great and glorious deed with that of the royal exile of the house of Stuart, transmitted it to the admiration of future ages with every history of the times in which she lived,

After the fatal battle of Culloden, so ruinous to the hopes of the young Pretender, the only chance of that prince's safety seemed to rest in his effecting his escape to France. Having dismissed the two troops of horse by which he was attended, and bidden farewell to his friends, the unfortunate prince, unattended except by a few faithful followers, made the best of his way to Long Island, expecting to find there a ship that would convey him to the continent. He did not arrive at the place of his destination without encountering many difficulties, and suffering from want of provisions, as well as ill-health, caused by his disastrous circumstances; but greater evils awaited the fugitives, for the king's troops, as soon as the escape of the Pretender was known, had been sent in every direction in search of

him; a price was set upon his head, and, on arriving in South Uist, an island twenty miles long, and three or four miles only in breadth, Charles Edward learned that General Campbell and his men, about two thousand in number, had arrived there in pursuit of him. These soldiers now dispersed themselves over the island, in hopes of earning the promised reward; and the only chance of Charles' escape seemed to be the coast, although that was guarded by ships of war of every size. Every boat was subjected to a strict examination, every ferry was guarded, and it would have been impossible for any person to quit the island without obtaining a passport, or submitting to an accusation of high treason. No resource, indeed, except that of surrendering themselves into the hands of the enemies, appeared to await the unhappy exiles, who, after every kind of privation,—hunger, thirst and exposure to the weather,—appeared now to have arrived at the climax of their fate; yet it was at this crisis an unforeseen protector was raised up by Heaven for the unfortunate Charles. This protector was no other than the youthful Flora Macdonald.

Many idle and frivolous stories have been invented concerning Flora, which seek to enhance the merit of the action performed by her, by conferring on her the addition of rank and wealth; but these were needless, for she was no other than a simple, modest, and unassuming girl, whose merit arose from her having courage and fidelity to defend her fugitive prince in distress and danger. The Laird of Clanranald, whose son had fought at Culloden, was the owner of the greater part of the island of South Uist, and at the time Charles came to that part of the Hebrides, Flora Macdonald, his kinswoman, was staying upon a visit with his lady, having

crossed over thither from her own home, in the Isle of Skye.

Immediately upon Charles' arrival, he had sent to the old Laird of Clanranald, to apprise him of his melancholy position. That faithful chieftain immediately repaired to the spot where he had taken refuge—a small hut, the entrance to which was so low that it was necessary to enter it creeping upon hands and feet; there he and his companions were found to be subsisting upon shell-fish, the garments of the prince being worn away to mere tatters, and his body afflicted with a disease resembling the leprosy, the result of his mental and bodily sufferings. Clanranald furnished them with better food and fresh apparel, and removed Charles to a small house at Corodale, in the centre of the island, for greater security, appointing the inhabitants to keep strict watch against the enemy. There, however, he ran great risk, more than once, of being taken prisoner, and was forced to shift his quarters frequently in the same night, being at times close to his pursuers. This state of things could not last, and it was determined that O'Sullivan and MacLeod should be dismissed, to make concealment more easy, and thus, of all his followers, O'Neill alone remained about the person of his prince at this critical moment. It was this chief who, happening one day to name, at the house of Clanranald, the misery and destitution to which the Jacobites had become reduced, and the helpless condition of Prince Charles, was rejoiced to observe the lively interest with which his narrative was listened to by Miss Macdonald, who declared that "if she could do anything to relieve the prince's sufferings, or to rescue him from the fury of his enemies, she would do it with all her heart."

O'Neill immediately replied that it was in her power to render the prince the most signal service, if she could convey him from South Uist to Skye, and proposed that he should accompany her in female attire as her maid. This proposal at first appeared to Flora as whimsical, so that she declined being accessory to it; but she expressed a great desire to see the prince, to whom she was accordingly introduced, at the house of her brother, Angus Macdonald, at Milton.* The sight of the worn-out and sickly frame of Charles, who, emaciated with sufferings, still preserved "a firm and dignified bearing, and even a kind of cheerfulness and gayety," was an appeal which Flora was unable to withstand. She at once declared her willingness to convey the Prince to Skye, in the manner proposed by O'Neill, should no better plan offer itself for his escape. She immediately set out, on Saturday, June 21st, for the house of Lady Clanranald, to make preparations for her departure, being accompanied by her servant, Niel MacKechan. On the way thither, they were stopped by a party of militia, who demanded their passports. Unable to furnish these, Flora inquired the name of their commander, and having learned, to her great joy, that it was Hugh Macdonald, her own step-father,† demanded to be taken to his presence, at the same time declining to answer any further questions. During that night she and her companion were detained as prisoners, but the next day (Sunday) she obtained an interview with her step-father. She then undertook the

* Mr. Macdonald, the father of Flora, had been a gentleman farmer of Milton, in South Uist. — BOSWELL.

† Flora's father having died some years previously, her mother had espoused Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, of the Isle of Skye; he was senior captain of the troops daily engaged in tracking the footsteps of the Pretender.

difficult task of obtaining from him a pass for three persons to the Isle of Skye; viz., for herself, for her servant Neil, and for Betty Burke, an Irish maid, for such, it was intended, should be the travelling disguise of the prince. It is not known by what arguments Flora prevailed on her step-father to give her the desired pass; whether he was actually admitted into her confidence, or was misled and imposed upon by her; but it appears most natural to suppose that the dictates of humanity caused him to grant his young petitioner's request. The letter was couched in the following terms: —

"I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I am your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

Flora, having now furnished herself with the required pass, hastened to provide the garments for the prince's disguise. Through the aid of Lady Clanranald, she procured these; they consisted of the attire usually worn by Irish peasant girls, "a printed cotton gown, a white apron, a large coarse cloak, and a linen cap." This accomplished, the two ladies, accompanied by O'Neill and Niel MacKechan, repaired to the prince's hiding-place, a small hut, situated near the sea-coast. Charles, at the time of their arrival, was busily engaged in cooking his dinner, which consisted of a sheep's heart, which he was roasting upon a wooden spit. The meeting was an affecting one on all sides, although the cheerfulness of

bella, wife of Knight Marshall Wyndham, having been his nurse, served to give the king additional confidence, and inclined him warmly to this counsel; and without delay, as he says, 'Frank Wyndham being my old acquaintance and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house.'

"So far all was settled, and Lord Wilmot was sent forward to prepare Colonel Wyndham for the reception of his guest; when, the night before they had decided on starting for this journey, a cross accident threw them into much consternation. Mrs. Norton, whom Jane Lane had come so far to visit, was taken extremely ill, and gave birth to a dead child; she was, indeed, in such an alarming condition, that they knew not how to devise an excuse for her friend leaving her in such a state, and yet this young lady was entirely necessary to the safety of the expedition.

"In this emergency, the king's quickness suggested the scheme of counterfeiting a letter from her home at Bentley, informing her of her father's sudden and dangerous illness, and urging her to return immediately if she would see him alive. All parties were employed to carry out this stratagem. Pope, the butler, delivered the letter during supper, and Mrs. Jane, though we may well suppose the nature of the deceit made it very painful to her, yet performed her part so dexterously that all were anxious to further her departure, and settled for her that she must set out on her journey early next morning, Tuesday, the 16th of September.

"It was arranged that the king's party should rest that night at Castle Cary, about six miles from Trent, so as to arrive there for breakfast next morning. When Lord Wilmot, who travelled in advance, over night, in-

formed Colonel Wyndham that the king would be with him next day, that loyal person was transported with joy; it having been rumored that the king had been killed at Worcester. That night he kept the secret; but next morning found it necessary to acquaint the ladies of his family of the perilous honor awaiting them. These were Lady Wyndham his mother, his wife, and his niece, Juliana Coningsby, who afterwards undertook the service Jane Lane had hitherto rendered the king. The recorder of this scene assures us that the relation Colonel Wyndham gave these ladies did not, through the weakness of their sex, bring upon them any womanish passion, but, surprised with joy, they most cheerfully resolved, without the least show of fear, to hazard all for the safety of the king. Charles, indeed, in the period of his adversity and greatest need, had little reason to talk of the weakness of the sex; for throughout his wanderings, his safety was secured and his needs supplied by women, who faithfully kept his secret, and were far more alive to the honor than the danger of entertaining such a guest. The ladies thus intrusted set about arranging how his Majesty might be brought into the house without any suspicion to their household, which consisted of about twenty persons. To this end, they confided the secret to two of the maids, Eleanor Withers and Joan Halsenoth, and one of the men-servants; all of tried faith and loyalty, and able to give efficient help in this emergency.

"Between nine and ten in the morning, Colonel Wyndham and his lady walked out in the fields in the direction whence they expected the king; and presently they perceived the approach of a lady, riding behind a pale and meanly-dressed young man, on a double horse,

with Mr. Lascelles in their company. 'Frank, Frank!' cried the king, 'how dost thou do?' and Colonel Wyndham joyfully recognized his sovereign, and 'perceived by this gracious pleasance, that, though his Majesty's habit and countenance were much changed, yet his heroic spirit was the same, and his mind immutable.'

"Apprehensive of the observation and suspicion of neighbors, the colonel hurried the king and his fair companion into Mrs. Wyndham's room, which had been prepared for his reception; when, the account says, 'the passions of joy and sorrow did a while combat in them who beheld his sacred person.' Presently the party was joined by Lord Wilmot, and the ladies withdrew with Mrs. Jane into the parlor; having previously agreed amongst themselves, in order to avoid suspicion, to address her as their cousin, and to treat her with a show of intimacy and familiarity becoming that relation; and, though strangers till now, how naturally would their feelings acknowledge and carry out this suddenly assumed friendship, — their hearts warm in one common cause, and all involved in one danger!

"Having thus conducted her king amongst old and faithful friends, Jane Lane had done her part; and next day, therefore, she humbly took her leave of him, and returned with Lascelles, by his Majesty's permission, into Staffordshire, where, though now her active service was no longer needed, she could still aid him by her prayers.

"It is well known how Charles, in the course of the next month, effected his escape to France; and about the middle of December following, Colonel Lane and his sister felt it necessary to take refuge there also, to avoid the consequences to which their loyalty might expose them.

"The manner of their flight and reception is given in a little book* published soon after the Restoration, the particulars of which are honorable to the good feeling of the king and his family: —

"'In December, 1651, arrived at Paris the gentlewoman who had been instrumental in his Majesty's deliverance after the overthrow of Worcester; of which fearing danger, by the discovery of some unfaithful confidants, she went on foot, in disguise, to Yarmouth, and there took ship for France. She was conducted to Paris with great honor; the king himself, with the queen his mother, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, going out to meet her. Upon the first sight, his Majesty took her by the hand, and saluted her with this obliging term: "Welcome, my life!" The French court also regarded her with much respect and honor, together with her brother, Colonel Lane, who accompanied her thither.'

"There is also a letter extant, from the king, the perusal of which will give pleasure, as proving his sense of what he owed to her. It is without date, and runs as follows: —

'MISTRESS LANE: — I hope you do not believe that hearing from a person that I am so much beholding to can be in the least degree troublesome to me, that am so sensible of the obligations I have to you; but, on the contrary, 't is a great satisfaction to me to hear from you; and for what Mr. Boswell is pleased to tell you concerning your giving me good counsel in a letter, and my making it public in my bed-chamber, is not the first lie he has made, nor will not be the last, for I am certain there was never anything spoken in the bed-chamber in my hearing to any such purpose, nor, I am confident,

* Boscobel Tracts.

when I was not there; for I believe Mr. Boswell's end is to show his frequent being in my bed-chamber, which is as true as the other. Your cousin will let you know that I have given orders for my picture for you; and if in this, as in anything else, I can show the sense I have of that which I owe you, pray let me know it, and it shall be done by

'Your most assured and constant friend,

'CHARLES R.

'*For Mrs. Lane.*'

"It is supposed that our heroine remained in France till the Restoration; shortly after which she married her brother's friend, Sir Clement Fisher, whose name has been already mentioned. A pension of a 1,000*l.* a year was settled upon her by the king; and this token of his gratitude was accompanied by the gift of a gold watch, which, by his express request, was to descend by succession to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being. In 1830, this relic was in the possession of the dowager Mrs. Lucy, of Charlecot Park.

"There is a portrait, by Lely, still in existence, of Jane Lane, the description of which gives the idea of great beauty. It is said strongly to resemble the portraits of Anne Boleyn, in its thoughtful expression, as well as in the features and color of the hair."*

HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF FLORA MACDONALD.

"Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers." SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the most heroic and devoted acts of the female sex, there can scarcely be found one more deserving of

* The above account is extracted from a delightful little volume recently published under the title of "Tales of Female [illegible]"

our admiration than that by which Flora Macdonald, a young, noble, and high-spirited maiden, preserved the life of her prince, Charles Edward Stuart, from destruction; nor can we record without the strongest feeling of sympathy the narrative of those perils which this heroic girl dared to encounter, under the influence of the sacred principle of loyalty, — perils from which the boldest of Prince Charles' adherents would have shrunk in despair; yet it is in such moments of danger that the noble and self-devoted spirit of woman shines forth in its greatest purity, and we discover of how much the weakest and most gentle are capable; and such were the circumstances which brought the name of Flora Macdonald from the quiet obscurity of private life, and linking it by a great and glorious deed with that of the royal exile of the house of Stuart, transmitted it to the admiration of future ages with every history of the times in which she lived,

After the fatal battle of Culloden, so ruinous to the hopes of the young Pretender, the only chance of that prince's safety seemed to rest in his effecting his escape to France. Having dismissed the two troops of horse by which he was attended, and bidden farewell to his friends, the unfortunate prince, unattended except by a few faithful followers, made the best of his way to Long Island, expecting to find there a ship that would convey him to the continent. He did not arrive at the place of his destination without encountering many difficulties, and suffering from want of provisions, as well as ill-health, caused by his disastrous circumstances; but greater evils awaited the fugitives, for the king's troops, as soon as the escape of the Pretender was known, had been sent in every direction in search of

him; a price was set upon his head, and, on arriving in South Uist, an island twenty miles long, and three or four miles only in breadth, Charles Edward learned that General Campbell and his men, about two thousand in number, had arrived there in pursuit of him. These soldiers now dispersed themselves over the island, in hopes of earning the promised reward; and the only chance of Charles' escape seemed to be the coast, although that was guarded by ships of war of every size. Every boat was subjected to a strict examination, every ferry was guarded, and it would have been impossible for any person to quit the island without obtaining a passport, or submitting to an accusation of high treason. No resource, indeed, except that of surrendering themselves into the hands of the enemies, appeared to await the unhappy exiles, who, after every kind of privation,—hunger, thirst and exposure to the weather,—appeared now to have arrived at the climax of their fate; yet it was at this crisis an unforeseen protector was raised up by Heaven for the unfortunate Charles. This protector was no other than the youthful Flora Macdonald.

Many idle and frivolous stories have been invented concerning Flora, which seek to enhance the merit of the action performed by her, by conferring on her the addition of rank and wealth; but these were needless, for she was no other than a simple, modest, and unassuming girl, whose merit arose from her having courage and fidelity to defend her fugitive prince in distress and danger. The Laird of Clanranald, whose son had fought at Culloden, was the owner of the greater part of the island of South Uist, and at the time Charles came to that part of the Hebrides, Flora Macdonald, his kinswoman, was staying upon a visit with his lady, having

crossed over thither from her own home, in the Isle of Skye.

Immediately upon Charles' arrival, he had sent to the old Laird of Clanranald, to apprise him of his melancholy position. That faithful chieftain immediately repaired to the spot where he had taken refuge—a small hut, the entrance to which was so low that it was necessary to enter it creeping upon hands and feet; there he and his companions were found to be subsisting upon shell-fish, the garments of the prince being worn away to mere tatters, and his body afflicted with a disease resembling the leprosy, the result of his mental and bodily sufferings. Clanranald furnished them with better food and fresh apparel, and removed Charles to a small house at Corodale, in the centre of the island, for greater security, appointing the inhabitants to keep strict watch against the enemy. There, however, he ran great risk, more than once, of being taken prisoner, and was forced to shift his quarters frequently in the same night, being at times close to his pursuers. This state of things could not last, and it was determined that O'Sullivan and MacLeod should be dismissed, to make concealment more easy, and thus, of all his followers, O'Neill alone remained about the person of his prince at this critical moment. It was this chief who, happening one day to name, at the house of Clanranald, the misery and destitution to which the Jacobites had become reduced, and the helpless condition of Prince Charles, was rejoiced to observe the lively interest with which his narrative was listened to by Miss Macdonald, who declared that "if she could do anything to relieve the prince's sufferings, or to rescue him from the fury of his enemies, she would do it with all her heart."

O'Neill immediately replied that it was in her power to render the prince the most signal service, if she could convey him from South Uist to Skye, and proposed that he should accompany her in female attire as her maid. This proposal at first appeared to Flora as whimsical, so that she declined being accessory to it; but she expressed a great desire to see the prince, to whom she was accordingly introduced, at the house of her brother, Angus Macdonald, at Milton.* The sight of the worn-out and sickly frame of Charles, who, emaciated with sufferings, still preserved "a firm and dignified bearing, and even a kind of cheerfulness and gayety," was an appeal which Flora was unable to withstand. She at once declared her willingness to convey the Prince to Skye, in the manner proposed by O'Neill, should no better plan offer itself for his escape. She immediately set out, on Saturday, June 21st, for the house of Lady Clanranald, to make preparations for her departure, being accompanied by her servant, Niel MacKechan. On the way thither, they were stopped by a party of militia, who demanded their passports. Unable to furnish these, Flora inquired the name of their commander, and having learned, to her great joy, that it was Hugh Macdonald, her own step-father,† demanded to be taken to his presence, at the same time declining to answer any further questions. During that night she and her companion were detained as prisoners, but the next day (Sunday) she obtained an interview with her step-father. She then undertook the

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the prince did not forsake him. He invited his friends to join in his fare, and soon inspired them with his own gayety, depicting the still brilliant prospects in which his fancy indulged. But the approaching separation of O'Neill from his beloved master gave to him at least a deep gloom, for the plan of Flora was to convey only Charles himself to Skye, and involved the strongest necessity for caution. Indeed, while yet Lady Clanranald was with them, she received intelligence that General Campbell had returned to the island, and that Captain Fergusson, with his soldiers, had taken possession of her house. Having first arrayed the prince, with the assistance of Flora, in his novel costume, Lady Clanranald took her leave and returned home, where she was received with such a multitude of questions, that she felt convinced of the suspicions excited against herself and family, and the imperative necessity of prudence, to preserve them all from ruin. Scarcely had she departed from the prince, when four armed cutters sailed along the coast, close to the hut in which he lay concealed, so that it was necessary for him to hide himself among the rocks, and delay his departure till the next day, when, at eight in the evening, he left the island in an eight-oared boat, which had been provided by Miss Macdonald. He was accompanied by Flora and her faithful Highland attendant, Niel MacKechan, and the place chosen for their embarkation was Kilbride.

About a mile from the shore, the sea became rough, and the wind freshened into a gale; but Charles kept up the spirits of the little party by singing Highland airs, till Flora fell fast asleep, when he showed the most anxious care lest she should be hurt by the carelessness of the rowers, as she lay in the bottom of the boat. At day-

break, the black mountains of Skye rose in sight; but, on approaching the coast near Weternish, they found the place occupied by three boats-full of armed men, by whom they were hailed and ordered immediately to come on shore. Not obeying the summons, they immediately received a volley of musketry, but by the exertions of their rowers, they succeeded in escaping this new danger.* While the bullets were falling about the boat, Charles, it is said, requested Miss Macdonald to lie down in the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid them; but, with a generosity of soul which stamps her among the first of her sex, she declined the proposal, and declared that, as she was endeavoring to preserve the life of her prince, she would never degrade herself by attending to the safety of her own person while that of her master was in jeopardy. She even solicited Charles to occupy the place he had assigned for her. The prince, as the danger increased, became more urgent; but no entreaties could prevail upon Miss Macdonald to abandon her intrepid resolution, till Charles offered to lie down along with her. Both accordingly lay down in the bottom of the boat, till out of the reach of the bullets of the militia. After escaping this danger, they entered a small creek, and the party, after taking a short rest, proceeded to Kilbride, and landed near Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, near the northern extremity of Skye.†

Although there were not so many troops in Skye as in South Uist, there was a detachment of cavalry; the two principal chiefs, Macdonald and MacLeod, were partizans of the government, and the only friend on whom

* Klose's Memoirs of the Young Pretender.
† Browne's History of the Highland Clans.

Charles could rely, in the moment of his greatest need, was the young girl who had already aided his escape, but who must now endeavor to assist him through the intervention of others. To secure the prince's safety, Flora was compelled, in this instance, to apply for succor to the house of his most dangerous enemy. But the heroic maiden had made herself well acquainted with every part of her dangerous enterprise. She knew that Lady Margaret, the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, was, at heart, a devoted friend of the house of Stuart, and to her she resolved to apply. Leaving Charles and MacKechan at the landing-place, she set out for the abode of that lady, to whom she had written a few days before, announcing her intention of paying her a visit. She now confessed, without reserve, whom she had brought to the island, with a view of claiming her protection. Lady Margaret, as may be supposed, heard the news with pain and surprise. Her husband, in a letter written not long after, says of Flora, that on this visit she "put Lady Margaret into the utmost distress by telling her of the cargo that she had brought from Uist."* But that lady did not disappoint the confidence Flora had placed in her generosity. Her house was full of militia officers, and she could not, therefore, with common prudence, have received the prince within its walls. She sent, however, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a kinsman of her husband's, to carry the necessary refreshments to Charles, but kept Flora to dine with her, "when she was subjected to many searching questions from the English officers, which, by her prudence, she answered without creating suspicion. After dinner, Flora, her servant, Neil MacKechan, and two others, to whom

* Culloden Papers.

Charles was unknown, returned to the prince. They found him with Kingsburgh, being on his way to the house of the latter: it appears that on the first appearance of Kingsburgh, the Pretender accosted him by saying that his life was now in his hand, which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meal or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting upon a rock, beat upon by the rains, and when they ceased, eat up by flies; he conjured him to show compassion but for one night, and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed, and the visible distress, for he was meagre, ill-colored, and overrun with the scab. So they went to Kingsburgh's house."* On his way thither, Charles' awkwardness in his female attire had very nearly betrayed him, creating much amusement among the country people on the road, and causing one of the servants, not in the secret, to observe, that he looked just like a man in woman's clothes. This gave the alarm to Flora, and caused her to hasten the advance of her party, while she left Charles and Kingsburgh to find their way among by-roads to the house of their destination.

Charles was some time later than the ladies in arriving at the house of his guide; he was wet and weary, but his spirits revived with a good supper, and so greatly did he enjoy the bed to which he was conducted, that some trouble was found necessary to arouse him next day. He was compelled to quit the house as he had come to it, in female attire, which inconvenient costume he exchanged at some distance from Kingsburgh's, for that of a native of the Hebrides, consisting of a short green coat, short breeches, a wig and a bonnet.

* Letter of Sir Alex. Macdonald, in behalf of his kinsman.

"Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding-sheet. Her will was religiously observed."*

Under the conduct of a trusty guide, Charles arrived at Portree, fourteen Scotch miles from Mugstot, whither Flora Macdonald, Kingsburgh, and MacKechan, had already repaired. There the little party took an affectionate leave of that beloved prince, who, after what they had ventured for his sake, had become doubly dear to them. "For all that has happened," said Charles, as he bade adieu to Flora, "I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James'." It was not his destiny, however, to see any of the party again: "and he was afterwards heard to express the greatest regret that he could not have a Macdonald with him to the last."

The further adventures of the royal fugitive have nothing to do with our narrative; they are amply chronicled in more general histories, as forming a link in the chain of disasters which connected the fate of the entire house of Stuart: suffice it here to say, that, aided by other faithful adherents, to whom Flora relinquished her trust, Charles Edward had finally the good fortune to effect his escape into France: let us return to those who had shared in his perils, and many of whom suffered for their allegiance. Of the number were Clanranald and his lady, who, after a temporary imprisonment, were released, and permitted to return to Scotland. The gallant O'Neill, taken only a few days after he quitted the side of Charles, would have suffered the

* Boswell.

greatest indignities, according to a sentence passed on him, but for the timely interference of a lieutenant of Scottish Fusileers. Kingsburgh, a severe sufferer for his loyalty, was thrown into prison and tried: upon his examination, an allusion being made to the opportunity he had lost of making his own fortune and that of his family forever, by securing the price of 50,000*l.* put on the capture of Prince Charles, he nobly replied, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." He survived his liberation, which he obtained in 1747, as many as twenty-five years. The faithful Niel MacKechan, who parted from the prince at the same time as his mistress, escaped afterwards to France, where he rejoined the prince.

To conclude with her whose name has been immortalized by her loyalty; Flora Macdonald, after leaving the prince with his friends at Portree, returned immediately and in safety to Armadale. She had not been above eight or nine days there, when she was required to attend one Macdonald, whom MacLeod of Paliscar had employed to examine her. She set out in obedience to the summons, but had not gone far when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, who carried her immediately on board the *Furnace*, Captain Furguson. General Campbell was on board, and commanded that the young lady should be used with the utmost civility; that she should be allowed a maid-servant, and every accommodation the ship could afford. Such was the respect which the conduct of this young woman commanded even from her enemies! Finding that the boatmen she had employed for the prince's escape had told every-

thing, Flora acknowledged the whole truth to General Campbell. Three weeks after, the ship being near her mother's, she was permitted to go on shore with a guard to take leave of her friends: she obtained another protector in Admiral Smith, whose ship soon after came into Leith Road. Thence removed from place to place till November 28th, 1746, she was put on board the *Royal Sovereign*, lying at the Nore. After five months' imprisonment on ship-board, she was transported to London, where she was confined in a messenger's house till July, 1747, and then discharged, without being asked a question."* Flora is said to have been indebted to the intercession of Frederick Prince of Wales for her release. She was under the protection of Lady Primrose for a short time in London, who provided a post-chaise to convey her back to Scotland, and desired her to choose any friend whom she pleased to accompany her thither. On which she selected the gallant Malcolm MacLeod, her successor as guide to the prince, and who had materially aided in his escape. He too had been apprehended, but sufficient evidence could not be procured against him. "So," said he, with a triumphant air, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."†

While in London, a collection had been made for Flora by some Jacobite ladies, amounting to nearly 1,500*l.* She subsequently became the wife of the son of Kingsburgh, and went with him to America. During the civil war there, they returned to Scotland together, and both died in their native Isle of Skye. The decease of Flora took place March 4th, 1790. She was then in her seventieth year.‡

* Her imprisonment lasted twelve months altogether.
† Boswell's Life of Johnson. ‡ Klose's Memoirs.

At the time of Dr. Johnson's visit to the Isle of Skye, our heroine was residing at Kingsburgh with her husband, and he paid them a visit: he was accompanied by Mr. Boswell on this occasion. The latter describes Kingsburgh* as "the complete figure of a gallant Highlander," and enlarges on the hospitality of their reception. He says, "By and by, supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald; she is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred." Dr. Johnson himself describes her, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, thus: "She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behavior. In the national ballads of her country, she is described as the "beautiful Flora." She became the mother of five sons, who all held commissions under the reigning sovereigns, and of two daughters, one of whom lived to a great age, inheriting her mother's features and principles.†

LOYALTY REWARDED.

"My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?"
Old Ballad.

"The Emperor Joseph the Second, travelling towards Ostend, for the purpose of presiding at the ceremony of declaring it a free port, was attracted by the appearance of a poor woman at the door of a cottage, who seemed to discover in her countenance much dejection and disappointment. The emperor, who, as usual, was in advance of his train, dismounted to hear the poor woman's story.

* In his Life of Johnson. † Tales of Female Heroism.

She, unconscious of the dignity of the person she addressed, stated that she had been earnestly entreating her husband for permission to accompany him to Ostend, to which place he had just gone, in order to see the emperor; but that all her supplications had been unavailing. She urged the peculiar unkindness of this refusal in the strongest terms; observing that her husband was but an alien, and could not be supposed to love his royal master with the same spirit of ardent loyalty which glowed in her bosom, as she was descended from a family which had, through successive generations, resided five hundred years in the same neighborhood, and had alwavs been particularly distinguished for its attachment to their sovereign. She concluded with asserting how largely she inherited the family loyalty, and that she would cheerfully undergo the severest hardships, and think herself amply requited, if she could but obtain a sight of her sovereign.

"The emperor was so much struck with the zeal of the poor cottager, that he immediately took a snuff-box from his pocket, most splendidly decorated with diamonds, which surrounded a picture of himself, and gave it to her, saying, that if the brutality of her husband had prevented her from seeing the original, her loyalty and feeling deserved at least to be rewarded by a portrait of the sovereign she so much revered. The likeness of the picture was so exact, that the woman immediately perceived to whom she had been so freely communicating her sentiments, and fell on her knees, with every token of love and veneration. The emperor only remained to inquire the name of her husband, and where he was most likely to be found in Ostend: this done, he departed.

A messenger was instantly sent forward, with the directions for finding the man, and committing him to prison.

"The poor fellow inquired the cause of his arrest, but could obtain no answer: he was, however, most sumptuously entertained for three days in prison, and then set at liberty, just in time to learn that the emperor had left Ostend, and that the only chance he had of obtaining a sight of his imperial Majesty was by following him to Vienna. When he returned home, the story of the snuff-box revealed the mystery of his imprisonment, and consoled him for the loss of that sight which his wife had so advantageously enjoyed."

ELOQUENCE.

MERSILIA. — CORNELIA. — HORTENSIA. — ALDRUDE. — ISABEL OF ARUNDEL. — QUEENELIZABETH. — DISPUTE CONCERNING ELOQUENCE.

"Here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art."

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

ELOQUENCE may sometimes effect its object by means of splendid images and sublime expressions, but that alone which springs from the heart takes the certain road to success. The flattering results which have on so many occasions attended the exercise of this brilliant talent by the female sex, must be rather attributed to the energetic zeal with which, from their goodness of heart, they have entered into the lists in defence of virtue, than to any studied use of language, as was the custom with the public speakers of their times. The consciousness of being engaged in a virtuous cause has often given rise to the most enthusiastic and splendid eloquence on the part of women, who, weak and helpless by nature, have thus become endued with strength, not only to urge, but to accomplish, the most arduous enterprises. There is no doubt that

"If the mind with clear conception glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow;"

and warmth of feeling in women has amply compensated for any inferiority, if such there were, in their talents, to those of the opposite sex. We ought to set

much weight on these superior instances of mental capacity, and endeavor not to degenerate from such worthy examples: such patterns of merit should not be thrown away upon us, for they teach us, that if the too free use of speech is attributed as a failing to our sex, the proper use of that speech may be rendered not only a private, but a public benefit; as there is a time to be silent, so it does sometimes happen that there is a time when it becomes a duty to speak; and eloquence, actuated by sincere and virtuous motives, must ever claim universal respect and admiration.

SUCCESSFUL EMBASSY OF HERSILIA.

"We have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already; yet will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness."—SHAKSPEARE.

"AFTER the rape of the Sabine women, who were carried off by the Romans to people their new-founded colony, Hersilia, the wife of Romulus, having demanded an audience of the national council, laid before them a project, formed by herself and her companions, of acting the part of mediators between their husbands and fathers. This offer, having been deliberated upon, and accepted, the women were permitted to depart, on condition that each mother, as a pledge of her return, should leave, as a hostage, one of her children; the others were to be carried with them, for the purpose of conciliating the Sabines.

"Having laid aside their ornaments and put on mourning, the women, with their children in their arms, repaired to the camp of their countrymen, and threw themselves at the feet of their fathers and brothers;

when Hersilia, in the name of her companions, addressed the assembled chiefs in the following eloquent and pathetic harangue: —

"'What great injury have we done you, that we have suffered, and still do suffer, so many miseries? We were carried off by those who now have us, violently and illegally: after this violence, we were so long neglected by our brothers, our fathers, and our relations; that we were necessitated to unite in the strongest ties with those who were the objects of our hatred; and we are now brought to tremble for the men that had injured us so much, when we see them in danger, and to lament them when they fall: for you came not to deliver us from violence while virgins, or to avenge our cause; but now you tear the wives from their husbands, and the mothers from their children; an assistance more grievous to us than your neglect and disregard. Such love we experienced from them, and such compassion from you. Were the war undertaken in some other cause, yet surely you would stop its ravages for us, who have made you fathers-in-law and grandfathers, or otherwise placed you in some near affinity to those whom you seek to destroy: but if the war be for us, take us, with your sons-in-law and their children, and restore us to our parents and kindred, lest we become captives again!'

"The tears and remonstrances of Hersilia, added to the supplications of her companions, were rewarded by their countrymen consenting to an interview with the Romans, in which all differences were accommodated, and articles of peace and alliance drawn up between the two nations. The duties of the women thus reconciled, many honorable privileges and marks of distinction were conferred upon them by unanimous consent, as testimo-

nies of esteem for their conjugal and filial piety. A festival was also instituted to their honor, called *Matronalia*, in which the Roman matrons received presents from their husbands."

CORNELIA, "MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI."

"Slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."
SHAKSPEARE.

QUINCTILIAN informs us that the Gracchi were indebted for much of their eloquence to the care and institutions of their mother, Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, whose taste and learning were fully displayed in her letters, which were then in the hands of the public: and Cicero, the greatest orator Rome ever produced, says, "We have read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, from which it appears that the sons were educated, not so much in the lap of the mother, as her *conversation*."

"Cornelia's extraction was the noblest in Rome, and her family the richest; yet it was not either her birth or fortune which rendered her memory immortal, but the virtuous example which she gave, in her own conduct, to her countrywomen and posterity. The following interesting anecdote is recorded of Cornelia, and although foreign to the present subject, well deserves our attention. A lady of Campania, coming to make her a visit, and lodging in her house, displayed with pomp whatever was then most fashionable and valuable for the toilet, gold and silver, jewels, diamonds, bracelets, pendants, and all the apparatus which the ancients called *mundum muliebrem*, (woman's world.) She expected to find somewhat still finer, in the house of a person of her quality, and

desired very importunately to see her toilet. Cornelia artfully prolonged the conversation till such time as her children came home, who were then gone to the public schools, and pointing to them as they entered, 'See here,' says she, 'are my jewels.' *Et hæc, inquit, ornamenta mea sunt.*"

"We need only," observes M. de Rollin, "examine our own thoughts, in relation to those two ladies, to find out how far superior the noble simplicity of the one was to the vain magnificence of the other: and, indeed, what merit or ability is there in buying up a large collection of precious stones and jewels, in being vain of them, or in not knowing how to talk of anything else? And on the other hand, how truly worthy is it, in a person of the first quality, to be above such trifles, to place her honor and glory in the good education of her children, in sparing no expense towards the bringing it about, and in showing that nobleness and greatness of soul do equally belong to both sexes!"

HORTENSIA'S ADDRESS TO THE TRIUMVIRS.

> "Why will you thus employ your eloquence,
> Which our whole council would with liking hear,
> To help impossibilities?"

"HORTENSIA, a celebrated Roman lady, exemplified the power of eloquence over the human mind. Her father, Hortensius, was the most celebrated orator of his time, and his talents were inherited by his daughter. The triumvirs had obliged 4,000 women to give upon oath an account of their possessions, to defray the expenses of the state; and the Roman ladies, in this emergency, had recourse to Hortensia, who undertook to plead

their cause, and accompanied them to the tribunal of the triumvirs, where she made a speech in their name to the following effect:—

"'My lords, these unhappy ladies whom you see here, imploring your justice and bounty, would never have presumed to appear in this place, had they not first made use of all possible means which either their native modesty might allow or their best understanding could inform them of. Though our appearing here may seem contrary to the rules of decency prescribed to our sex, which we have hitherto most strictly observed, yet the loss of our fathers, our children, our brothers, and our husbands, is sufficient to excuse us; nay, and to vindicate us too, when their unhappy deaths are made a pretence for our further misfortunes. You pretend that you have been affronted, but what have the women done that they must be impoverished? If they are as blamable as the men, why do you not proscribe them too? Certainly none of our sex have ever declared you your country's enemies: we have neither plundered your goods, nor suborned your soldiers; we have raised no troops against you, nor opposed those honors and offices to which you pretend. We presume not to govern the republic, nor is it our ambition which has drawn the present miseries and misfortunes on your heads; empire, dignities and honors, were never designed for our sex. We, alas! have done nothing to affront you, nothing to offend you, nor anything to move you to this severe treatment of us. But you tell us, you have a war to support; and when have mankind been free from war? and yet, have women ever been taxed on that account? The universal consent of nations has confirmed an exception in their favor, which nature herself has granted us.

Formerly, indeed, the Roman women, in the extreme exigency of the republic, when in danger of becoming a prey to the Carthaginians, contributed towards the expenses of the state; but they did it voluntarily; that which they gave was not levied upon their estates, dowries, and houses,—they only appropriated it to the ornaments of their persons; nor were they subject to any estimation, or informations of accusers. What is, then, the danger which you apprehend at present? Do the Gauls or Parthians invade Italy? In that case, you will find us no less generous than our mothers; but think not we will contribute our estates to maintain civil wars, and enable you to destroy one another. Such a demand was never made either by Cæsar or Pompey in their wars; nor by Marius and Cinna during their cruelties; no, not by Sylla himself, who first set up tyranny in Rome: yet, after all, you adorn yourselves with the glorious title of reformers of the state.'

"This discourse appeared so bold and dangerous to the triumvirs, that they immediately sent their lictors to cause the ladies to retire; but perceiving that the multitude began to cry out against such violence, they promised to reconsider the affair, and afterwards drew up another list of 400 women, instead of 4,000; but to make good the sum they wanted, they taxed all the citizens and foreigners, without distinction, who were worth one hundred thousand drachmas, or upwards of 3,200 pounds sterling."

A modern writer* has observed that the above speech of Hortensia, which has been preserved to us by Appian, "for elegance of language and justness of thought, would have done honor to a Cicero or a Demosthenes."

* Alexander, in his History of Women.

SPEECH OF THE COUNTESS OF BERTINORO.

"I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best.
In such business,
Action is eloquence."—SHAKSPEARE.

"IN the year 1172, the city of Ancona, situated on the Adriatic Sea, and on that account a place of great importance, the possession of it affording an entrance into Italy, was besieged by the Venetians, under the command of the Archbishop of Mayence.

"After a very brave defence, the distressed inhabitants were reduced to such an extremity by famine, that they sent deputies to the archbishop, offering him an immense sum of money to raise the siege; but he refused them with insult, saying, 'It would be folly to accept a part, when the whole was in his power.' The deputies made him a spirited reply, but returned disheartened to the city. In the consultations which followed, some were for submitting unconditionally, as was demanded, and others preferred dying sword in hand. An old man, who had lived more than a century, reänimated their courage, by proposing the employment of their treasures in procuring succors from the neighboring princes; and then, if their applications proved fruitless, he advised them to throw their riches into the sea, and sell their lives as dear as possible.

"Deputies were accordingly sent, by some stratagem, through the Venetian fleet, to William degli Adelardi, of Ferrara, and the Countess of Bertinoro, who engaged in the cause with all that zeal and alacrity which animate generous minds to aid the distressed.

"The archbishop, alarmed at the succors he heard were preparing for the besieged, caused letters, as from

their deputies, to be thrown into the city, saying that their negotiations had been unsuccessful, and that they must expect no help. Some of the most enlightened of the inhabitants detected the forgery, and calmed the anxious minds of the affrighted populace, by solemnly assuring them they were false. In the mean time, through many difficulties and interruptions, the troops of the Countess Aldrude and William Adelardi advanced, preceded by a standard of cloth of gold. They were composed of twelve squadrons, each consisting of two hundred choice men, and an innumerable multitude of regular and light infantry. They encamped upon a hill, not far from the archbishop; and when it was night, Adelardi ordered his men to place two or more lighted candles upon the tops of their pikes and lances. Alarmed, by this means, with the idea that their number was immense, the archbishop drew back a little from the city, to secure a height that nature had rendered very strong.

"William harangued his army, who heard him with loud applause; and, at the close of his speech, Aldrude also came forward, and addressed the assembled soldiers in the following manner: —

"'Encouraged and fortified by the favor and mercy of Heaven, I have resolved, contrary to the general usage of women, to speak to you here, because I hope to say something that may be useful, though unadorned with the figures of eloquence, and the reasonings of philosophy. It often happens, that a simple discourse acts upon the mind, while one more labored merely pleases the ear. It is neither a love of power, nor worldly advantage, which has led me here. Since the death of my husband, I have reigned with an aching heart over all his domains,

without any contest. It is enough for me to keep what I possess. What animates me is the miserable situation of Ancona, the tears of its ladies, who fear to fall into the power of the besiegers. Need I enter into the detail? It is to succor men, worn by famine, fatigued by frequent combats, exposed constantly to new toils, to new dangers, that I come, with my only son, who, though a child, inherits his father's greatness of soul, and shows the same courage and the same zeal for the protection and defence of his friends. And you, warriors of Lombardy and Romagna, who are no less distinguished for your fidelity than your valor, the same cause brings you here. You obey the orders, and imitate the example, of William Adelardi, who, listening only to his natural generosity and love of freedom, has hazarded his own fortune, and that of his friends and vassals, for the deliverance of Ancona. I know not how to praise him as I ought, because language is not equal to the expression of our thoughts and wishes! We become truly virtuous only when we prize virtue more than wealth and honor! This glorious enterprise has as yet succeeded, since you have passed through countries occupied by your enemies. But it is now time that the seed should produce fruit. It is time to make a trial of your strength, since you have occasion to make a trial of your courage. Hence, then, without delay, which enfeebles the minds of most men. Be under arms at the first break of day, so that the rising sun may beam upon the victory which the Most High promises to your charity! May my prayers draw down a blessing upon you; and may the sight of those beautiful ladies who accompany me animate you! If knights are accustomed to display their skill and strength in cruel combats, for pleasure only; if they expose their

lives in honor of scarce-remembered beauty; how much more ought you to make efforts for the victory! You, who, by the motive of your enterprise alone, augment the glory of your name, and acquire the esteem of the world! Let not your hands, then, spare the rebels! Be your swords bathed in the blood of those who resist! Indulgence is not for those who, whilst they can do evil, will not pardon.'

"The troops were greatly animated by this eloquent appeal to their feelings, and they felt prepared for victory. No battle, however, was fought. The archbishop fled during the night, and all the citizens came to render thanks to Aldrude and Adelardi, and to offer them the most magnificent presents.

"The countess returned, with her guards, to her domains, meeting many detachments of the enemy upon the road, with whom they had skirmishes; but her party always came off victorious."

BOLD REPROOF OF THE COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL.

"Well, my ambassadress, —
Come you to menace war and loud defiance?
Or does the peaceful olive grace your brow?" — ROWE.

"ISABEL, widow of Hugh, Earl of Arundel, having unsuccessfully applied to King Henry the Third for the wardship of a certain person, challenging it as her right, boldly told him 'that he was constituted by God Almighty to govern his people, but that he neither governed himself nor his subjects as he ought to do;' adding, 'that he wronged the church and oppressed the nobles.' To which the king answered, 'Have the peers framed a charter, and appointed you their advocate to speak for them, by reason of your eloquence?' 'No,' said this

spirited woman, 'but you have violated that charter of liberties which your father did grant, and which you obliged yourself by oath to perform; thus, you are a notorious infringer of your faith and oath. What is become of those liberties of England, so solemnly recorded, so often confirmed, and so dearly purchased? I, though a woman, with all the freeborn people of this realm, do appeal to the tribunal of God against you. Heaven and earth shall bear witness how injuriously you have dealt with us, and the Avenger of perjury will protect the justice of our cause.' As the king was conscious of the breach of his promise, he beheld with admiration the undaunted conduct of the countess; and, being checked by her stately demeanor and severe reproof, said, 'Do you desire my favor, kinswoman?' To which she replied, 'Since you have denied me that which is right, what reason have I to hope for your favor? I do, in the presence of Christ, appeal against those who have, by evil counsels, misled you from justice and truth, for their private ends.'"

SPIRITED ADDRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel!" — *Fairy Queen.*

"QUEEN ELIZABETH, who excelled in every feminine grace and accomplishment, proved, on many occasions, that she was not deficient in the art of eloquence. When England was threatened with invasion by the Invincible Armada of Spain, and a camp was formed at Tilbury of 23,000 men, to protect the capital, on this memorable and momentous occasion, Queen Elizabeth resolved to visit in person the camp, for the purpose of encouraging the soldiers. Like a second Boadicea, armed for defence

against the invader of her country, she appeared at once the warrior and queen. Mounted on a general's charger, with a general's truncheon in her hand, a corslet of polished steel laced on over her magnificent apparel, and a page in attendance bearing her white-plumed helmet, she rode, bare-headed, from rank to rank, with a courageous deportment and smiling countenance; and, amid the affectionate plaudits and shouts of military ardor which burst from the animated and admiring soldiery, she addressed them in the following short but spirited harangue: —

"'My loving people! I have been persuaded by some that are careful of my safety to take heed how I committed myself to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. But I tell you that I would not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. Wherefore, I am come among you at this time but for my recreation and pleasure, being resolved, in the midst and heart of the battle, to live and die among you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, mine honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and take soul scorn that Parma, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm. To the which, rather than any dishonor shall grow by me, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of your virtue in the field. I know that already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and I assure you, on the word of a prince, you shall not

fail of them. In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject. Not doubting but by your concord in the camp and valor in the field, and your obedience to myself and my general, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God and of my kingdom.' "

ELOQUENCE OF THE HEART.

"What rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?" — ADDISON.

"OLIVER CROMWELL was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady upon the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early life, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was no eloquence but that which sprang from the heart; since when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators.

"This argument ended, as most arguments do, in the lady's tenaciously adhering to her side of the question, and the Protector's saying, 'he had no doubt he should one day make her a convert to his opinion.'

"Some days after, the lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government.

"The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and with

the most pathetic eloquence pleaded for the life and innocence of her husband.

"Cromwell maintained a severe brow, until the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused. His stern countenance then relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an immediate liberation of her husband, he said, 'I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in the dispute between us the other day, that the *eloquence of the heart* alone has power to save."

PATRIOTISM.

VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, AND VERGILIA. — POLYCRITA. — WIFE OF PYTHEUS. — PHILOTIS. — JOAN OF ARC. — MARULLA. — CATHARINA "THE HEROIC." — SILESIAN GIRL. — MRS. COLBIOERNSEN. — MADEMOISELLE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT. — WOMEN OF SWITZERLAND.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
'Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*, be found?'
Art thou a man? a patriot? — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!"

MONTGOMERY.

"PATRIOTISM, or the love of one's country, is one of the noblest passions that can warm and animate the human breast. It includes all the limited and particular affections to our parents, children, friends, neighbors, fellow-citizens, and countrymen. It is in the bosom of our own species that we first learn to think, to act, and to feel; in the midst of them, all our exertions are made; they call forth our emulation, our courage, and all that activity of character which is the source of our happiness. Patriotism is an extension of these domestic affections, and ought to direct and limit them within their proper bounds, and never let them encroach on those sacred and first regards which we owe to the great pub-

lic to which we belong, whose security and welfare we are bound, by the most sacred ties, to promote with the utmost ardor, especially in times of public trial."

ROME SAVED BY HER WOMEN.

"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
Again I say — that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare." — LORD BYRON.

"Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace." — SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUMNIA, the mother of Coriolanus, rendered a signal service to her country, by exerting the influence she possessed over her son's mind in behalf of her native city. Plutarch thus relates the circumstance: —

"When Caius Marcius Coriolanus had, in unison with the Volscians, fought against the Romans, and subdued his native city, the Roman women were dispersed in the several temples, but the greatest part, and the most illustrious of the matrons, made their supplications at the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus. Among the last was Valeria, sister of the great Publicola, a person who had done the Romans most considerable services, both in peace and war. Publicola had been dead some time, but Valeria still lived in the greatest esteem, for her life did honor to her high birth. This lady, discerning, by some impulse, what would be the best expedient, rose and called upon the other matrons to attend her to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus.

"When she entered, and found her sitting with her daughter-in-law, Vergilia, and with the children of Corio-

lanus in her lap, she approached her, with her female companions, and spoke to this effect: 'We address ourselves to you, Vólumnia and Vergilia, as women to women, without any decree of the senate, or order of the consuls. But our God, we believe, lending a merciful ear to our prayers, put it in our minds to apply to you, and to entreat you to do a thing, that will not only be salutary to us and the other citizens, but more glorious for you, if you hearken to us, than the reducing their fathers and husbands from mortal enmity to peace and friendship was to the daughters of the Sabines. Come, then, go along with us to Coriolanus; join your instances to ours; and give a true and honorable testimony to your country, that though she has received the greatest injuries from him, yet she has neither done nor resolved anything against you in her anger, but restores you safe into his hands, though perhaps she may not obtain any better terms to herself on that account.' When Valeria had thus spoken, the rest of the women joined in her request. Volumnia gave them this answer: 'Besides the share which we have in the general calamity, we are, my friends, in particular very unhappy, since Marcius is lost to us, his glory obscured, and his virtue gone; since we behold him surrounded by the arms of the enemies of his country, not as their prisoner, but their commander. But it is still a greater misfortune to us, if our country is become so weak as to have need to repose her hopes upon us; for I know not whether he will have any regard for us, since he has had none for his country, which he used to prefer to his mother, to his wife, and children. Take us, however, and make what use of us you please. Lead us to him: if we can do

nothing else, we can expire at his feet in supplicating for Rome.'

"She then took the children and Vergilia with her, and went, with the other matrons, to the Volscian camp; Valeria having previously given the consuls notice of their design, and obtained their approbation, and that of the senate. The sight of these ladies produced, even in the enemy, compassion and reverential silence. Coriolanus, who then happened to be seated upon the tribunal with his principal officers, seeing them approach, was greatly agitated and surprised. Nevertheless, he endeavored to retain his wonted sternness and inexorable temper, though he perceived that his wife was at the head of them; but unable to resist the emotions of affection, he could not suffer them to address him as he sat; he therefore descended from the tribunal, and ran to meet them. First he embraced his mother for a considerable time, and afterwards his wife and children, neither refraining from tears, nor any other instance of natural tenderness. When he had sufficiently indulged his passion, and perceived that his mother wanted to speak, he called the Volscian counsellors to him, and Volumnia expressed herself to this purpose: 'You see, my son, by my attire and miserable looks, and therefore I may spare myself the trouble of declaring, to what condition your banishment has reduced us. Think with yourself, whether we are not the most unhappy of women, when fortune has changed the spectacle that should have been the most pleasing in the world into the most dreadful; when Volumnia beholds her son, and Vergilia her husband, encamped in a hostile manner before the walls of his native city; and what to others is the greatest consolation under misfortune and adversity, I mean

prayer to the gods, to us is rendered impracticable; for we cannot, at the same time, beg victory for our country, and your preservation; your wife and children must either see their country perish, or you.' Volumnia concluded with soliciting a truce for a year, that in that time measures might be taken for settling a solid and lasting peace. Coriolanus listened to his mother while she went on with her speech, without saying the least word to her: and Volumnia, seeing him stand a long time mute after she had done speaking, proceeded again, in this manner: 'Why are you silent, my son? Is it an hour to yield everything to anger and resentment? Does it become a great man to remember the injuries done him, and would it not equally become a great and good man, with the highest regard and reverence, to keep in mind the benefits he has received from his parents? Surely you, of all men, should take care to be grateful, who have suffered so extremely by ingratitude; and yet, though you have so severely punished your country, you have not made your mother the least return for her kindness. The most sacred ties, both of nature and religion, without any other constraint, require that you should indulge me in this just and reasonable request; but if words cannot prevail, this only resource is left.' So saying, she threw herself at his feet, together with his wife and children; upon which, Coriolanus, crying out, 'Oh, my mother, what is it you have done?' raised her from the ground, and, tenderly pressing her hand, continued, 'You have gained a victory fortunate for your country, but ruinous to me. I go, vanquished by you alone.' Then, after a short conference with his mother and wife, in private, he sent them back to Rome, agreeably to their desire. Next morning, he drew off the

Volscians, who, though not all of the same sentiments concerning what had passed, did not presume to contradict his orders, though they followed him rather out of veneration for his virtue than regard to his authority. The sense of the dreadful and dangerous circumstances which the Roman people had been in by reason of the war, never appeared so strong as when they were delivered from it. For no sooner did they perceive from the walls that the Volscians were drawing off, than all the temples were opened, and filled with persons crowned with garlands and offering sacrifices as for some great victory. But in nothing was the public joy more evident than in the affectionate regard and honor which both the senate and the people paid the women, whom they both considered and declared the means of their preservation.* Nevertheless, when the senate decreed that whatsoever they thought would contribute most to their glory and satisfaction, the consuls should take care to see it done; they only desired that a temple might be built to the Fortune of Women, the expense of which they offered to defray themselves, requiring the commonwealth to be at no other charge than that of sacrifices, and such a solemn service as was suitable to the majesty of the gods. The senate, though they commended their generosity, ordered the temple and shrine to be erected at the public charge; but the women contributed their money, notwithstanding, and with it provided another image of the goddess."

* "It was decreed that an encomium of those matrons should be engraven on a public monument."

PATRIOTISM OF POLYCRITA.

"Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They 'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!" — MOORE.

POLYCRITA, a lady of the island of Naxos, rendered herself conspicuous by her patriotism.

The Naxians were at war with the Milesians, and the contest had been for some time kept up with much loss to both parties. At length Diognetus, one of the allies of the Milesians, who had the command of a strong fortification, which was well provided with ammunition, succeeded in taking great spoils from the Naxians, and made captive a number of their women. One of these, Polycrita, possessed so many attractions in the eyes of Diognetus, that he first fell in love with, and afterwards married her.

A festival was shortly after celebrated in the Milesian camp, when the soldiers gave themselves up entirely to luxury and feasting. Polycrita, perceiving this, requested Diognetus to permit her to send some of their cakes to her brethren; and upon his acceding to her wishes, she thrust into one of them a piece of lead, engraven with writing, and desired the bearer to inform her relatives that they were to eat in private what she had sent them. They obeyed her injunctions, and soon discovered the plate of lead, on which Polycrita had herself written a few words, advising them "that night to fall upon their enemies, who, by reason of excess, caused by their feasting, were overcome with wine, and therefore in a careless, insecure condition." They immediately informed their officers of the news they had received, when preparation for attack was made without delay. The result

justified the expectations of Polycrita: in the ensuing engagement, the Naxians came off victorious, leaving many of their enemies slain on the field. Diognetus was taken prisoner, but his life was spared by the entreaties of Polycrita.

That young maiden, on returning to the city of Naxos, was met at the gate by the inhabitants, bearing garlands, who testified their gratitude by loud acclamations of joy: unable to bear so much applause, and overpowered and affected to an extraordinary degree by the unlooked-for homage, Polycrita fell down and expired. She was buried on the spot, and her tomb designated from that time the "Sepulchre of Envy," it being believed by her countrywomen that some "Envious Fortune" had caused the death of Polycrita, to prevent her attaining the completion of her honors.

INGENIOUS APPEAL OF THE QUEEN OF PYTHEUS.

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from *individual* to *whole*.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next, all human race." — POPE.

PYTHEUS, a king who lived at the time of Xerxes, having by accident discovered some golden mines in his dominions, employed nearly all his subjects in digging for the ore: so great, indeed, was his thirst after riches, that he required them to work continually at this laborious employment, till, quite exhausted, many of them expired with excessive fatigue. During a temporary absence of

this inhuman king, the wives of the miners repaired to the palace, and, in tears, threw themselves at the feet of the queen, imploring her to take compassion on the distress of her subjects, and exert her influence with Pytheus on their behalf. The queen received them in the most gracious manner, and having comforted them with promises of relief, dismissed them with the hope of a speedy change in the unhappy destiny of their husbands. As soon as they were gone, she sent for all the goldsmiths in whom she could confide, and placing them under a temporary confinement, commanded them to make up golden loaves, and all sorts of confectionary and fruits, as well as fish and meats of the same costly material. Upon the return of Pytheus, he inquired for his repast; when the queen caused to be placed before him a golden table, with a complete course in imitation of nature, yet not a single thing which could be eaten. The king was for some moments lost in admiration at the splendor of the scene, and beauty, as well as skill, of the workmanship; but, having satiated his eyes a while with the spectacle, again demanded food: more dishes were then brought as before, and his repeated inquiries procured nothing but a change of the same unsatisfactory repast. At length, much provoked, Pytheus turned to the queen, and demanded her motive for treating him thus, saying, in an angry tone, that he was hungry. She answered him, firmly, in the following manner: "Thou hast made none other provision for us; every skilful science and art being laid aside, no man works in husbandry, but neglecting sowing, planting, and tilling the ground, we delve, and search for useless things, killing ourselves and our subjects." Pytheus was so much moved by this energetic appeal of his wife, that

from that time he employed only a fifth part of his subjects in the mines, and considerably ameliorated their condition.

The premature death of a favorite son, at a subsequent period, so greatly affected Pytheus, that, refusing all consolation, he retired into a sepulchre, which he had built for himself, and, resigning all the affairs of government into the hands of his wife, he remained there until his death, being daily supplied with provisions, and not even admitting the queen to his presence.

During this period, the queen took an admirable care of the state, and, reforming all abuses, acted upon every occasion as the real benefactor of her people.

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM OF PHILOTIS.

"Rome again is free!"—AKENSIDE.

PHILOTIS, a servant-maid at Rome, was the happy means of saving her country from destruction.

After the Gauls had besieged Rome, the Fidenates assembled an army under the command of Lucius Posthumius, and marched against the capital, demanding all the wives and daughters in the city, as the conditions of peace. This extraordinary command greatly astonished the senators, and, upon their refusing to comply with it, Philotis advised them to send all their female slaves, disguised in the attire of the Roman matrons, and offered to march herself at their head. This was readily agreed to, and put into effect. When the evening came, and the Fidenates, after feasting late, were quite intoxicated and had fallen asleep, Philotis lighted a torch as a signal for her countrymen to attack the enemy. Everything succeeded to her wishes; and, the Fidenates being con-

quered, the senate rewarded the fidelity of the female slaves, by permitting them, from that time, to wear the dress of the Roman matrons.

JOAN OF ARC SAVES HER COUNTRY.

"'I have wrought
My soul up to the business of this hour,
That it may stir your noble spirits, prompt
Such glorious deeds that ages yet unborn
Shall bless my fate.'"

"Thus the Maid
Redeemed her country. Ever may the All-Just
Give to the arms of Freedom such success!" — SOUTHEY.

JOAN OF ARC, a simple and uneducated shepherdess, at the early age of nineteen, by her enthusiastic courage and patriotism, was the immediate cause of that sudden revolution in the affairs of France, which terminated in the establishment of Charles VII. on the throne of his ancestors, and the final expulsion of the English from that kingdom.

"The town of Orleans was the only place in France which remained in the possession of the Dauphin at the time when this heroine made her appearance, and that was closely besieged by the English, while Charles had not the smallest hope of being able to procure an army to raise the siege.

"Benevolent in her disposition, gentle and inoffensive in her manners, and, above all, dutiful to her parents, Joan had, from her earliest infancy, been ardently attached to her country. Her piety, her enthusiasm, being thus united, in her young and romantic mind, with an all-absorbing feeling of patriotism, she was led to believe herself the humble instrument, in the hands of

Heaven, by whom France's interest and France's glory were to be redeemed.

"Under this impression, the maiden quitted her native village and lowly occupations, and having obtained safe conduct to Vaucouleurs, informed the governor 'that the kingdom did not belong to the Dauphin, but to God Almighty; but that, nevertheless, the Lord was willing that he should become king, and receive the realm as a deposit;' adding, that in spite of his enemies, he should become king, and that she would herself conduct him to Rheims to be crowned. 'It is absolutely necessary that I should see the Dauphin,' continued Joan; 'were it necessary that I should repair to him on my knees, I would go.' The governor, interested by her youth and enthusiasm, acceded to her petition.

"The maid appeared before Charles, dressed as a warrior, and informed him that she had two things to accomplish on the part of the King of Heaven: first, to cause the siege of Orleans to be raised; and secondly, to conduct the king to Rheims, there to be anointed and crowned. Charles was much struck with the enterprise so courageously proposed, and the interview having raised in him an interest in behalf of this heroine, he appointed an assembly of divines, to inquire into her mission and character. On their pronouncing the former to be undoubted and supernatural, and the latter to have been virtuous and innocent, her services were publicly accepted. She was armed cap-a-pie, mounted on horseback, and shown, in that martial habiliment, to the whole people. The king then invested her with the supreme command of his army, ordering that nothing should be done without her directions. The maid then asked for a sword, which had been more than a century in the

tomb of a knight, behind the Altar of St. Catherine, at Fierbois; asserting that she had a knowledge of it by revelation, and that it was only with this fatal sword she could extirpate the English. She had a banner made after her own device, her helmet was surmounted with feathers, and she rode on a white steed, which she managed with the utmost skill and dexterity, having acquired the art of horsemanship in her early days. Thus equipped, Joan was an object of general admiration; her firm enthusiasm inspired universal confidence in her divine mission, men-at-arms flocked around her, and the oldest captains, nay, even princes, felt disposed to march under her ensign.

"On the 29th of April, 1429, Joan of Arc appeared before Orleans, with twelve thousand men. She wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, then Regent of France, warning him to give up that kingdom to its rightful heir; but the English were so enraged at seeing a woman sent to fight them, that they put the heralds in prison. The Count de Dunois, who commanded in Orleans, made a sally with all his garrison, in order to facilitate the entry of provisions; and the French, persuaded that Joan was sent from Heaven to their assistance, resuming fresh courage, fought with so much vigor, that she and her convoy entered the town.

"The English were secretly struck with the strong persuasion in the heavenly mission of Joan which prevailed around them, and began to feel their courage daunted. They sent back one of the heralds, of whom the maid demanded, 'What says Talbot?' (Sir John Talbot;) and when he informed her that he, as well as all his countrymen, spared no abuse in speaking of her, and declared if they caught her they would burn her;

'Go back again,' said she, 'and doubt not but thou wilt bring back with thee thy companion; and tell Talbot, that if he will arm himself, I will do the same, and let him come before the walls of the town, and if he can take me, he may burn me; and if I discomfit him, let him raise the siege, and return unto his own native country.'

"Soon after her arrival at Orleans, she made an attack upon fort St. Loup, which she carried sword in hand, as well as the bulwarks of St. John, and of the Augustins. In one of the assaults on the English, she received a dangerous wound in the neck; and as a large quantity of blood flowed from it, her followers began to fear for her life; but she, to reänimate them, said, 'It was not blood, but glory, that flowed from her wound.'

"The siege of Orleans was raised on the 8th of May, and Joan carried the news to the king, herself, entreating him to come and be crowned at Rheims, then in possession of the English. The siege of Jargeau was next undertaken; when, after lying eight days before the town, which was most vigorously defended, Joan of Arc went into the ditch with her standard in her hand, at that part where the English made the most vigorous defence; she was perceived, and a heavy stone thrown upon her, which bent her to the ground; notwithstanding which, she soon got up, and cried aloud to her companions, 'Frenchmen, mount boldly, and enter the town; you will find no longer any resistance.' Thus was the town won.

"She next took possession of Auxerre, Troyes, and Chalons, thus opening for the king the road to Rheims, which city flung open its gates as soon as he appeared before it; and the next day, the 17th of July, Charles

was crowned, the Maid of Orleans herself assisting at the ceremony in her armor, with her standard in her hand.

"As a mark of his gratitude, Charles had a medal struck in honor of the heroine to whom he owed so much: he also ennobled her family, and the town of Domremy, where Joan was born, was exempted from all taxes, aids, and subsidies forever.

"After the coronation, the Maid of Orleans declared that her mission was now accomplished; and requested permission to return once more to her parents, and to those occupations which became her sex; but her presence inspired too much confidence, and had been attended with too great success, to be dispensed with. Dunois, sensible of her influence over the army, exhorted her to persevere till the final expulsion of the English. She therefore accompanied the king to Crepi, to Senlis, and afterwards to Paris. Here she displayed her wonted courage, but received a severe wound. In the siege of Compeigne, in 1430, she made a sally, at the head of a hundred men, over the bridge, and twice repulsed the besiegers; but seeing a very strong reinforcement coming against her, she began to retreat; and although it was late, and she and her troops were surrounded, yet, after performing prodigies of courage, she disengaged her company, who fortunately reëntered the town. The heroic maid remained at the rear, to facilitate their retreat, and when she wished to enter, the gates were shut; she immediately turned round to her enemies, and charged them with a courage worthy of a better fate. She seemed not to expect any assistance, and suspected some treachery, for, when she made the sally, she exclaimed, 'I am betrayed!' During the time she

was defending herself, her horse stumbled, and she fell. This obliged her to surrender herself to Lionel Vasture of Vendome, who gave her up to John of Luxemburg. This nobleman, forgetting the respect a brave man should show to courage, basely sold her to the English for ten thousand livres. From the moment she was a prisoner, this heroine was forgotten. The king made no attempts to redeem her; and although at the time he had many English prisoners of the highest rank, he did not offer one of them in exchange for her. This neglect of the unfortunate girl, to whom he owed the very crown he wore, will be an eternal blot on the memory of the ingrate Charles VII.

"On Joan being made a prisoner, the English indulged in as great rejoicings as if they had conquered the whole kingdom. The Duke of Bedford thought it proper to disgrace her, in order to reänimate the courage of his countrymen. Joan was condemned at Rouen by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and five other French bishops, to be burnt alive for magic and heresy. During her confinement in prison, she leaped from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir, in hopes of escape: but was retaken, and her cruel sentence put into execution on the 24th of May, 1431. She was quite undaunted at the sight of the stake and scaffold, which she mounted as boldly as she had formerly done the breach at an assault; and although her face was covered with tears, she said, 'God be blessed.'

"Thus was this admirable heroine cruelly delivered over in her youth to the flames, and expiated by the punishment of the fire the signal services which she had rendered to her prince and native country. Her execution was as disgraceful to the English, as the cold

neglect with which she was treated in her misfortunes was to the French monarch."

COURAGE OF MARULLA.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship."
SHAKSPEARE.

"THE Turks having attacked the capital of the Island of Lemnos, in the time of Mahomet the Second, it was defended with great vigor, even the women assisting in defence of their honor and religion.

"Wounded by the stroke that had killed her father, Marulla descended from the wall, and rushed amidst the enemy with all the vigor that enthusiasm and despair could inspire; she was seconded by the garrison, who caught her ardor; and the next day, when the Venetian general arrived with his fleet, to succor the people, instead of a battle, he beheld a triumph. The people in their best apparel, and the magistrates in their robes of ceremony, went to meet him, conducting their fair deliverer, whose extreme youth rendered her doubly interesting. Charmed with her heroism, the general commanded each soldier to make her a present; promised that she should be adopted by the Republic, and offered her in marriage any of the captains who accompanied him. Marulla replied, 'It was not by chance that she could choose a husband; for the virtues of a camp would not make a good master of a family, and that the hazard would be too great.'"

CATHERINA, SURNAMED "THE HEROIC."

"By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion."

SHAKSPEARE.

"As the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catherina, Countess Dowager of Schwartzburgh, born Princess of Henneburg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories: in return for which, she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt, on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price, in that place. At the same time, she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

"In the mean time, the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they despatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburgh. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected; the answer returned was that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded: that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome

reception. However, Catharina did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

"A friendly reception and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of Duke Alva at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had excellent notions of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger, out of breath, called the countess from the hall: his tidings informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers, in marching through a place, were not to be minded. 'That we shall presently see,' replied she, stoutly; 'my poor subjects must have their own again, or' (raising her voice in a threatening tone) 'princes' blood for oxen's blood.' With this emphatical declaration, she gave a signal, on which the room was, in a few moments, filled with armed men; who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the

princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of so many fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva changed color, and they all gazed at one another in silent terror. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do? The duke instantly despatched an order to the army, to restore the cattle, without delay, to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier, with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess of Schwartzburgh politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle; and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave.

"It was in honor of this action, that Catherina received the surname of 'the Heroic.'"

GENEROUS SACRIFICE OF A SILESIAN GIRL.

"That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

SHAKSPEARE.

"DURING the Seven Years' War, the exertions of the Prussians, at some critical periods, to support the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch, were of a nature truly astonishing; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to resist the invasion of the French, in 1813.

"An anecdote of a Silesian girl is recorded, which serves in a striking manner to show the general feeling which pervaded the country. Whilst her neighbors and family were contributing in different ways to the expenses of the war, she was for some time in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriot-

ism, as she possessed nothing which she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslaw, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hair-dresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and, as the story became public, he in the end sold so many, that he was enabled, by this maiden's locks alone, to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigencies of the state."

PATRIOTISM OF MRS. COLBIOERNSEN.

"Deare countrey! O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

SPENSER.

"WHEN Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Konsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestue-wood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighborhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed, to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage soon after his arrival, received informa-

tion that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at that time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Konsberg. She immediately determined to apprise her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time, the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, she improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she despatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

"The Swedish colonel, in the mean time, inquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Stein, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door; but she contrived to make the grooms intoxicated, upon which she put the horses in the stable, and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the colonel to light a fire in the yard, to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot; for she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be the signal for them to advance. Everything succeeded to her utmost wishes; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house, without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces or put to flight the whole of his party; upon which, they sat down to

the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

"The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during the night, in the mean time rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but, being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitering party; who, falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked, 'Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?' The corporal, abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. 'As to their numbers,' she replied, 'that you may easily find out, as they are at this moment mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive.' Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions; and such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests."

MADEMOISELLE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
Though life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

SHAKSPEARE.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT was but eighteen years of age at the time when the news of the barbarous

murder of Louis XVI. arrived in Brittany, the place of her nativity, and scene in which she had passed her early years; her conduct during the events which succeeded that melancholy catastrophe is therefore still more astonishing. The following account is given of this heroine: —

Among the first Vendean chiefs who reared the standard of royalty, was La Rochefoucault de Beaulieu, one of her near relations. He was a member of the council directing the operations of the royalists, as well as a military commander leading them on to battle; and in both capacities merited that commendation which the liberal and just never refuse those engaged in a good cause, though their efforts are finally not crowned with success. Hardly had he collected his peasants and neighbors, and armed them with poles, pitchforks, and scythes, when his amiable relative appeared before him, in an amazon dress, with a sword by her side, and two pistols in her girdle: "Friend," said she, "my principles are known to you, as well as my sex; you shall soon be convinced that the latter does not make me unworthy to combat and die for the former. Do not oppose my entering into the campaign with you. I may perhaps find occasion to show the republicans that our countrywomen, if not so valiant, are at least as religious and loyal, as the men. Permit me to present these embroidered standards to our brave comrades. The Cross, the Crown, and the Sceptre, announce both our hope and principles. The motto 'For our God and for our King,' proclaims that we are not guided by earthly considerations alone, but confide in a blessed hereafter, should the Almighty, from motives to which we must submit with resignation, refuse us here a reward to our meritori-

ous undertakings. The infidels and republicans, unfortunate wretches! cannot say the same."

Such a demand could not be refused, and the military achievements of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault were surpassed only by her social virtues. She never missed an opportunity to be foremost in battle, and the last to retreat: as terrible during the contest, as generous and humane when it was over. She made no difference between foes and friends, or, rather, every sufferer was her friend; thus all equally shared her tender care and kind attention. Frequently, after repeated daily engagements for weeks together, hardly allowing herself any time for rest, she employed those moments her companions gave to repose in visiting and consoling those maimed in war, and perishing from disease. Notwithstanding the entreaties of her relative, she continued this train of life, which, had she not possessed a strong constitution, might have ruined a health so precious to all who knew her. No wonder, therefore, if she was the idol as well as the consoler of the royalist troops, and that they fought under her with an enthusiasm which astonished, in foiling and crushing the enthusiastic republicans themselves.

The noble self-denial, and liberal performances of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault towards routed and wounded republicans, were the more praiseworthy, when it is considered that those republicans were the most unrelenting foes; that they spared neither age nor sex; that they never gave quarter, and often annihilated with the same blow three or four generations, defenceless and disarmed.

Sometimes repulsed, often conquering, Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault always fought undaunted, no more

elevated in prosperity than depressed in adversity. At the terrible affair at Chollet, where the number and barbarities of the republicans occasioned some confusion in the ranks of the Christian and royal army, she three times rallied her troops, and headed them, to return to the charge; a fourth time repulsed by enemies twenty times more numerous than her friends, and encompassed by dismay and death, she still rallied them again. Observing, however, the desperate situation in which she was involved, she ascended a small elevation, and thus addressed about seven hundred of her brave followers:—

"Companions of misfortune and of sentiments! although our position is desperate, let us not give ourselves up to despair. The brave only dies once, while the coward dies a thousand times before he expires. Our enemies are numerous indeed—our dangers are imminent indeed; but with the assistance of that all-disposing and all-governing Power, which knows the justice of our cause, the cypress of defeat may easily be transformed into laurels of victory. But we must now do our duty, and instead of turning our backs, face and oppose our irreconcilable pursuers, with a firm determination to vanquish or to perish:

> 'Le lache fuit en vain; la mort vole à sa fuite;
> C'est en la defiant, que le brave l'évite.'

In a retreat our destruction is inevitable; by advancing, we at least stand the chance of victory. Yes, a vigorous assault on the lines of those marching with so much confidence against us, is our only preservation.

"If you retreat, whither will you fly? where do you expect to find a place of refuge or of safety? at your houses, at your dwellings? the smoke you see darken the firmament everywhere around you tells you that

they are no more, — that they are reduced to ashes. Do you hope to escape by crossing the river Loire? your atrocious republican foes have already made it the scaffold and the grave of thousands of our unfortunate partizans.

"Fathers, do you expect again to caress your offspring? husbands, do you once more hope to embrace your wives? children, do you think again to salute your parents? Know, then, my beloved and pitiable friends, that everything dear, affectionate, or consoling to you has disappeared, and is swallowed up in this same river, and that you are childless, widowers, and orphans. The republican monsters have torn to pieces all your ties of consanguinity, as well as of society. They have made you domestic as well as social outlaws.

"No, no! comrades and fellow-sufferers! all hope, all retreat, is cut off; certain death, inevitable ruin, unavoidable wretchedness, are behind us, while perhaps victory and glory are waiting before us. Come, come; let us march! follow me, Christians and royalists! Remember, remember, that your God died on the cross, your king on the scaffold, and that his assassins are those of our friends and relations! Follow me, and before the end of the day we shall either sing *Te Deum* upon earth, or hymns with saints in heaven; we shall either be triumphant or blessed!"

Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault then led again her brave and loyal companions towards the enemy — but she did not return!

The day before this decisive engagement, she had written to a female friend at Paris, with a sad presentiment, and her letter concluded with these lines: "God knows that I do not fear death; I was prepared for it

from the day I determined to combat for the altar and for the throne, and I have since daily braved it. May it only be of some service to my king, and to my fellow-subjects, in restoring the one to his supremacy, and the other to their too long lost happiness and tranquillity! may it only in some manner lessen the stain, and palliate the disgrace, thrown on my family name by the La Rochefoucaults who have conspired and betrayed!* may the Bourbons remember that *all* La Rochefoucaults were not traitors, but worthy their ancestors, and to have them for sovereigns! But I hear the trumpet sounding alarm, and I must bid my tender friend a long, I fear too long, adieu:

"Que sur ma tombe solitaire
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"Daughters of William Tell! the time is now at hand when you may prove yourselves worthy descendants of that hero, of that father, of that deliverer of his country.

"At the time that our country is in peace with all nations, friends with all people, respecting the usages of everybody, encroaching on the claims of none, those detestable Frenchmen, with whose vicinity Providence has punished us for our sins, — those scourges of mankind, have dared to threaten us with the same fetters which degrade themselves, and hope to impose upon us the same shameful yoke which has made them degenerate, and reduced them to a level with the most fero-

princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of so many fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva changed color, and they all gazed at one another in silent terror. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do? The duke instantly despatched an order to the army, to restore the cattle, without delay, to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier, with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess of Schwartzburgh politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle; and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave.

"It was in honor of this action, that Catherina received the surname of 'the Heroic.'"

GENEROUS SACRIFICE OF A SILESIAN GIRL.

"That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

SHAKSPEARE.

"DURING the Seven Years' War, the exertions of the Prussians, at some critical periods, to support the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch, were of a nature truly astonishing; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to resist the invasion of the French, in 1813.

"An anecdote of a Silesian girl is recorded, which serves in a striking manner to show the general feeling which pervaded the country. Whilst her neighbors and family were contributing in different ways to the expenses of the war, she was for some time in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriot-

ism, as she possessed nothing which she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslaw, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hair-dresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and, as the story became public, he in the end sold so many, that he was enabled, by this maiden's locks alone, to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigencies of the state."

PATRIOTISM OF MRS. COLBIOERNSEN.

"Deare countrey! O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

SPENSER.

"WHEN Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Konsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestuewood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighborhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed, to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage soon after his arrival, received informa-

tion that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at that time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Konsberg. She immediately determined to apprise her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time, the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, she improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she despatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

"The Swedish colonel, in the mean time, inquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Stein, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door; but she contrived to make the grooms intoxicated, upon which she put the horses in the stable, and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the colonel to light a fire in the yard, to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot; for she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be the signal for them to advance. Everything succeeded to her utmost wishes; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house, without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces or put to flight the whole of his party; upon which, they sat down to

the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

"The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during the night, in the mean time rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but, being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitering party; who, falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked, 'Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?' The corporal, abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. 'As to their numbers,' she replied, 'that you may easily find out, as they are at this moment mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive.' Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions; and such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests."

MADEMOISELLE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
Though life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

SHAKSPEARE.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT was but eighteen years of age at the time when the news of the barbarous

murder of Louis XVI. arrived in Brittany, the place of her nativity, and scene in which she had passed her early years; her conduct during the events which succeeded that melancholy catastrophe is therefore still more astonishing. The following account is given of this heroine: —

Among the first Vendean chiefs who reared the standard of royalty, was La Rochefoucault de Beaulieu, one of her near relations. He was a member of the council directing the operations of the royalists, as well as a military commander leading them on to battle; and in both capacities merited that commendation which the liberal and just never refuse those engaged in a good cause, though their efforts are finally not crowned with success. Hardly had he collected his peasants and neighbors, and armed them with poles, pitchforks, and scythes, when his amiable relative appeared before him, in an amazon dress, with a sword by her side, and two pistols in her girdle: "Friend," said she, "my principles are known to you, as well as my sex; you shall soon be convinced that the latter does not make me unworthy to combat and die for the former. Do not oppose my entering into the campaign with you. I may perhaps find occasion to show the republicans that our countrywomen, if not so valiant, are at least as religious and loyal, as the men. Permit me to present these embroidered standards to our brave comrades. The Cross, the Crown, and the Sceptre, announce both our hope and principles. The motto 'For our God and for our King,' proclaims that we are not guided by earthly considerations alone, but confide in a blessed hereafter, should the Almighty, from motives to which we must submit with resignation, refuse us here a reward to our meritori-

ous undertakings. The infidels and republicans, unfortunate wretches! cannot say the same."

Such a demand could not be refused, and the military achievements of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault were surpassed only by her social virtues. She never missed an opportunity to be foremost in battle, and the last to retreat: as terrible during the contest, as generous and humane when it was over. She made no difference between foes and friends, or, rather, every sufferer was her friend; thus all equally shared her tender care and kind attention. Frequently, after repeated daily engagements for weeks together, hardly allowing herself any time for rest, she employed those moments her companions gave to repose in visiting and consoling those maimed in war, and perishing from disease. Notwithstanding the entreaties of her relative, she continued this train of life, which, had she not possessed a strong constitution, might have ruined a health so precious to all who knew her. No wonder, therefore, if she was the idol as well as the consoler of the royalist troops, and that they fought under her with an enthusiasm which astonished, in foiling and crushing the enthusiastic republicans themselves.

The noble self-denial, and liberal performances of Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault towards routed and wounded republicans, were the more praiseworthy, when it is considered that those republicans were the most unrelenting foes; that they spared neither age nor sex; that they never gave quarter, and often annihilated with the same blow three or four generations, defenceless and disarmed.

Sometimes repulsed, often conquering, Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault always fought undaunted, no more

elevated in prosperity than depressed in adversity. At the terrible affair at Chollet, where the number and barbarities of the republicans occasioned some confusion in the ranks of the Christian and royal army, she three times rallied her troops, and headed them, to return to the charge; a fourth time repulsed by enemies twenty times more numerous than her friends, and encompassed by dismay and death, she still rallied them again. Observing, however, the desperate situation in which she was involved, she ascended a small elevation, and thus addressed about seven hundred of her brave followers: —

"Companions of misfortune and of sentiments! although our position is desperate, let us not give ourselves up to despair. The brave only dies once, while the coward dies a thousand times before he expires. Our enemies are numerous indeed — our dangers are imminent indeed; but with the assistance of that all-disposing and all-governing Power, which knows the justice of our cause, the cypress of defeat may easily be transformed into laurels of victory. But we must now do our duty, and instead of turning our backs, face and oppose our irreconcilable pursuers, with a firm determination to vanquish or to perish:

> 'Le lache fuit en vain; la mort vole à sa fuite;
> C'est en la defiant, que le brave l'évite.'

In a retreat our destruction is inevitable; by advancing, we at least stand the chance of victory. Yes, a vigorous assault on the lines of those marching with so much confidence against us, is our only preservation.

"If you retreat, whither will you fly? where do you expect to find a place of refuge or of safety? at your houses, at your dwellings? the smoke you see darken the firmament everywhere around you tells you that

they are no more,—that they are reduced to ashes. Do you hope to escape by crossing the river Loire? your atrocious republican foes have already made it the scaffold and the grave of thousands of our unfortunate partizans.

"Fathers, do you expect again to caress your offspring? husbands, do you once more hope to embrace your wives? children, do you think again to salute your parents? Know, then, my beloved and pitiable friends, that everything dear, affectionate, or consoling to you has disappeared, and is swallowed up in this same river, and that you are childless, widowers, and orphans. The republican monsters have torn to pieces all your ties of consanguinity, as well as of society. They have made you domestic as well as social outlaws.

"No, no! comrades and fellow-sufferers! all hope, all retreat, is cut off; certain death, inevitable ruin, unavoidable wretchedness, are behind us, while perhaps victory and glory are waiting before us. Come, come; let us march! follow me, Christians and royalists! Remember, remember, that your God died on the cross, your king on the scaffold, and that his assassins are those of our friends and relations! Follow me, and before the end of the day we shall either sing *Te Deum* upon earth, or hymns with saints in heaven; we shall either be triumphant or blessed!"

Mademoiselle La Rochefoucault then led again her brave and loyal companions towards the enemy—but she did not return!

The day before this decisive engagement, she had written to a female friend at Paris, with a sad presentiment, and her letter concluded with these lines: "God knows that I do not fear death; I was prepared for it

from the day I determined to combat for the altar and for the throne, and I have since daily braved it. May it only be of some service to my king, and to my fellow-subjects, in restoring the one to his supremacy, and the other to their too long lost happiness and tranquillity! may it only in some manner lessen the stain, and palliate the disgrace, thrown on my family name by the La Rochefoucaults who have conspired and betrayed!* may the Bourbons remember that *all* La Rochefoucaults were not traitors, but worthy their ancestors, and to have them for sovereigns! But I hear the trumpet sounding alarm, and I must bid my tender friend a long, I fear too long, adieu:

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cious of beasts of prey. Our fathers, our husbands, our brothers, our sons, and our friends, are already advancing to oppose them. Suppose they are defeated by superior numbers; suppose the God of Victory is as blind, as unjust, as indifferent, as Fortune, the sole divinity of French infidels and blasphemers; will you stoop to receive consolation from, and the embraces of, their assassins? Will you suffer those criminals to chain you to their bondage — to their enormities? Will you serve as mistresses or as servants those monsters who, in such an unprovoked, barbarous manner, have made you widows, orphans, and mourners? The expression of your countenances beams with patriotic and becoming indignation. No, never! rather death — a thousand deaths!

"My dearest friends, if this is your sincere determination, we have nothing to do but to arm and to march, and immediately to join in the ranks, combat by the side, or perish in our country's cause by the corpses, of those so justly dear to us.

"But some of you may perhaps think that those who have butchered our relatives and friends, our defenders, our protectors, and our fellow-citizens, may perhaps have some regard for our sex, and suffer us at least to moan and to cry undisturbed and in peace. Can any one of you be so blind, so weak, or so ignorant, as to believe that it is possible that slaves can confer freedom, and guilty wretches evince any just, generous, nay, even human feelings?

"Remember! I beseech you remember, that wherever revolutionary Frenchmen have hitherto penetrated, crime has always accompanied them, infamy and oppres-

sion continued with them, and want, distress and misery, remained behind them.

"But suppose, (what there is not the most distant probability of happening,) that they should behave better to us than they have done to our German and Italian neighbors; suppose that they do not pollute our temples, plunder our property, violate our sisters, seduce the chastity of our daughters, and pervert the morality of our sons; suppose they do not make us abandoned and profligate, as well as ruined and wretched; are we, we who are the descendants of freemen, to live and to see our country enchained, and our posterity enslaved? Are we to expose ourselves to be hunted by the bayonets of the invaders from the reeking rubbish of our dwellings, from the tombs of our forefathers, from the altars of our God, to the bed of the regicide who oppresses us, or of the plunderer who ruins us? are we to serve, like beasts of burden, to the projects of universal overthrow of the great and ambitious criminals? or are we to decorate as trophies the triumphal chariot or entry of a vile and corrupted tyrant? I think that I feel the bones of our ancestors rattling with horror under me, in their graves in this sacred place! I imagine I hear them call to us loudly from their blessed abodes: 'Daughters of freemen! die, or bequeath to your children the happiness and liberty you inherited from your fathers!' Yes! yes! I believe I see the heavenly spirit of William Tell descend and inspire us to perform valiantly what we owe to our country, to our families, to our cause, and to ourselves." ("Let us arm, and let us march!" resounded from all parts.) "I rejoice," continued Martha Glar, "in observing and hearing your noble determination, and your liberal sentiments. Ages to come will record

a patriotism on which I most sincerely compliment you. I cannot, however, present you either with embroidered standards, with decorated helmets, or with glittering arms; but in the day of battle do not lose sight of Martha Glar, her daughters, and her grand-daughters; they will always be found in the way of honor and glory; let them serve you for a rallying point. Should victory not crown our efforts, we solemnly swear not to survive our defeat; and this my address to you, dearest country-women, will then be our last and eternal adieu, in the firm conviction that we shall one day meet again, to separate no more. The patriot's place in heaven is next to that of the saint, and the Creator of the universe smiles equally on both.

"But no! let us lay aside all gloomy ideas, all doleful presentiment: let us have more confidence in all-governing Providence. Let us now follow our worthy pastor, whom I see advancing towards our church, and with him implore the blessing of the Almighty on our undertakings, on our patriotic oath, — TO CONQUER OR TO DIE, TO LIVE OR TO PERISH WITH THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF OUR DEAR COUNTRY."

Martha Glar, after achieving prodigies of valor at the battle of Frauenbrun, on the 3d of March, 1798, was, at the age of sixty-four, slain, together with two daughters, and three grand-daughters, of whom the youngest was scarcely ten years old, by the side of her father, husband, brother, and two sons, who were all likewise killed. Of the two hundred and sixty women whom her patriotism had roused, one hundred and eighty perished, and the remainder were carried wounded or mutilated from the field of battle.